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CORONATION:

A NEW COLLECTION OF MUSIC

FOR

Choirs and Singing Schools.

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BY THEODORE F. SEWARD AND CHESTER G. ALLEN.

Assisted by **Dr. LOWELL MASON.**

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PREFACE.

In offering this book to the public, its authors desire to call attention to the following especial characteristics of the work. These are—

1st. The *unusual variety* of its contents. This arises, in part, from the number and character of its contributors. No other work of the kind ever issued has contained so many fresh contributions from the leading composers of the country. The following is a list of those from whom the largest number of manuscripts have been received, and to whom our sincere acknowledgments are hereby tendered.

Dr. Lowell Mason, Dr. Thomas Hastings, Messrs. George James Webb, William Mason, Wm. F. Sherwin, Hubert P. Main, T. J. Cook, T. E. Perkins, Robert Lowry, Wm. H. Doane, S. B. Marsh (author of *Martyn*,) A. J. Abbey, J. H Tenney, J. M. Pelton, &c.

2d. The popular and practical character of the tunes. They are in all metres and in every variety of style. In addition to the large number of new tunes, the choir leader will find that all the best standard tunes are retained, and printed in such form as to occupy but little space and at the same time to be easily found and conveniently used.

3d The richness and diversity of its Anthem department. A great number of short anthems have been introduced to meet the increasing demand for devotional sentences suitable for use in divine worship. Also many pieces of a spirited character, for thanksgiving and other occasional services. Numerous selections and adaptations from classical composers have likewise been made, in the practice of which choirs and musical societies will find a desirable element of culture, and be led to the development of a higher musical taste.

While keeping in mind the necessities of the Choir, we have not forgotten the great importance of adapting our work to the wants of the Singing School. The singing teacher and the singing school furnish the only medium through which musical instruction can be imparted to the majority of people, and the dignity and importance of the work can scarcely be over-estimated. In the Singing School department of this book the exercises are graded and arranged with great care, and a list of tunes suitable for practice in each is given, (tunes being selected in which no accidentals occur) to assist and facilitate the work of the teacher.

With the earnest hope that our book may be found useful in the Church and Choir, and especially that it may assist and encourage our fellow teachers in their noble calling, we submit our work.

THEO. F. SEWARD,
CHESTER G. ALLEN.

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BRIEF STATEMENT OF ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL VIEW OF TONES.

Note.—It is well for the teacher to keep before his mind a general outline of the leading principles he is to teach, and we therefore now place before him a condensed statement of those principles. He can here see at a glance just what he has to teach; and he will find it a good plan to cast his eye over these pages occasionally during his course of lessons, that he may see whether a due proportion of attention is being given to the various departments.

1. A musical sound is called a TONE.

2. As tones may be either—

1st. LONG or SHORT,
2d. LOW or HIGH,
3d. SOFT or LOUD,

3. It is proper to say that they have three Essential Properties, all of which are necessary to their existence. These are—

1st. LENGTH,
2d. PITCH,
3d. FORCE.

4. From this fact comes the customary division of the elementary principles of music into the three departments of—

1st. RHYTHMICS,
2d. MELODICS,
3d. DYNAMICS.

Note.—The principal characters used in musical notation are the note, the staff and the dynamic mark. The comparative length of the tone is determined by the shape of the note. The pitch of the tone is determined by the degree of the staff upon which it is placed. The force of the tone is determined by the dynamic mark placed over the passage in which the note occurs.

CHAPTER II.

5. Tones are arranged by the laws of nature in a certain order, and combined in a certain series called the Scale.

6. The scale consists of eight tones.

7. The tones of the scale are distinguished by the numerals—

One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight.

8. For convenience of practice, and as a valuable aid to the learner in becoming familiar with the tones of the scale, the following syllables are used in connection with them:*

	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
Pronounced	Doe,	Ray,	Mee,	Fah,	Sole,	Lah,	See,	Doe.

9. The INTERVALS of the scale (an interval is the relation of pitch between two tones) are not all of the same magnitude, some being only about half the size of others. They are called steps and half-steps.

10. The order in which the intervals occur in the scale is as follows: between one and two is a step; between two and three a step; between three and four a half-step; between four and five a step; between five and six a step; between six and seven a step; between seven and eight a half-step. The scale in which the intervals occur in this order is called the DIATONIC SCALE.

11. Tones may be added above and below the scale, as far as the ear is capable of distinguishing them (which is about nine octaves), but though differing in pitch the same scale-form is always preserved. EIGHT of the lower scale is ONE of the next scale above, and *vice versa*.

12. Tones, when considered individually, or independently of scale relationship, have fixed positions, i. e., their pitch is unalterable. This property of unchangeableness is called ABSOLUTE PITCH. The names employed to indicate the absolute pitch of tones are the letters—

A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

13. The Pitch of Tones is represented to the eye by a series of lines and spaces. These lines and spaces, taken together, are called a STAFF. The staff commonly used at the present day consists of FIVE lines. Each line and space is called a DEGREE.

* There are some teachers who prefer to use the syllables also as names of scale tones in their elementary classes. There can be no harm in this if the pupils find the syllables more suggestive of scale relationship than the numerals. The latter are not absolutely necessary till the study of harmony is commenced.

14. The spaces below and above the staff may be used, and also additional lines and spaces. The additional lines are called ADDED LINES. The additional spaces are called SPACES BELOW or SPACES ABOVE.

15. To give the tones a fixed position upon the staff, certain letters are used, and when thus used they are called CLEFS.

16. There are two clefs in common use: the F-clef, which fixes F upon the fourth line, and the G-clef, which fixes G upon the second line.

17. The staff with the F-clef is used to represent the BASE. The staff with the G-clef is used to represent the SOPRANO, ALTO, and TENOR. When used for the Tenor, it represents tones an octave lower than when used for the Soprano. In cases where four parts are written upon two staves, the tenor is written upon the lower staff, above the Base.

CHAPTER III.

RHYTHMICS.

18. The relative length of tones is ascertained by a division of time into equal portions. These portions of time are called MEASURES.

19. Measures are represented to the eye by spaces between vertical lines. The vertical lines are called BARS.

Note.—The end of a line or passage is indicated by a DOUBLE BAR.

20. Measures and their subdivisions (PARTS OF MEASURES) may be indicated by any regularly recurring motions or sounds. There are two methods commonly used: 1st. By counting. 2d. By motions of the hand, called BEATING, or BEATING TIME.

21. A measure having two parts is called DOUBLE MEASURE. Double measure has an accent upon the first part.

22. A measure having three parts is called TRIPLE MEASURE. Triple measure has an accent upon the first part.

23. A measure having four parts is called QUADRUPLE MEASURE. Quadruple measure has an accent upon the first part, and a secondary accent upon the third part.

24. A measure having six parts is called SEXTUPLE MEASURE. Sextuple measure has an accent upon the first part, and a secondary accent upon the fourth part.

25. Measures are also sometimes employed having nine and twelve parts. The former is called NINE-PART MEASURE, and is accented upon the first, fourth, and seventh parts. The latter is called TWELVE-PART MEASURE, and is accented upon the first, fourth, seventh, and tenth parts.

26. The relative length of tones is represented by characters called NOTES.

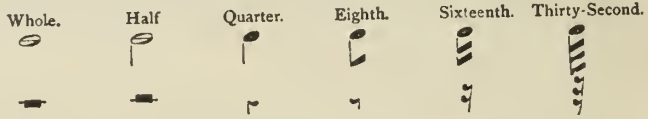
27. Notes have another equally important use, which is to indicate the order of succession of the tones that are to be sung. (See note at close of chapter I.)

28. The characters used to represent silence are called RESTS.

29. The relative value of notes is indicated by their names, which are as follows: Whole Note. Half Note. Quarter Note. Eighth Note. Sixteenth Note, and Thirty-second Note.

Note.—These were formerly called: Semibreve, Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver, and Demisemiquaver.

Tabular view of notes and rests:—



30. A DOT, when added to a note, increases its value one-half. For instance, a dotted whole is equal to three halves, a dotted half to three quarters, etc. When a second dot is employed, the increase of value amounts to one-half the value of the first dot, or to one-fourth of the note without any dot.

31. Figures are sometimes placed over notes to reduce their value. Thus, the figure 3 placed above three notes shows that their value is so reduced that the three are sung in the time of two notes. The combination of three notes is called a TRIPLET.

32. Figures placed at the beginning of musical compositions indicate the *kind* and *variety* of measure in which the piece is written. The lower figure shows *what kind* of notes belong to each part of the measure, and the upper figure shows *how many* of them are required to fill a measure. Thus, $\frac{2}{4}$ shows that there are two quarter notes (or their corresponding value) in each measure.

CHAPTER IV.

CHROMATIC SCALE.

33. Intermediate tones occur between the tones of the diatonic scale wherever the interval is a step; that is, between one and two, two and three, four and five, five and six, and six and seven. A series of thirteen tones at

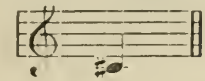
equal distances (i. e., with equal intervals) is thus formed, and this series is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.

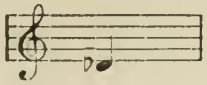
34. In order to represent the intermediate tones, the degrees of the staff are modified by characters called SHARPS and FLATS.

35. A sharp (♯) causes any degree of the staff upon which it is written to represent a tone a half-step higher than that which it represents without the sharp.

36. A Flat (♭) causes any degree of the staff upon which it is written to represent a tone a half-step lower than that which it represents without the flat.

37. An intermediate tone is named from the tone of the diatonic scale upon whose degree of the staff (suitably modified) it is written. Thus, in the following examples, the name of the first tone is SHARP ONE, and the name of the second tone is FLAT TWO.





From this it will be observed that as there can be but one intermediate tone where there is an interval of a step, these (intermediate) tones have two names, which are derived from the diatonic tones in connection with which they are written.

38. The absolute-pitch names of the intermediate tones are governed by the same rule as that described above. Thus, in the first example given, the name of the tone is C-SHARP; in the second example, the name of the tone is D-FLAT.

39. When it is desired to cancel the effect of either a sharp or a flat, a character called a CANCEL or NATURAL (♮) is employed for the purpose.

CHAPTER V.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

40. It has been before stated (¶ 12) that the pitch of tones is unalterable. They may, however, be combined in an infinite variety of relationships, and the scale may be produced at any pitch, by using such intermediate tones as may be necessary to preserve the proper order of the intervals.

41. The pitch C is taken first as the basis, or as ONE of the scale, because in that case the diatonic scale is formed without the use of any intermediate tones; that is, by the tones named C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C. It is for this reason (because no intermediate tones are required) that it is often called the NATURAL SCALE; but as that name implies, what is in no sense true, that one scale is more natural than another, the term MODEL SCALE is sometimes employed.

42. When C is taken as the basis of the scale, the scale is said to be in the KEY OF C.

43. The sign of the Key of C, technically called its SIGNATURE, is the absence of sharps and flats. This signature is commonly, though inappropriately (as explained in ¶41), called the NATURAL SIGNATURE.

44. When any other pitch than that of C is taken as the basis, the scale is said to be TRANSPOSED.

45. The most natural order of transposing the scale is that which requires the change of but one tone with each transposition. There are two methods in which this is the case, by FIFTHS, and by FOURTHS.

46. FIRST TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS—(from C to G). When G is taken as ONE of the scale, or as Do, the scale is said to be TRANSPOSED A FIFTH. To preserve the proper form of the scale in this key, it is necessary to substitute the tone F♯ for F. The signature of this key is, therefore, one sharp. The tones which compose the scale (or its COMPONENT TONES) are G, A, B, C, D, E, F♯.

47. SECOND TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS—(from G to D). When D is taken as ONE, the preservation of the scale in its proper form requires not only that the F♯ shall be used, but also the further substitution of C♯ for C. The signature of this key is two sharps. The component tones of the scale at this pitch are D, E, F♯, G, A, B, C♯.

48. THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS—(from D to A). G♯ substituted for G. Signature three sharps. Component tones, A, B, C♯, D, E, F♯, G♯.

49. FOURTH TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS—(from A to E). D♯ substituted for D. Signature four sharps. Component tones, E, F♯, G♯, A, B, C♯, D♯.

50. FIFTH TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS—(from E to B). A♯ substituted for A. Signature, five sharps. Component tones, B, C♯, D♯, E, F♯, G♯, A♯.

51. SIXTH TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS—(from B to F♯). E♯ substituted for E. Signature, six sharps. Component tones, F♯, G♯, A♯, B, C♯, D♯, E♯.

Note.—The transposition by fifths may be continued still further, but the doing so involves unnecessary complications and difficulties; that is the same scales may be more simply represented by the use of flats. The seventh transposition would lead to the key of C♯, requiring a signature of seven sharps. The key of D♭ (which is practically the same as that of C♯) requires a signature of five flats. The eighth transposition, to G♯, would require a signature of eight sharps (F *double sharp*), practically the same as the key of A♭, signature four flats. The ninth transposition, to D♯, signature nine sharps (F double sharp and G double sharp), practically the same as key of E♭, signature three flats. The tenth transposition, to A♯, signature ten sharps (F double sharp, C double sharp, and G double sharp), practically the same as key of B♭, signature two flats. The eleventh transposition, to E♯, signature eleven sharps (F double sharp, C double sharp, G double sharp, and D double sharp), practically the same as key of F, signature one flat. The twelfth transposition, to B♯, signature twelve sharps (F double sharp, C double sharp, G double sharp, D double sharp, and A double sharp), practically the same as key of C, with no sharps or flats.

52. FIRST TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS—(from C to F). Signature one flat. Component tones F, G, A, B♭, C, D, E.

53. SECOND TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS—(from F to B♭). Signature two flats. Component tones, B♭, C, D, E♭, F, G, A.

54. THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS—(from B♭ to E♭. Signature three flats. Component tones, E♭, F, G, A♭, B♭, C, D.

55. FOURTH TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS—(from E♭ to A♭). Signature four flats. Component tones, A♭, B♭, C, D♭, E♭, F, G.

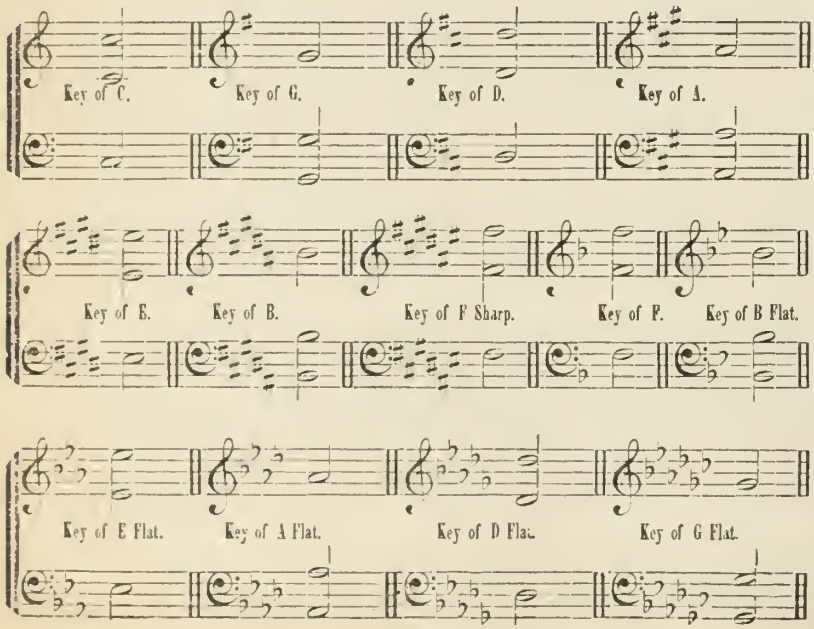
56. FIFTH TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS—(from A♭ to D♭). Signature five flats. Component tones, D♭, E♭, F, G♭, A♭, B♭, C.

57. SIXTH TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS—(from D♭ to G♭). Signature six flats. Component tones, G♭, A♭, B♭, C♭, D♭, E♭, F.

Note.—The key of G♭, six flats, is practically the same as that of F♯, six sharps. From this key, the transposition by fourths might be continued up to the twelfth transposition, which would lead to the key of D double flat, which is practically the same as the key of C. The transposition by fourths is rarely carried beyond the sixth (to G♭), because the keys to which further transposition would lead can be more simply represented by the use of sharps.

58. The following is a table showing the different keys with their signatures.

TABLE OF KEYS.



CHAPTER VI.

THE MINOR SCALE.

59. The scale which is based upon SIX of the diatonic scale (La), differs entirely from the ordinary diatonic scale in its character and effect. This difference arises from the fact that the third (that is, the interval from One to Three) is a minor third (step and a half), instead of a major third (two steps), as in the diatonic scale. It is, therefore, called the minor scale; and the diatonic scale, in distinction from the minor scale, is called the major scale.

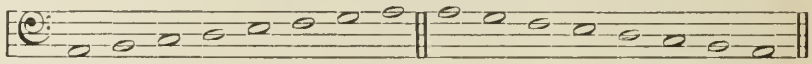
60. The minor scale, being based upon Six of the major scale, is said to be parallel to it, and is often called the PARALLEL MINOR SCALE.

61. Every major scale has a parallel minor scale. The parallel minor to the key of C is A.

62. Unlike the major scale, the minor has different forms.

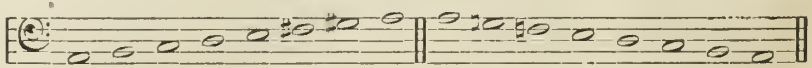
63. The forms most commonly used are here represented and named:

NATURAL MINOR SCALE.



HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.

MELODIC MINOR SCALE.



Note.—It will be observed that the melodic minor scale has the *natural* form in descending.

64. Some leading authorities regard the Harmonic as the only true minor scale, the others being exceptional in their nature.

65. DYNAMICS. The terms belonging to the department of Dynamics are so universally understood that we will not occupy space with a description of them.

A—an Italian preposition, meaning to, in, by, at, &c.
Accelerando—accelerating the time, gradually faster and faster.
Adagio, or *Adasio*—slow.
Adagio Assai, or *Molto*—very slow.
Ad Libitum—at pleasure.
Affettuoso—tender and affecting.
Agitato—with agitation.
Alla Capella—in Church style.
Allegro—quick. *Allegro Assai*—very quick.
Allegretto—less quick than Allegro.
Allegro ma non Troppo—quick, but not too quick.
Amabile—in a gentle and tender style.
Amateur—a lover but not a professor of music.
Amoroso, or *Con Amore*—affectionately, tenderly.
Andante—gentle, distinct, and rather slow, yet connected.
Andantino—somewhat quicker than Andante.
Animato, or *Con Anima*—with fervent, animated expression.
Animo, or *Con Animo*—with spirit, courage, and boldness.
Antiphone—music sung in alternate parts.
Ardito—with ardor and spirit.
Arioso—n a light, airy, singing manner.
A Tempo—in time.
A Tempo Giusto—in strict and exact time.
Ben Marcato—in a pointed and well-marked manner.
Bis—twice.
Brillante—brilliant, gay, shining, sparkling.
Cadence—closing strain; also a fanciful, extemporaneous embellishment at the close of a song.
Cadenza—same as the second use of Cadence. See Cadence.
Calando—softer and slower.
Cantabile—graceful, singing style; a pleasing, flowing melody.
Canto—the treble part in a chorus.
Choir—a company or band of singers; also that part of a church appropriated to the singers.
Chorist, or *Chorister*—a member of a choir of singers.
Col, or *Con*—with. *Col Arco*—with the bow.
Comodo, or *Commodo*—in an easy and unrestrained manner.
Con Affetto—with expression.
Con Docessa—with delicacy.
Con Dolore, or *Con Duolo*—with mournful expression.
Conductor—one who superintends a musical performance; same as Music Director.
Con Energico—with energy.
Con Espressione—with expression.
Con Fuoco—with ardor, fire.
Con Grazia—with grace and elegance.
Con Impeto—with force, energy.
Con Justo—with chaste expression.
Con Moto—with emotion.
Con Spirito—with spirit, animation.
Coro—Chorus.
Da—for, from, of. *Da Capo*—from the beginning.
Decani—the priests, in contradistinction to the lay or ordinary choristers.
Declamando—in the style of declamation.
Decrescendo—diminishing, decreasing.
Devozione—devotional.
Dilettante—a lover of the arts in general, or a lover of music.
Di Molto—much or very.
Divoto—devotedly, devoutly.
Dolce—soft, sweet, tender, delicate.
Dolcemente, *Dolcessa*, or *Dolcissimo*. See Dolce.
Dolente, or *Doloroso*—mournful.
Doloroso—in a plaintive, mournful style.
E—and. *Elegante*—elegance.
Energico, or *Con Energia*—with energy.
Espressivo—expressive.
Fine, *Fin*, or *Finale*—the end.
Forzando, *Forz*, or *Fz*—sudden increase of power <.
Fugue, or *Fuga*—a composition which repeats or sustains, in its several parts throughout, the subject with which it commences, and which is often led off by some one of its parts.
Fugato—in the fugue style. *Fughetto*—a short fugue.
Giusto—in just and steady time.
Graziozo—smoothly, gracefully.
Grave—slow and solemn movement.
Impressario—manager of Concerts or Operas.
Lacrimando, or *Lacrimoso*—mournful, pathetic.
Lamentevole, *Lamentando*, *Lamentabile*—mournfully.
Larghetto—slow, but not so slow as Largo.
Larghissimo—extremely slow.
Largo—slow.
Legato—close, gliding, connected style.
Lentando—gradually slower and softer.
Lento, or *Lentamente*—slow.
Ma—but. *Maestoso*—majestic, majestically.
Maestro Di Capella—chapel master, or conductor of church music.
Marcato—strong and marked style.
Messa Di Voce—moderate swell.
Moderato, or *Moderatamente*—moderately, in moderate time.
Molto—much or very.
Molto Voce—with a full voice.
Morendo—gradually dying away.
Mordente—a beat, a transient shake
Mosso—emotion.
Moto—motion. *Andante Con Moto*—quicker than Andante.
Non, *Non Troppo*—not too much.
Orchestra—a company or band of instrumental performers; also that part of a theatre occupied by the band.
Pastorale—applied to graceful movements in sextuple time.
Perdendo, *Perdendosi*—same as Lentando.
Piu—more. *Piu Mosso*—with more motion, faster.
Pizzicato—snapping the violin string with the fingers.
Poco—a little. *Poco Adagio*—a little slow.
Poco a Poco—by degrees, gradually.
Portamento—the manner of sustaining and conducting the voice from one sound to another.
Precentor—conductor, leader of a congregation.
Presto—quick.
Prestissimo—very quick.
Rallentando, or *Allentando*, or *Slentando*—slower and softer by degrees.
Recitando—a speaking manner of performance.
Recitante—in the style of recitative.
Recitative—musical declamation.
Rinforzando, *Rinf.*, or *Rinforzo*—suddenly increasing in power.
Ritardando—slackening the time.
Semplice—chaste, simple.
Sempre—throughout, always; as, *Sempre Forte*—loud throughout.
Senza—without; as, *Senza Organa*—without the organ.
Sforzando, *Sforzato*—with strong force of emphasis, rapidly diminishing >.
Siciliana—a movement of light, graceful character.
Smorendo, *Smorzando*—dying away.
Soave, *Soavement*—sweet, sweetly. See Dolce.
Solfeggio—a vocal exercise.
Solo—for a single voice or instrument.
Sostenuto—sustained.
Sotto—under, below. *Sotto Voce*—with subdued voice.
Spirito, or *Con Spirito*—with spirit and animation.
Staccato—short, detatched, distinct.
Subito—quick.
Tace, or *Tacet*—silent, or be silent.
Tardo—slow.
Tasto Solo—without chords.
Tempo—time. *Tempo a Piacere*—time at pleasure.
Tempo Giusto—in exact time.
Ten., *Tenuto*—hold on. See Sostenuto.
Tutti—the whole, full chorus.
Un—a; as, *Un Poco*—a little.
Va—go on; as, *Va Crescendo*—continue to increase.
Verse—same as Solo.
Vigoroso—bold, energetic.
Vivace—quick and cheerful.
Virtuoso—a proficient in art.
Voce Di Petto—the chest voice.
Voce di Testa—the head voice.
Voce Sola—voice alone.
Volti Subito—turn over quickly.

Singing-School Department.

The increase of Normal Schools and elementary text books has been so great within a few years past, that it is not thought necessary in this work to occupy space with a detailed description of the correct method of teaching. It is therefore thought best simply to place before the teacher a great variety of pleasing exercises, arranged in a natural and progressive order, and let him use them in his own way. On the preceding pages will be found a concise statement of the leading principles of music, giving in this brief space all that the elementary teacher will be likely to need. We now give a series of progressive exercises, by which the pupils may be led *practically* to a knowledge of the same principles. With these exercises, which are the result of long experience and are prepared with great care, the interest of the school will be easily maintained, and the labor of the teacher will prove an agreeable recreation, rather than an irksome task *

There are certain fundamental rules or principles which should never be absent from the mind of the teacher. Some of the most important are introduced here in order that the teacher may be, so to speak, constantly under their influence. They are as follows :

1. *Things before signs.*
2. *Practice before theory.*
3. *Make your pupils perfectly familiar with the* SCALE.

(*Note.*—The scale is the *alphabet* of music, and pupils cannot be too well acquainted with it. They should practice it at every lesson till they can produce the tones in any order, as called for by the teacher, and also name them correctly as they hear them. A valuable assistant to this result will be found in SEWARD'S MUSICAL CHART, which not only helps in the practice of the scale, but illustrates very clearly the order of intervals, the extended scale, the chromatic scale and transposition.)

It will be observed that in the first few pages of exercises the position of the scale upon the staff is constantly changed. This plan is based upon a most important principle. If pupils are accustomed to read from the staff by *relation* rather than from a *fixed position*, it will be found that the difficulties connected with the subject of transposition are wholly removed. It is not the *principle* of transposition by which learners have heretofore been so much troubled ; the real difficulty is in *reading in a new position* after the tones of the scale have become thoroughly associated with certain degrees of the staff. By the method here adopted, and afterwards using both clefs instead of confining the pupils to the G clef as is so often done, they will be gradually and unconsciously trained to such a manner of reading that one key will afterwards be found to be no more difficult than another.

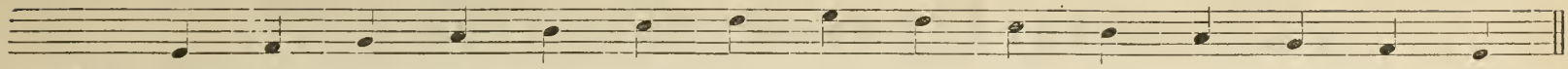
The first fifteen exercises should be sung at the same pitch (viz ; C.) without reference to their position on the staff, thus leading to a practical appreciation of absolute pitch before it is introduced theoretically. It will be found good practice for the class to *read* each of the exercises, giving the correct syllable to each note, before singing it.

After introducing the scale, the note, and the staff, the teacher may proceed to practice Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

* For those teachers who desire to familiarize themselves with the *inductive method* of teaching, now universally acknowledged to be the only true method, the PESTALOZZIAN MUSIC TEACHER by Dr. Lowell Mason and Theo. F. Seward, will afford invaluable assistance

No 1. THE SCALE. The manner of singing should correspond to the different words.

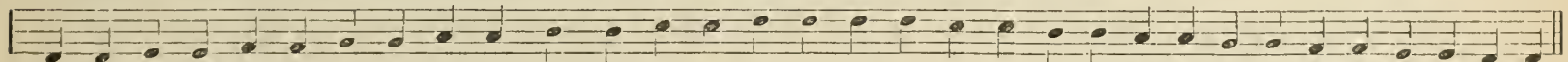
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do.



Moderate. Now we sing the up - ward scale, And now we sing the down - ward scale.
Slow. Slow - ly now we sing each tone, And hold them firm - ly one by one.
Fast. Now like birds we swift - ly fly, The speed of ev - - ery voice to try.

No. 2. THE SCALE. Singing each tone twice. Accent on every second tone.

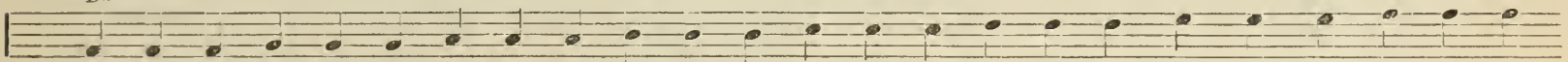
Do



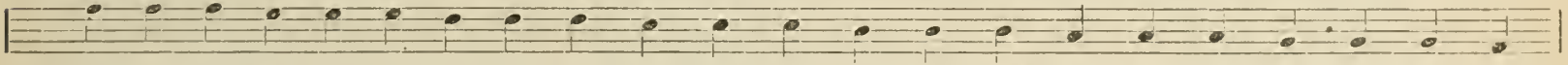
What a great mis - take it is To think there's aught that's hard in sing - ing ; On - ly give up ev - ery fear, And soon your voic-es will be ring- ing.
Now with ac - cents loud and strong, On ev - ery tone where they be - long, For 'tis a truth none can de - ny, That all can do it if they try.

No. 3. THE SCALE. Singing each tone three times. Accent on every third tone.

Do



Now with the ac - cent on ev - ery third tone, We will climb up the hill with a shout, ev - ery one, For the

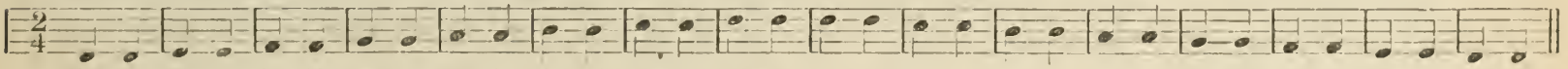


rule is the same in the east and the west, That the one who tries hard - est, is sure to do best.

The teacher will now introduce the divisions and measurement of time by counting and beating. Practice the class thoroughly in counting and beating two-part measure before proceeding to the following exercises.

No. 4. TWO PART OR DOUBLE MEASURE, BARS.

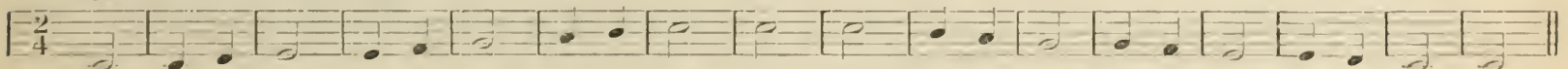
Do



Now we'll sing in dou - ble measure, Beat-ing time with great-est pleasure, Now we'll sing in dou- ble measure, Beating time with greatest pleasure.

No. 5. QUARTER NOTES AND HALF NOTES.

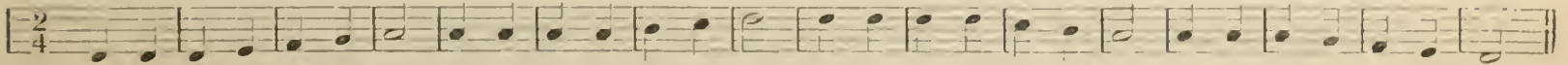
Do



Firm - ly we'll move, keep- ing time with our sing - ing, Watch - ing the notes while our voic - es are ring - ing.

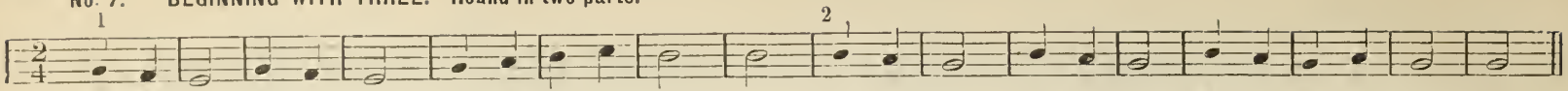
No. 6.

Do



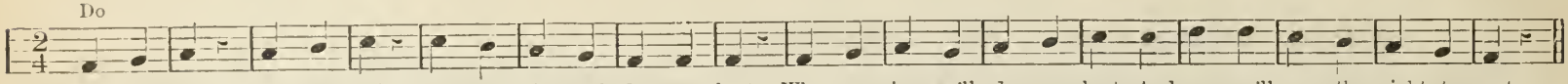
Now a - gain we're beat - ing time, All in tune and all in rhyme, Down, up, down, up, that's the way, So we'll prac tice ev - ery day.

No. 7. BEGINNING WITH THREE. Round in two parts.



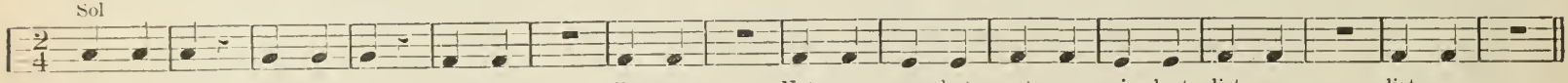
Mi, re, do, here we go, Round and round we're swing - ing, Sol, fa, mi, let us be Mer - ry in our sing - ing.

No. 8. QUARTER REST.



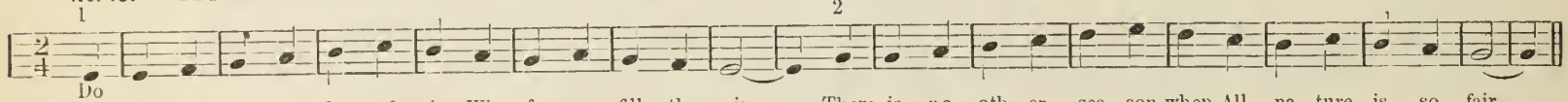
Now we'll sing, then we'll rest, Then we'll sing and do our best, When we sing we'll do our best, And so we'll earn the right to rest.

No. 9. HALF REST. Beginning with five.



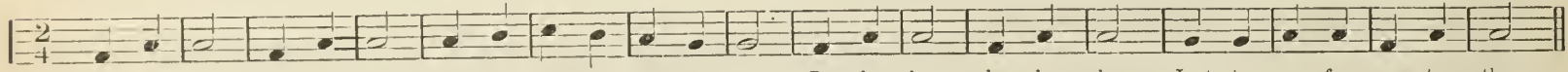
Here's a rest, Here's a rest, list - en, list - en, Notes are sung but rests are si - lent, list - en, list - en.

No. 10. BEGINNING ON THE SECOND PART OF THE MEASURE. TIE. Round in two parts.



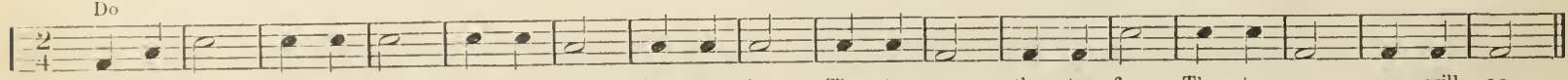
I love the pleasant days of spring, When fragrance fills the air, There is no oth - er sea - son when All na - ture is so fair.

No. 11. SKIPS. One to Three.



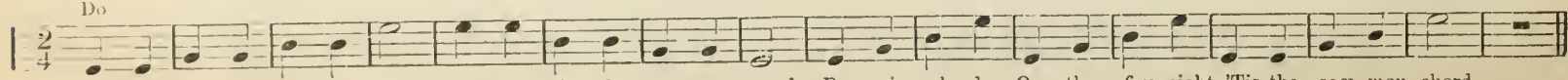
Do, mi, mi, do, mi, mi, 'Tis not ver - y hard you see; La, la, la, la, la, la, Just to go from one to three.

No. 12. SKIPS. One, Three, Five.



Now to five we will go, Then to three just be - low, Then to one, then to five, Then to one we will go.

No. 13. ONE, THREE, FIVE AND EIGHT. THE COMMON CHORD.



Now we'll sing the com- mon chord, Now we'll sing the common chord, Do, mi, sol, do, One, three, five, eight, 'Tis the com - mon chord.

Before singing the exercises in any new variety of measure, practice the class thoroughly in counting and beating. Always require the whole class to beat the time in practicing the exercises.

No. 14. EIGHTH NOTES.

Do

Now we have some fast - er notes, Eighth notes we call then, Let us sing them up the scale, If we try we shall not fail.

No. 15. Round in four parts.

1 Do

Now with cheer - ful sing - ing come and join us one and all, While the bells are ring - ing out, O

2 3 4

hear their mer - ry call. Ding, dong, ding, dong, Mer - ry bells, mer - ry bells, List - en to their call.

Before practicing the following exercises, the teacher will explain to the class that by using the clefs, the degrees of the staff are made to represent absolute pitch.

No. 16. TREBLE OR G CLEF.

Now we have the G clef, on the second line; G is Five, and knowing this, One we soon can find, Here it is, on the first ad - ded line be - low.

No. 17. BASE OR F CLEF.

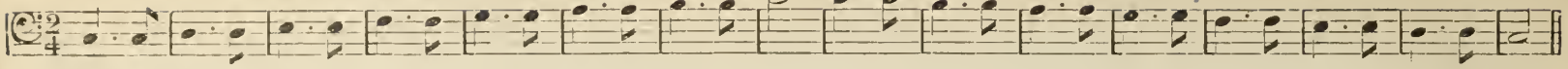
Now we have the F clef, fourth line, F, third space, E, third line, D, second space, C, shall we all re - member that the se - cond space is C.

No. 18. CLEF SONG.

When on the sec - ond line you see the G clef, The let - ters on the lines are E. G, B, D, F.

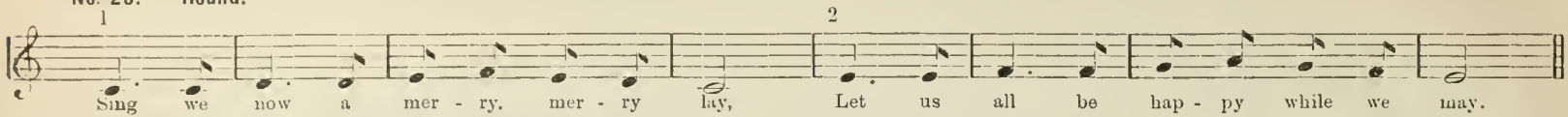
But F up - on the fourth line shows an - oth - er way, The let - ters then we find are G, B. D. F. A.

No. 19. DOTTED QUARTER NOTES.



This is hard, be - cause, you see, The voice and hand do not a - gree; Beat the time with care just so, And soon the les - son you will know.

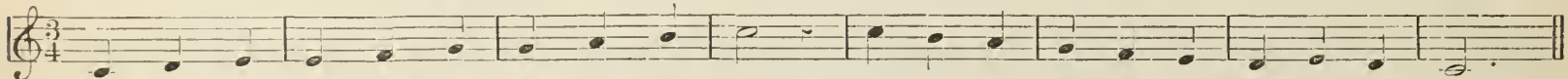
No. 20. Round.



Sing we now a mer - ry, mer - ry lay, Let us all be hap - py while we may.

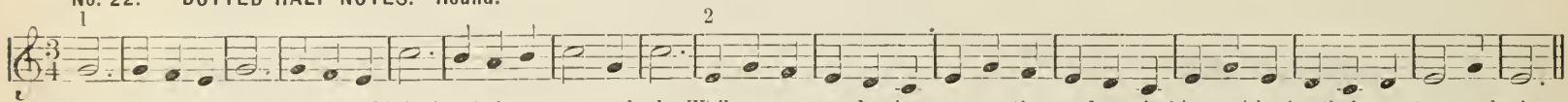
For the first exercise in triple measure, sing No. 3, and beat time.

No. 21. THREE PART OR TRIPLE MEASURE.



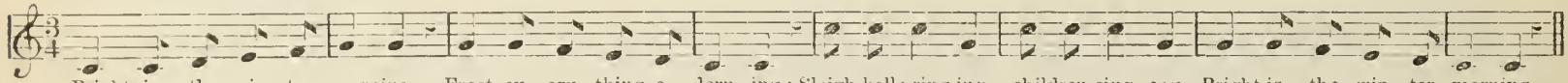
When the sweet blue - bird has come with her song, Spring, we may know, will be here be - fore long.

No. 22. DOTTED HALF NOTES. Round.



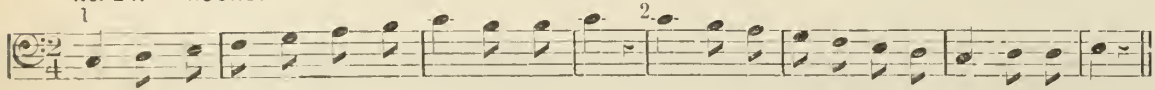
While wandering o'er meadows, the birds sing their sweet songs, la, la, While we go wander- ing o - ver the meadows, the birds gai-ly sing their sweet songs, la, la.

No. 23. WINTER SONG.



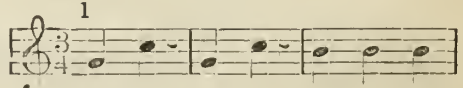
Bright is the win - ter morning, Frost ev - ery - thing a - dorn - ing; Sleigh-bells ring-ing, children sing - ing, Bright is the win - ter morning.

No. 24. ROUND.

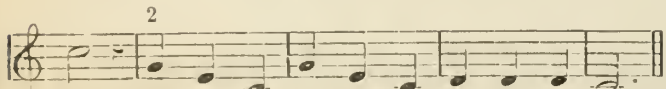


List to the mer - ry, mer - ry horn la la la, List to the merry, merry horn la la la.

No. 25. ROUND.

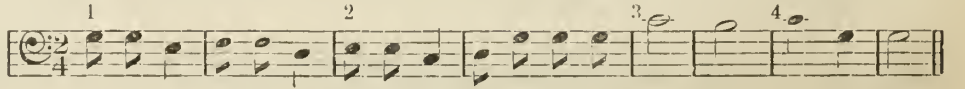


Cuckoo, cuckoo, list to the



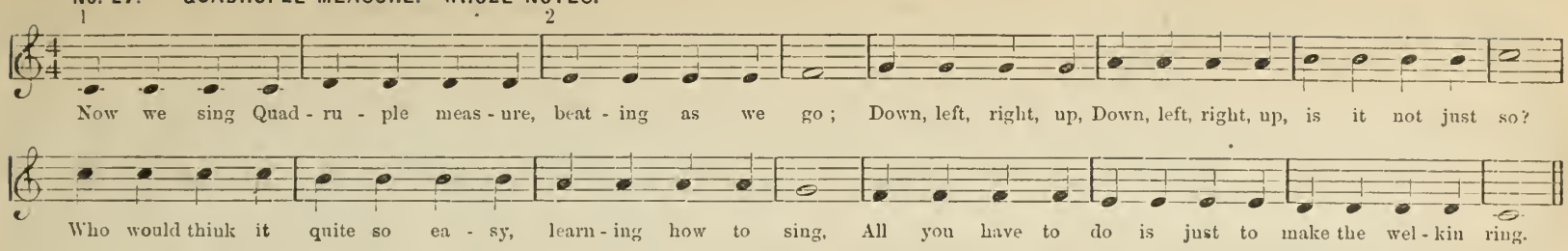
song, Sweet-ly it floats o'er the meadows a - long

No. 26. ROUND.

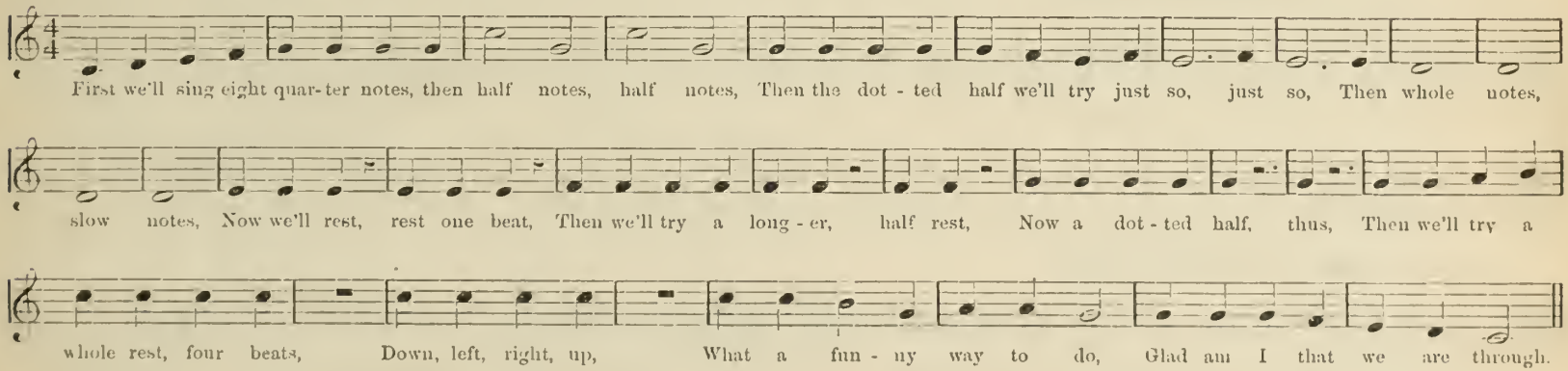


Hur-ry now, hur-ry now come along, Wont you hur-ry? No, no, wait a while.

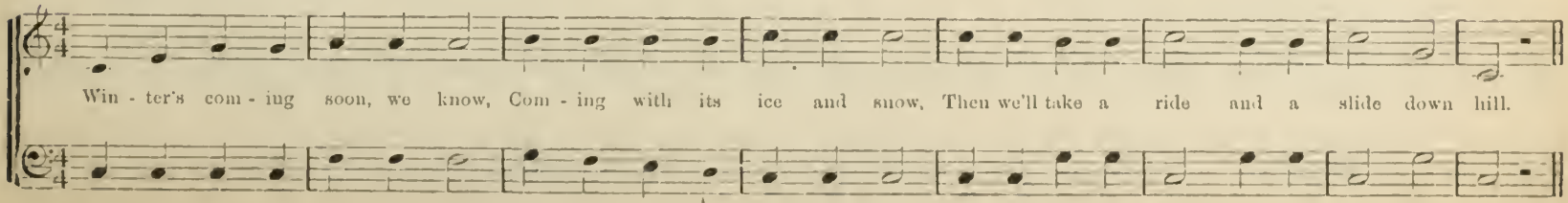
No. 27. QUADRUPLE MEASURE. WHOLE NOTES.



No. 28. An exercise introducing WHOLE, DOTTED HALF, HALF AND QUARTER NOTES AND RESTS.

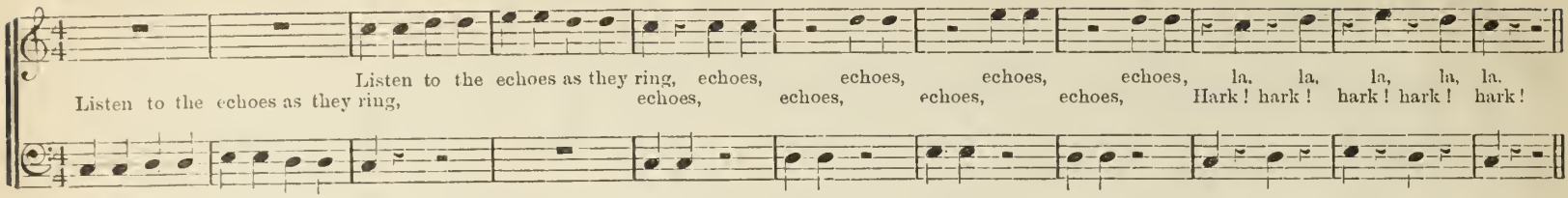


No. 29. LESSON IN TWO PARTS.

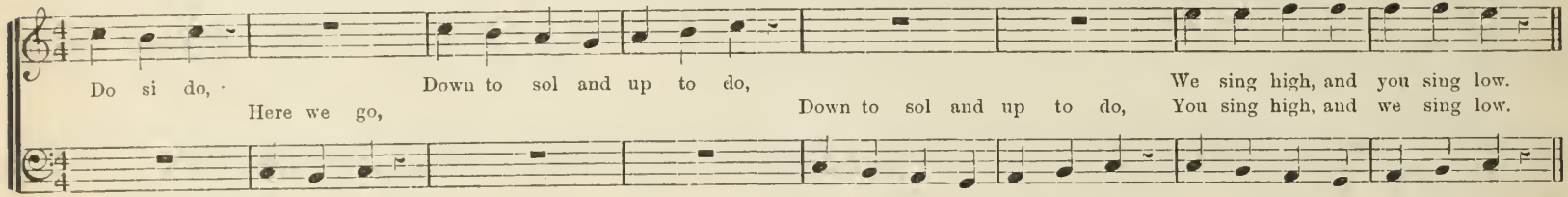


This should be sung first by syllables, that pupils may see that the scale form is exactly repeated in the higher tones.

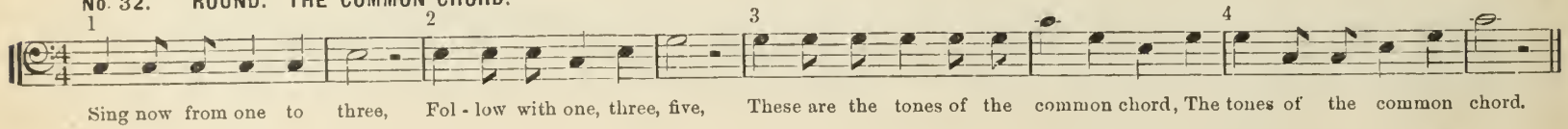
No 30. SCALE EXTENDED UPWARD.



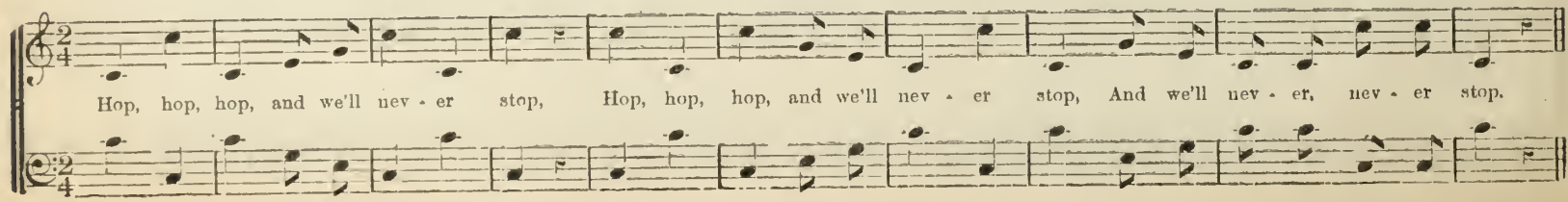
No. 31. SCALE EXTENDED DOWNWARD.



No. 32. ROUND. THE COMMON CHORD.



No. 33. SKIPS. One, Three, Five and Eight.



No. 34. ONE AND EIGHT, IN CONNECTION WITH EACH TONE OF THE SCALE.

C. G. A.

This new les - son is not ve - ry ea - sy I see, But the tones will be right if you just fol - low

me, For tis on - ly to take ex - tra care as you go, And each tone of the Scale you will ve - ry soon know.

No. 35. SIX PART OR SEXTUPLE MEASURE.

Sex - tu - ple measure we sing sir, Re mi fa sol la si do, Mak'-ing the glad echoes ring sir, Si la sol fa mi re do.

No. 36. ROUND.

1 2

With the spring time comes the rob-in, Singing his cheerful re - frain, Sing a - way, you hap - py birdling, Wake the glad ech - oes a - gain.

No. 37. SIXTEENTH NOTES. Round.

1 2 3 4

Swift - ly flows the rap - id riv - er, Bear - ing on our lit - tle boat, Soft - ly, smoothly, Oh! how gent - ly do we float.

No. 38. SEE THE WAVY TINTS OF LIGHT.

C. G. A.

TENOR.

1. See the wa - vy tints of light Fad - ing in the ro - sy west; While the voice of dreamy night Calls the bu - sy world to rest.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

2. Scarce a rip - ple wakes the deep; Ev - ery leaf is calm and still; While the even - ing shad-ows creep Slow - ly o'er the dis - tant hill

BASS.

No. 39.

MERRILY THE CUCKOO.

C. G. A.

1. Mer - ri - ly the cuck - oo in the vale To the morn is sing - ing; Cheeri - ly the ech - o's fai - ry tale By sil - ver fount is ring - ing.

2. Pleasant-ly the sun with gold - en light, Wakes the earth with glad - ness; Hap-pi - ly we roam till dew - y night, With- out a thought of sad - ness.

A - way! a - way; with foot- steps free, We'll chase the shadows o'er the lea; Mer- ri - ly we go, mer- ri - ly we go, None so gay as we.

A - way! a - way! with foot- steps free, We'll chase the shadows o'er the lea; Mer- ri - ly we go, mer- ri - ly we go, None so gay as we.

No. 40.

LIGHT AS A FAIRY.

C. G. A.

1. Light as a fai - ry, as hap-py and free, Beauty and sunshine my pleasures shall be; So will I gath-er new pleasure each day, Culling the ros- es that bloom in my way.

2. Loving and gentle, con- fid- ing and true, Cheeri - ly onward my course I pur- sue; Light as a fai - ry, as sportive and free, Laughing and singing my pastime shall be.

Practice the tunes Longing, 102. Waiting, 103. Murdock, 103. Burnall, 132. Conquest, 133. Somerville, 204. Porter, 209.

It is not necessary to explain the principle of transposition before practicing pieces in the different keys. The teacher may simply state to his class that when any other pitch than C is taken as one of the scale it is said to be transposed. For example one sharp (♯) placed on the staff at the beginning of a piece indicates that the pitch G is taken as one of the scale. Hence, one sharp(♯) is said to be the signature (or sign) of the key of G.

No. 41. **EVENING SONG.** C. G. A.

1. Rest we now from la - bor, Evening's shades are near; Gen - tle hearts a - wait our com - ing, Those we love so dear;

2 Let us ask his bless - ing Through the si - lent night; May he guard our tran - quil slum - ber Till the mor - ning light.

In our peace - ful dwell - ing. While its joys we share, Let us thank our gra - cious Fa - ther For his ten - der care.

Rest we now from la - bor, Eve - ning's shades are near; Gen - tle hearts a - wait our com - ing, Those we love so dear.

No. 42. **SPEAK KINDLY.** T. F. S.

1. Speak kindly to thy fel - low man, He may have griefs thou can'st not see; A thousand cares his heart entwine, Although he shows a smile to thee.

2. Speak kindly to thy brother man, It may the richest good im - part; Perhaps some gentle word of thine, May soothe a troubled ach - ing heart.

SPEAK KINDLY. Concluded.

Speak kindly, Speak kind, Speak kindly to thy fel - low man. He may have griefs thou can'st not see, Although he shows a smile to thee.

Speak kind-ly, Speak kindly, Speak kindly to thy fel - low man, He may have griefs thou can'st not see, Although he shows a smile to thee.

No. 43.

CRADLE SONG.

T. F. S.

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther watch - es the sheep: Thy moth - er is shak - ing the dreamland tree, And down falls a lit - tle dream on thee; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep; The lit - tle stars are the lambs, I guess, The fair moon is the shep - herd - ess; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! And cry not like a sheep; Else will the sheep - dog bark and whine, And bite this naugh - ty child of mine; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
4. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! A - way! and tend the sheep— A - way, thou black dog, fierce and wild, And do not wake my lit - tle child! Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

rit.

Practice the tunes. SAFETY. 135. JARVIS, 136. JOYFULNESS, 161. EXALTATION. 187. THE PENITENT. 215. ADVENT. 253.

No. 44.

THE SUNBEAMS ARE CHASING.

C. G. A.

1. The sunbeams are chasing cold win-ter a - way, The spring is re-turn - ing, all na-ture is gay; The voice of the cuck - oo is heard in the dell,

2. Then come where the brooklet goes tripping along, O list to its murmur, there's joy in its song; And un - der the wil - low that grows in the dell,

The home of the dai - sy and pret-ty blue bell, The home of the dai - sy, The home of the dai - sy and pret - ty blue bell.
We'll gath-er the dai - sy, We'll gath-er the dai - sy and pret - ty blue bell.

We'll gath-er the dai - sy and pret-ty blue bell. The home of the dai - sy, The home of the dai - sy and pret - ty blue bell.
We'll gath - er the dai - sy, We'll gath-er the dai - sy and pret - ty blue bell.

No. 45.

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

T. F. S.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, This is what it says; Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, This is what it says.

1. Lis-ten to the kitchen clock! To it - self it ev-er talks. From its place it never walks, Tell me what it says. "Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock!" This is what it says.
2. "I'm a very patient clock, Never moved by hope or fear, Tho' I've stood for many a year;" This is what it says; Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock! This is what it says.
3. "I'm a very active clock, For I go while you're asleep, Tho' you nev-er take a peep;" This is what it says, Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock! This is what it says.
4. Work away, you cheerful clock, Let us see what you will do, When the pointer reaches two; This is what it says, "Ding, ding, tick, tock, ding, ding, tick, tock, ding, ding, tick, tock!" This is what is says.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, This is what it says; Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, This is what it says.

Practice tunes INHERITANCE 138. LINCOLN 164. VAN DEUSEN 187. RAPTURE 222

F. J. C.

No. 46.

LO! THE BRIGHT ROSY MORNING.

C. G. A.

1. Lo! the bright the ro - sy morning, Calls me to the balm-y air; Cheerful spring with smiles re - turn - ing, Ush - ers in the new - born year:

2. See the ear - ly blossoms springing, See the sportive lambkius play; Hear the lark and lin - net sing - ing, Wel-come to the new - born day.

Na - ture now in all her beau - ty, With her gen - tle moving throng, Prompts me to the pleas-ing du - ty, Of a grate-ful morn-ing song.

Ver - nal mu - sic soft - ly sounding, Echoes through the verdant grove, Na - ture now with life a - bound-ing, Swells with har - mo - ny and love.

No. 47.

GRANDPAPA AND I.

T. F. S.

1. Last night when I was snug in bed, Such fun it was to me, I dreamed that I was grandpapa, And grandpapa was me, And grandpapa was me.
2. I thought I wore a powdered wig, Drab pants and gaiters buff, And took, without a single sneeze, A double pinch of snuff, A double pinch of snuff.
3. And I went walking up the street, And he ran by my side; And 'cause I walked too quick for him, The lit - tle fel-low cried, The lit-tle fel - low cried.
4. And af - ter tea I washed his face; And when his prayers were said, I blew the candle out, and left Poor grandpapa in bed, Poor grandpapa in bed.

Practice the tunes. HERALD, 111. GOLDEN GATES, 140. BLANDINA, 142. COBURN, 165, MCARTHUR, 245.

No. 48.

SMILE WHENE'ER YOU CAN.

T. F. S.

Fine

1. When things don't go to suit you, And the world seems up-side down, Don't waste your time in fret-ting, But drive a-way that frown:
2. Why should you dread to-mor-row, And joy spoil your to-day? For when you bor-row trou-ble, You al-ways have to pay:
3. Though you are strong and stur-dy, Not full may be your purse; And earth has man-y tri-als Which sure-ly are much worse;

D. C.

Since life is oft per-plex-ing, It is the wis-est plan To bear all tri-als brave-ly, And smile where'er you can.
It is a good old max-im, Which oft-en should be preached—Don't cross the bridge before you, Un-til the bridge is reached.
But wheth-er joy or sor-row Fill up your mor-tal span, 'Twill make your pathway brighter To smile when-e'er you can.

No. 49.

EVENING STAR.

C. G. A.

1. Evening star in beau-ty shin-ing, O'er the earth when all is still; Hap-py tho'ts of friends de-part-ed, Now my wea-ry spir-it fill
2. I have fan-cied in thy lus-tre, I could see their beaming eyes, Looking on me from the por-tals, Of a world be-yond the skies.

Practice the tunes. SALEM, 114. JENNIE, 167. LOMBARDY, 168.

No. 50. **MOTHER, CHILDHOOD, FRIENDS, AND HOME.** C. G. A.

1. Twined with ev - ery earth-ly tie, Mem'ries sweet that can - not die, Breathing still wher - e'er we roam, "Mother, childhood, friends, and home!"
2. Oth - er climes may charm a - while, Oth - er eyes in beau - ty smile; Yet we mur-mur as we roam, "Mother, childhood, friends, and home!"

Green the gar - den where we played, Dear the old fa - mil - iar shade; In our dreams how oft they come,—Mother, childhood, friends, and home.

All of joy we fond - ly prize, Twined with all our fond-est ties; Sa - cred still wher-e'er we roam.—Mother, childhood, friends, and home.

No. 51. **THE HUNTER'S PRIZE.** ARR. FROM THE GERMAN.

Allegretto.

1. A hunter, early ranging Along the forest wild, Saw o'er the green-sward tripping, tripping, trip - ping, Three maidens, fair and mild. Three maidens, fair and mild.
2. Fair queenly Faith came foremost, Next Love before him pass'd, With Hope, the bright and smiling, smiling, smiling, The gayest and the last. The gayest and the last.
3. She said, "Now choose between us. For one will with thee stay; Choose well, or thou may'st rue it, rue it, rue it, When two have passed away, When two have passed away
4. Said he "Ah bright and lovely, O, why must two depart? Faith. Hope, and Love, come sweetly, sweetly, sweet - ly, Possess and share my heart, Possess and share my heart.

tripping, tripping, tripping,

Practice the tunes. WILMERDING, 169. EXPECTATION, 228.

THE RIDE.

No. 52. Quarter notes, eighths and triplets contrasted. T. F. S.

p *Moderato.* *cres.*

1. Walking now with stea - dy gait, We start, but lest we should be late, We now will try a fas - ter pace, And with old Time will run a race, While

p

2. Now a - gain we homeward start, And of our jour - ney walk a part, Then once again with whip and spur, The mettle of our steed we stir, And

ff *dim.* *p* *rit.*

gal- lop- ing, gal- lop-ing o - ver the plain, And gal- lop-ing on without drawing a rein, Till we're tired, and then we slower go, And then at last we stop.

gal- lop- ing, gal- lop-ing o - ver the plain, And gal- lop-ing on without drawing a rein, Till we're home, and then we slower go, And then at last we stop.

IN SWEET AND TUNEFUL MEASURE NOW.

No. 53. C. G. A.

1. In sweet and tuneful measure now, We'll sing our parting lay; While softly in the golden west, The genial sun has gone to rest, And daylight fades a- way.

2. We love the dew - y evening time, When care and labor close; We hear the cool refreshing breeze That murmurs thro' the leafy trees, And sings us to re - pose.

Practice the tunes. ROBBINS, 147. MADISON, 171.

No. 54.

TENOR.

Mi, sol, mi, mi, do.

TREBLE.

Re, do, re,

BASS.

No. 55.

THE MELLOW HORN.

T. F. S.

dim.

1. How sweet to hear, When ringing clear, At eve or ear - ly morn, Borne on the breeze, Thro' rustling trees, The mellow, mellow horn, The mellow, mellow horn.

2. A - lone doth float The cuckoo's note, O'er fields of waving corn, But sweeter still, O'er vale and hill, Resounds the mellow horn, The mellow, mellow horn.

3. With flowers sweet, This gay retreat, Kind nature doth a - dorn. And oft we come, When labor's done, To hear the mellow horn, The mellow, mellow horn.

No. 56.

BUSY MEM'RY EVER PLAYING.

C. G. A.

1. Bus - y mem - 'ry ev - er play - ing, In the sunshine of the past; Bringing rain - bow tints of pleasure, All too pure and bright to last.

2. Bus - y mem - 'ry ev - er wak - ing, Sil - ver tones of long a - go; How we prize the gen - tle mu - sic, How its num - bers sweet-ly flow.

Practice the tunes, CAULDWELL, 123. EXPERIENCE, 173.

No. 57. **RALLY ROUND THE BANNER.** C. G. A

1. Ral - ly round the temp'rance ban- ner, Wake the ech - o with your song, Shake the hills with your ho - san - na, Swell the cho - rus loud and long.
2. Ral - ly round the temp'rance ban- ner ; In the war against this foe, Who will lead the glorious vaugnard, Who will deal the conq'ring blow?
3. Ral - ly round the temp'rance ban- ner ; On the hill tops let it wave ; Young and old with loud ho - san - na, Cheer the hearts ye toil to save.

On - ward still the cause is speeding, Soon will dawn a brighter day ; Where hu - man - i - ty lies bleeding, Temp'rance soon shall win the sway.

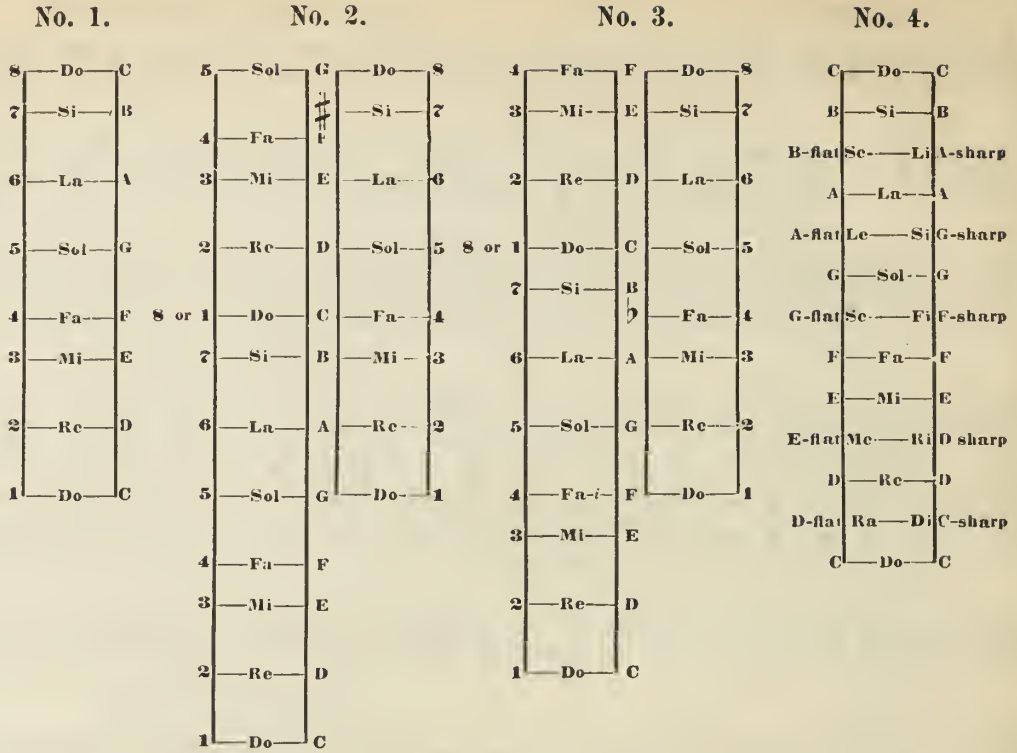
Strike now, in and out of sea - son, Dash a - side the poi - son bowl, Save im - mor - tal man his rea - son, Strike the fet - ters from his soul.
Wives and chil- dren join your prais- es, Fill the air with glad re - frain, As the daf - fo - dils and dai - sies, Breathe their perfume af - ter rain.

No. 58. **THE GOLDEN CORN.** T. F. S.

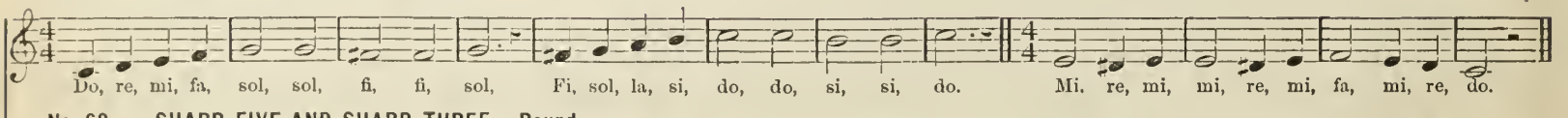
1. Heap high the far - mer's win - try board ! Heap high the gold- en corn ! No rich - er gift has Au - tumn poured From out her lav - ish horn !
2. Thro' vales of grass and meads of flowers, Our ploughs their furrows made, While on the hills the sun and showers Of change-ful A - pril played
3. All thro' the long bright days of June, Its leaves grew bright and fair, And waved in hot mid - sum-mer noon, Its soft and yel - low hair.
4. And now with Autumn's moon - lit eves, Its har - vest time has come, We pluck a - way its frost - ed leaves, And bear its treasures home.

In explaining the theory of the transposition of the scale, it will be necessary to call the attention of the class to the fact, that the intervals in the regular scale succession of tones are not alike—that they are of two kinds, viz., the step and half-step, and that the half-step occurs between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, of the scale.

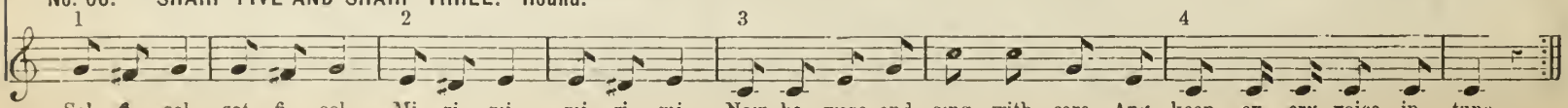
Now it may be shown that when the pitch C is taken as one, the intervals as represented by the letters C, D, E, &c., correspond to the intervals in the scale succession. (See diagram No. 1.) But when the scale is transposed—that is, when some other pitch than C is taken as one, this correspondence of the intervals is broken up. For example, in our first transposition, the pitch G, was sung as one of the scale. Now by looking at diagram No. 2, it will be seen that as the pitch E is six of the scale, the pitch F cannot be seven, because the interval from 6 to 7 is a step, while the interval from E to F is only a half-step. Hence another pitch a half-step higher than F. (viz. F sharp.) must be used as 7. In all similar transpositions of a fifth, it will be found necessary to introduce one additional sharp, in order to preserve this correspondence of the intervals. Again when the scale is transposed a fourth, or from C to F, it will be seen that as the pitch A becomes 3 of the scale, the pitch B, cannot be sung as 4, because the interval from 3 to 4 is only a half-step, while from the pitch A to B is a step. Hence another pitch a half-step lower than B, (viz. B flat) will be sung as 4. (See diagram No. 3.) When the tones represented by sharps or flats are introduced into any scale of which they are not component tones, they are called accidentals. Diagram No. 4, represents the scale with all the intermediate tones. It is called the chromatic scale.



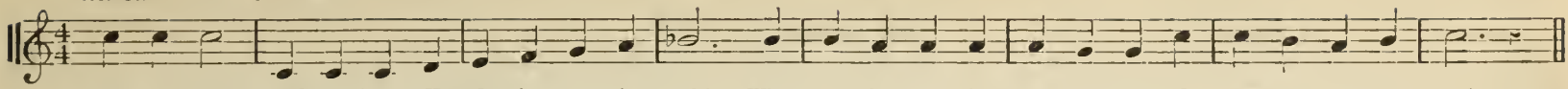
No. 59. SHARP FOUR. SHARP THREE.



No. 60. SHARP FIVE AND SHARP THREE. Round.

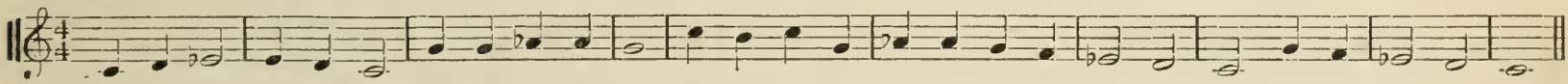


No. 61. FLAT SEVEN.



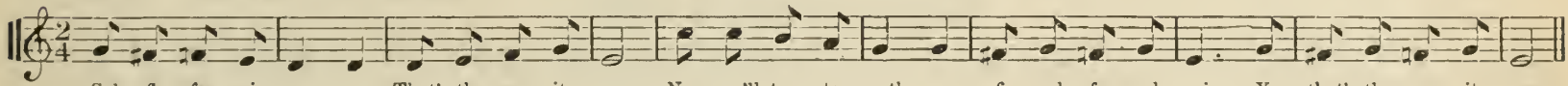
Gold - en hours, gold - en hours, How fleet-ing are they all! When once they pass be - yond our grasp, No pow - er can re - call.

No. 62. FLAT THREE AND FLAT SIX.



1. Au - tumn winds, au - tumn winds, Hear their monrnful song, O'er the flow - ers sad - ly sigh - ing, all day long, Sigh - ing all day long.
2. Fall - ing leaves, fall - ing leaves, Must the flow - ers die? Sad - ly sound the plaintive ze - phyrs' mournful sigh, Hear their mournful sigh.

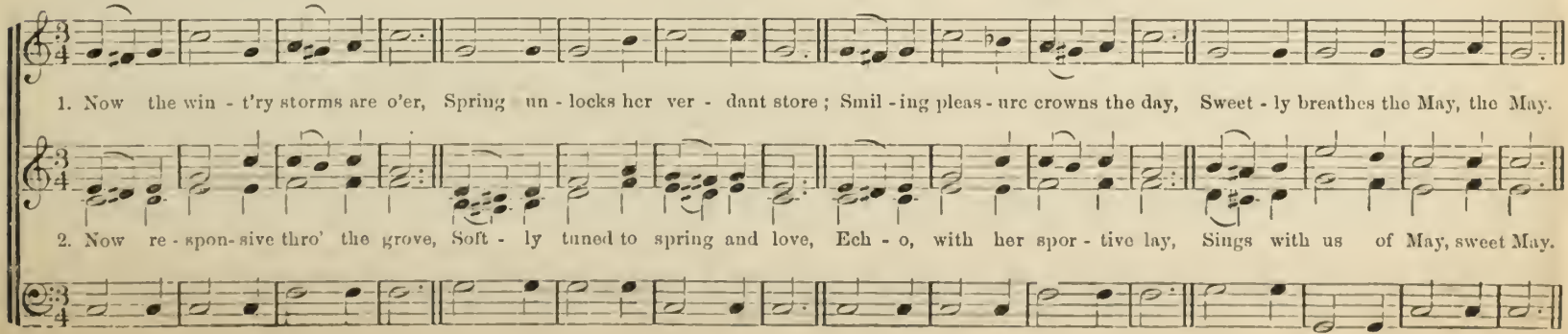
No. 63. THE CANCEL OR NATURAL.



Sol fl fa mi re re, That's the way it goes; Now we'll try to - geth - er fi sol fa sol mi, Yes, that's the way it goes.

No. 64. NOW THE WINTRY STORMS ARE O'ER. T. F. S.

By practicing the parts of this piece separately, pupils will be made familiar with the most important of the intermediate or chromatic tones.



1. Now the win - t'ry storms are o'er, Spring un - locks her ver - dant store; Smil - ing pleas - ure crowns the day, Sweet - ly breathes the May, the May.
2. Now re - spon - sive thro' the grove, Soft - ly tuned to spring and love, Ech - o, with her spor - tive lay, Sings with us of May, sweet May.

Before practicing the following exercises in the minor mode the class should study and practice carefully the *harmonic* form of the minor scale. (See page 6.)

No. 65. 4 PART ROUND.

THE BELLS FOR FIRE.

GERMAN.

1 2 3 4

The bells for fire ring one by one, All run, run, run, run, run.

No. 66.

La si la si la si, La si la si la si fa mi si la.

Mi fa fa mi re do si la fa mi fa mi

No. 67.

THE SAD LEAVES ARE DYING.

C. G. A.

1. The sad leaves are dy - ing, the sweet birds have flown, My play - mates of sum - mer have left me a - lone;

2. My fond hopes are dy - ing, my loved ones have flown, The friends of my child - hood have left me a - lone;

O'er ev - ery fair blos - som once bloom - ing and bright, The frost spir - it lays her cold fin - gers to - night.

But O in the dis - tance a rain - bow I see, Where those I have trea - sured are wait - ing for me.

No. 68. **LITTLE BY LITTLE.** T. F. S.

Lit - tle by lit - tle, sure - ly and slow, Make we our fu - ture of bliss and of woe; Ev - er be climbing up to the light,

Lit - tle by lit - tle creep - eth the tide, Soon like a tor - rent it sweeps far and wide; Guard each be - gin-ning, turn to the light,

No. 69. **THE MUFFLED DRUM.** T F. S.

p *pp* *Sempre piano.*

Else we must downward go in - to the night. Oh, hark! Oh, hark! Oh! hark! 'tis the muf - fled drum, 'tis the drum;

Else we must downward go in - to the night. Oh, hark! Oh, hark! Oh! hark! 'tis the muf - fled drum;

'Tis the drum, 'tis the drum, Hark! hark! hark, 'tis the drum;

pp

Hark! hark! 'tis the drum, Hark! hark! 'tis the drum, Oh, hark, 'tis the muf - fled drum, 'tis the drum.

A he - - ro brave has gone to the grave.
The ten - - der tear doth fall on his bier.

Hark! hark! 'tis the drum, Hark! hark! 'tis the drum, Oh, hark, 'tis the muf - fled drum, 'tis the drum.

Practice the tunes Corbitt, 145. Sunbury, 169. Windham, 128. Aylesbury, 178. St. Brides, 178. Why Waileth, 62.

No. 70.

A SONG OF DYNAMICS.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

A song of dy - namics let us sing, let ns sing, A song of dy - namics let us sing, let us sing; A song of dy - namics, we will

A song of dy - namics let ns sing, let us sing, A song of dy - namics let us sing, let us sing; A song of dy - namics, we will

m *f*

sing, we will sing, From the soft to the loud make it ring, make it ring. M is for *mez - zo*, me - di - um, mod-e - rate, F is for *for - te*, lond and strong;

sing, we will sing, From the soft to the loud make it ring, make it ring. M is for *mez - zo*, me - di - nm, mod-e - rate, F is for *for - te*, loud and strong;

ff *dim* *p*

Donble F *for - tis - si - mo*, Louder still and stronger; Then *dim - in - u - en - do* to the end, to the end; P for *pi - a - no*, gent - ly now,

Donble F *for - tis - si - mo*, Londer still and stronger; Then *dim - in - u - en - do* to the end, to the end; P for *pi - a - no*, gent - ly now,

pp *cres.*

Then *pi - an - is - si - mo* soft and low..... Then sing *crescen - do* loud and strong,

Then *pi - an - is - si - mo* soft - er, soft - er, soft - er if you please, Hush ! soft - er, that's ve - ry well, Then sing *crescen - do* loud and strong,

dim. *legato.*

Then *dim - in - u - en - do* to the end, to the end ; Swell each tone. Then all *le - ga - to* smooth - ly we'll sing ;

Then *dim - in - u - en - do* to the end, to the end ; Swell each tone. Then all *le - ga - to* smooth - ly we'll sing ;

stac.

And then we'll sing *stac-ca - to* ha, ha, ha, And end our song with laughing, What a mer-ry time we're having with our ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

And then we'll sing *stac-ca - to* ha, ha, ha, And end our song with laughing, What a mer-ry time we're having with our ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Exercises for the Cultivation and Development of the Voice.

It is extremely desirable that the teacher of class singing be able to impart to his pupils some instruction relating to the proper use and development of the voice. By devoting a few minutes of each lesson to the practice of appropriate exercises, and by the exercise of constant watchfulness and care on the part of the teacher, habits of correct singing may be formed from the first. To assist the teacher in this, we give some of the more important rules for the use of the voice, together with a few simple exercises and Etudes from "Voice Culture."*

The first and most important rule in singing is to leave the muscles of the throat perfectly free and unconstrained. Cramping and distorting the throat and mouth will impede the action of the larynx, and ruin the quality of the tone, besides weakening and injuring the organs. Let the pupil at first confine his practice to the middle tones of the voice, which can be sung easily and without much effort, and leave the extreme tones until a habit of singing easily and with a natural and free action of the muscles is formed.

Secondly—having secured a natural and free action of the muscles which control the voice, we find that the quality of the tone depends upon the proper direction and concentration of the vibrations as they leave the larynx.

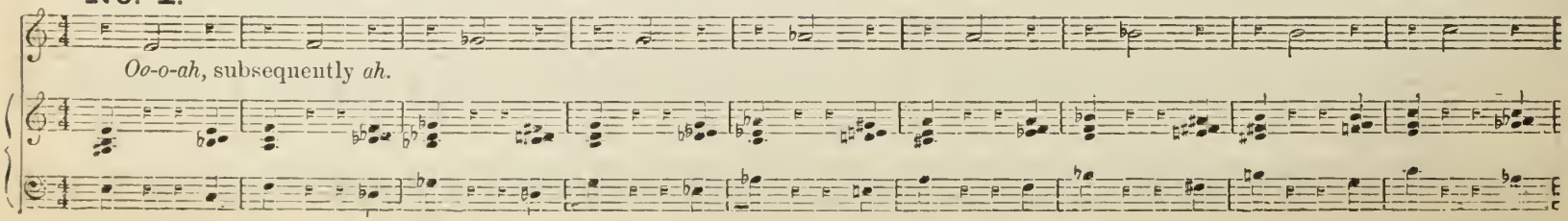
The teacher may show by examples that when the vibrations are allowed to linger in the back of the mouth, the tone becomes hollow and unmusical. If the vibrations are sent up against the uvula, or soft palate, the tone is muffled and dull. By drawing back the corners of the mouth, and scattering the vibrations, the tone becomes thin, sharp, and unpleasant. The best quality of tone is produced when the vibrations, leaving the larynx in a free, unobstructed column, are brought forward and concentrated in the front part of the mouth.

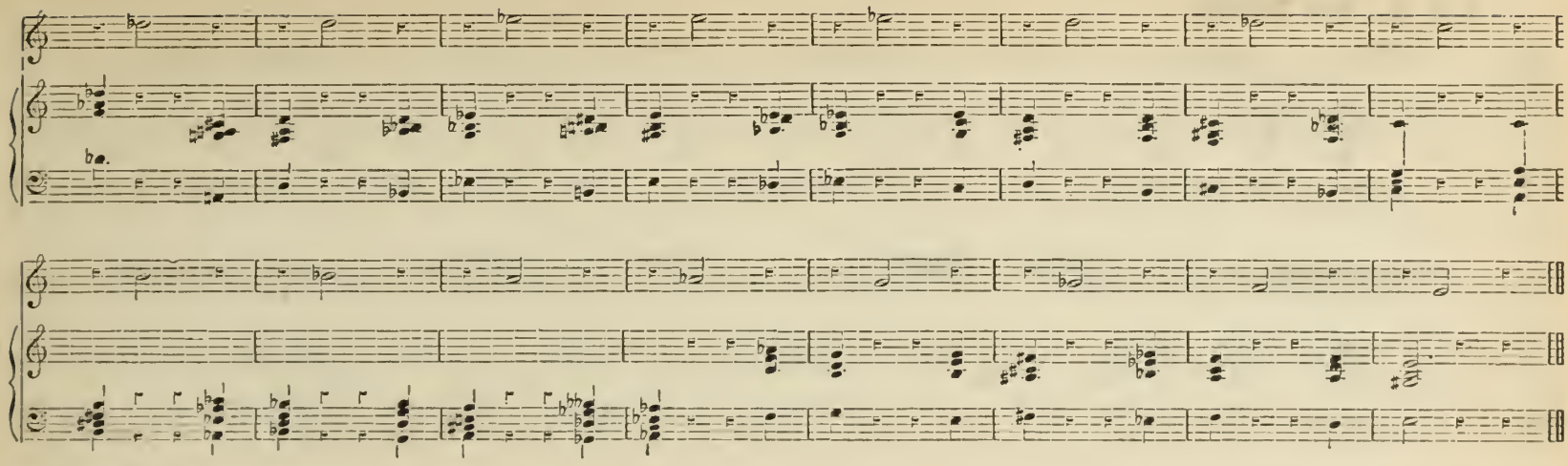
The exact point of this focus of vibration depends upon the pitch of the tone. In the lower tones the vibrating column is sent more directly out of the mouth. In the middle tones the focus of vibration should be felt about the roots of the upper front teeth, while in the extreme upper tones the whole upper front cavity of the mouth will seem to be filled by this vibrating column. The use of the vowel sound *oo* (as in good) will greatly assist the singer in securing this forward direction and concentration of the vibrations. In the following exercises it will be well to form the first tone of each exercise by singing it first to the vowel *oo*—changing it into *o*, and then into *ah*, preserving carefully the same focus of vibration in singing *ah* that was used in singing *oo*. Ex. *oo - o - ah*. Having fixed the direction of the vibrations, practice each exercise to the vowel *ah*.

NOTE.—No notice need be taken at this point of the different registers of the voice. The change from one register to another is a *natural* and not an artificial one. It requires a positive effort on the part of the singer to prevent it. Hence the pupils should be required not to force the tones—to leave the throat free and unconstrained, and to bring the vibrations forward and concentrate them in the upper part of the mouth. The change of the voice from one register to another will then take care of itself.

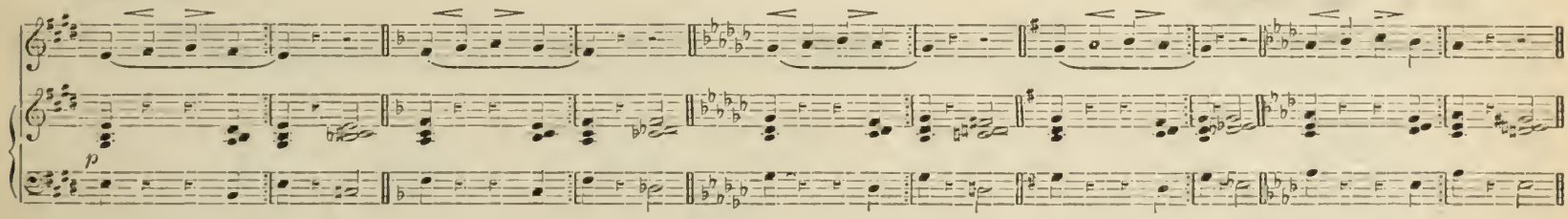
* "Voice Culture."—A complete method of theory and practice for the cultivation and development of the voice, by George James Webb and Chester G. Allen. Published by Biglow & Main, 425 Broome St., New York. In this work, which contains nearly 200 large pages, the laws governing the use and development of the human voice are fully and carefully explained. The position of the vocal organs in using the different registers of the voice is illustrated by means of diagrams. The book contains also the largest and best variety of Exercises and Etudes for practice of any now in use.

No. 1.





NO. 2.



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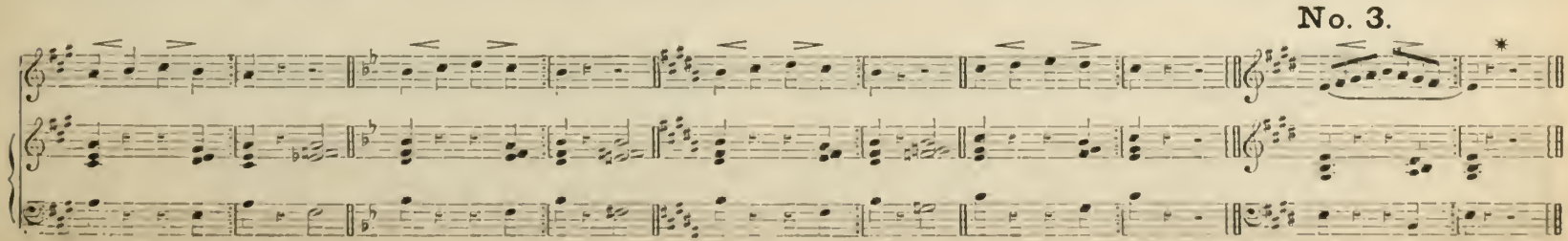
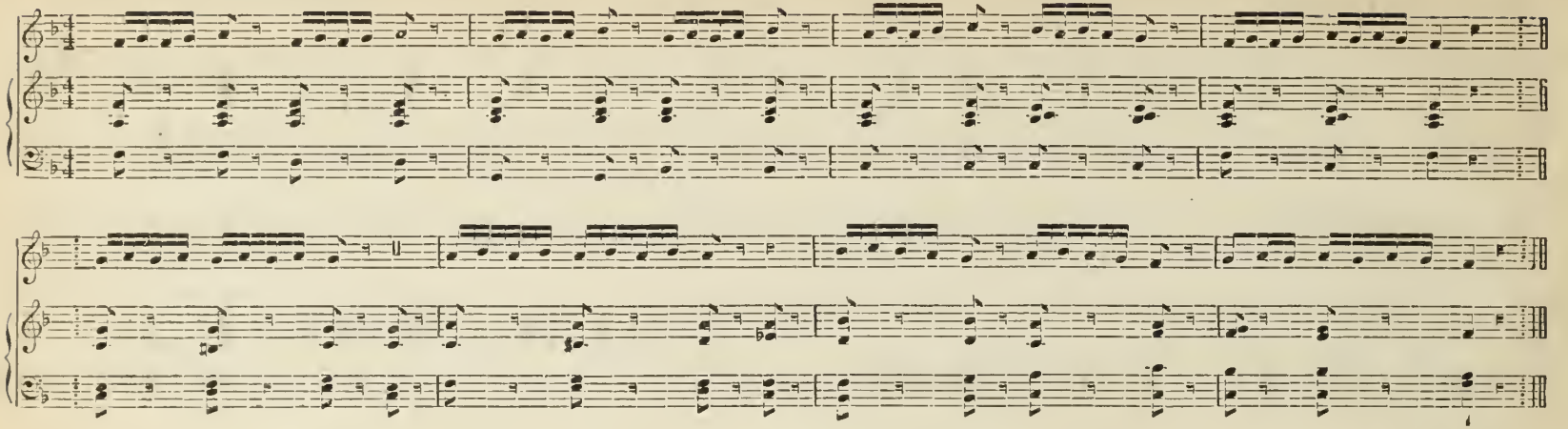
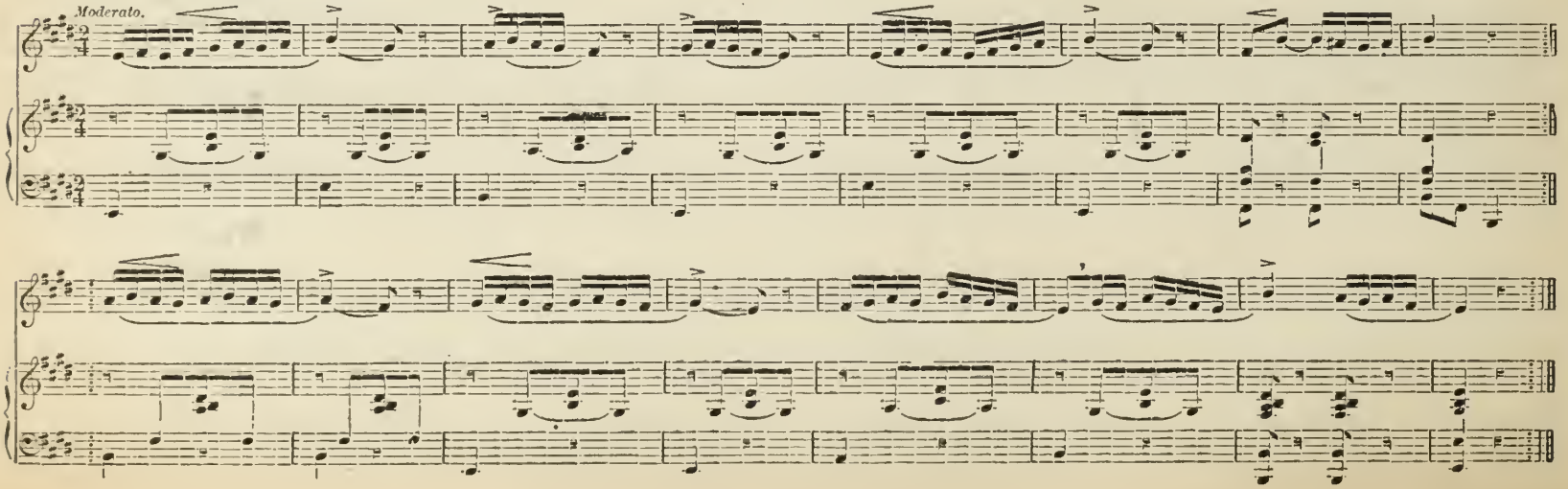


* Practice this exercise also in F, G♭, G, A♭ and A.

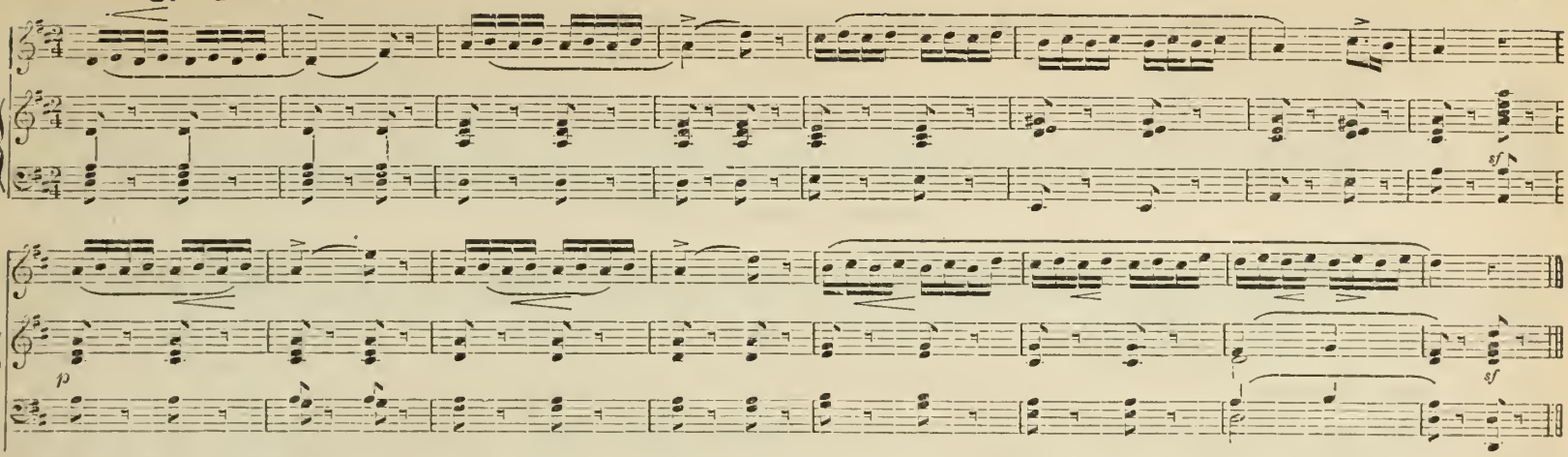
No. 4. 1st Etude.



No. 5. 2d Etude.



No. 6. 3d Etude.

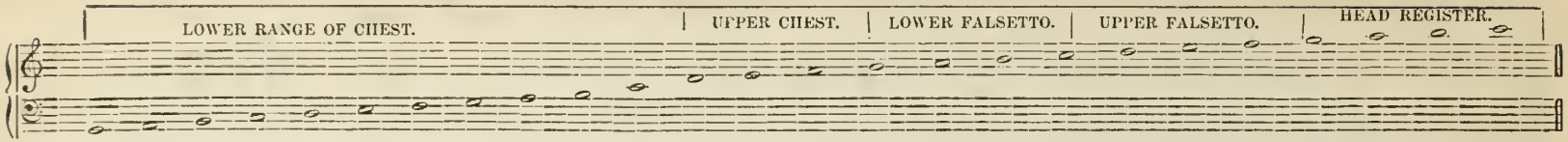


We give, on the following page, diagrams showing the ordinary compass of the human voice and the divisions of the registers. It will be seen that these registers are five in number, and are named respectively "Lower range chest register," "Upper range chest register," "Lower range Falsetto register," "Upper range Falsetto register," and "Head register."

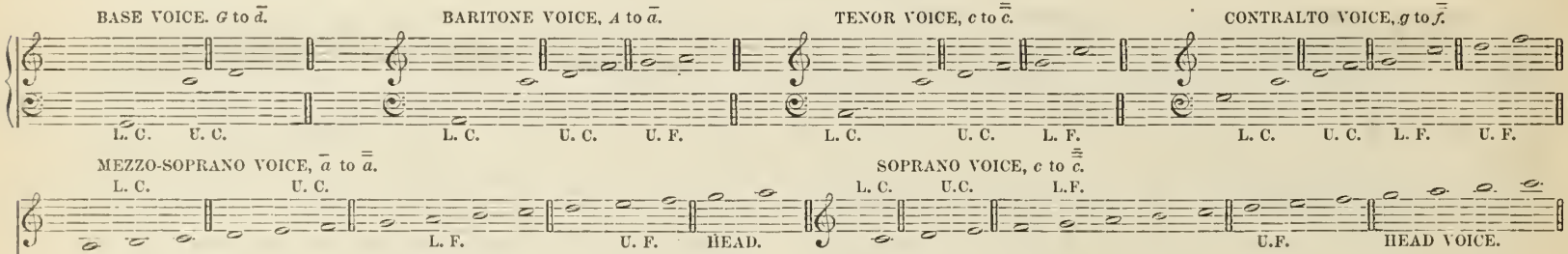
The lower chest register may be carried safely and naturally up to $\bar{c}$ or $\bar{c}\sharp$, the upper chest register to $\bar{f}$ to $\bar{f}\sharp$; the lower falsetto register to $\bar{\bar{c}}$ or $\bar{\bar{c}}\sharp$; the upper falsetto register to $\bar{\bar{f}}$ or $\bar{\bar{f}}\sharp$; and the head voice sometimes to $\bar{\bar{\bar{c}}}$, or even higher. It is never safe to force a lower register higher than the limit here assigned. The tones of the upper register may, however, and frequently must be carried downward, over or through the lower registers. It is in this way that a blending and equalizing of the registers is accomplished. As we have already remarked, however, in ordinary practice little need be said about the change of register. If the throat is kept well open and free, and the column of vibration properly controlled and directed, the change from one register to another will take place naturally—we may safely say *inevitably*. It requires severe and unnatural effort to force the tones of a register above their natural limits. In many voices the change from a lower register to a higher is accomplished so easily and naturally by a modification of the upper tones of the lower register that it is almost impossible for the ear to detect a change at all. For example, in a well developed male voice the change from the lower to the upper chest range which occurs at $\bar{c}\sharp$ or $\bar{d}$ is *anticipated*, so to speak, by the lower chest voice frequently as low as *a*. The tone $\bar{b}\flat$ is modified still more in anticipation of the approaching change until at the pitch $\bar{c}\sharp$—the last of the lower range—the tone is so much modified as to be hardly distinguishable from the $\bar{d}$ which is the first of the upper chest range. If the singer, however, skip from *g* to $\bar{d}$ the change of register will be plainly marked. One distinguishing characteristic of the male voice is the extended compass of the lower chest register. In the ordinary base voice it has an easy compass from G to $\bar{c}$ or $\bar{c}\sharp$. The two upper registers, viz.: the upper falsetto and the head are not available in the male voice. The female voice has only a limited compass in the lower chest register, but the voice extends upward through the upper falsetto and head registers. The ordinary speaking voice of the male is in the lower chest register—that of the woman the lower falsetto. Boy's voices correspond to the female. They have the same division of the registers, and should be treated in the same way. Contralto singers must carefully avoid forcing the lower chest register too high. The same danger must be guarded against in the boys' voices. Tenor singers are liable to force the upper chest register too high. The teacher should insist that every singer should take the part for which nature intended his or her voice. Base voices must be satisfied to sing base; tenor voices to sing tenor, etc. No possible amount of cultivation or practice or forcing the voice will ever transform a base into a tenor voice, a contralto into a soprano, or *vice versa*.

Note.—In our changeable climate the singer must carefully guard against exposure to colds, which nearly always result in inflammation and irritation of the mucous surfaces of head and throat. Avoid, *especially*, talking and laughing in the open air after singing. The best remedy we have ever found for a temporary irritation of the throat is the following simple prescription: Make a strong decoction or *tea* by steeping white oak bark. To a quart of the tea add a teaspoonful of pulverized alum and two tablespoonfuls of honey. Use as a gargle freely four or five times each day.

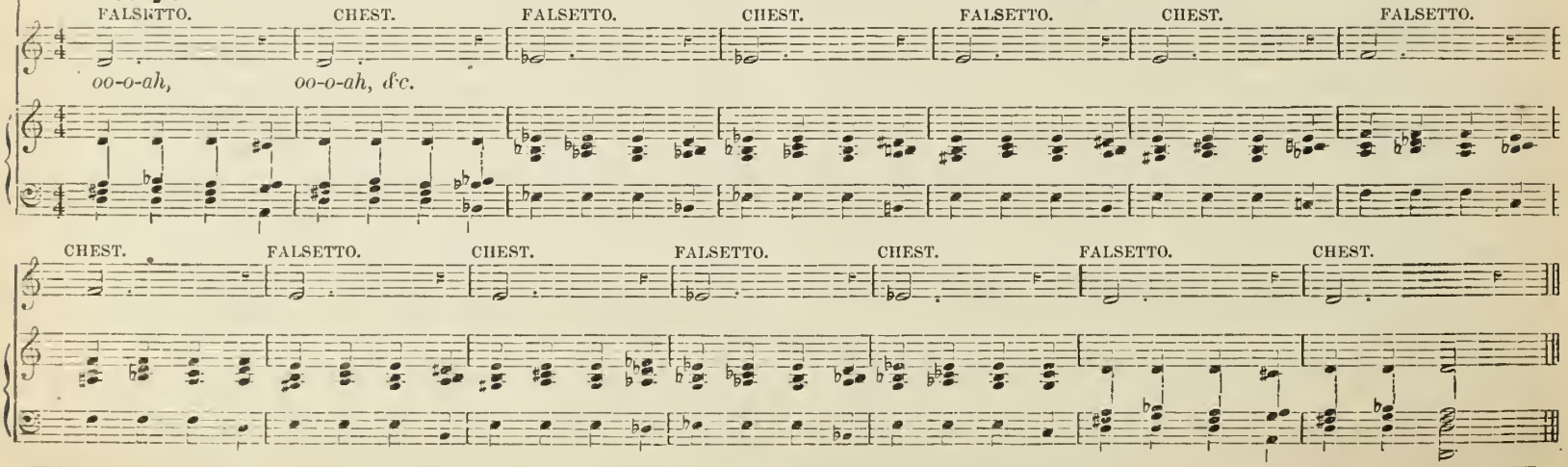
DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ORDINARY RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE, MALE AND FEMALE.



ORDINARY RANGE OF VOICES.*



No. 7. EXERCISE FOR BLENDING CHEST AND FALSETTO TONES IN THE FEMALE VOICE.



* Of course, many voices are capable of carrying the tones many degrees higher or lower than the limit here prescribed. In practice, however, it is best never to force the extreme tones. Let the pupil confine his practice to those tones that can be reached with comparative ease.

No. 8.

C F C C F C C F C C F C C F C C F C

Practice in the keys of E and F.

No. 9. 4th Etude.

p

Dim. *rall.*

p *colla voce.*

p *f*

HOME RETURNING.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

With strong accent.

1. Home re - turn - ing from a - far,, Heart with joy up - lift - ed high, Yon-der see the guid - ing star, O what plea - sure draw-eth nigh;

2. Oth - er lands have trea - sure vast, Home a - lone has love to share, Now for - get - ting all the past, In the joy that waits me there;

p *f* *cres.*

Long I've wan-dered sad and lone, Home and dear ones far a - way, From my heart all hope had flown, Welcome now this hap - py day;

Ma - ny years have passed a - way, Wea - ry years they've been to me, Wait - ing for this hap - py day, Home be - lov - ed now I see;

Home re - turn - ing from a - far, Heart with joy up - lift - ed high, Yon - der see the guid - ing star, O, what plea - sure draw - eth nigh.

Home re - turn - ing from a - far, Heart with joy up - lift - ed high, Yon - der see the guid - ing star, O, what plea - sure draw - eth nigh.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

COME TO ME DARLING! Serenade.

HUBERT P. MAIN

With expression.

1. Come to me dar - ling, the mo - ments are long, While I am wait - ing and watch - ing for thee;
2. Soft - ly the dew - drops are pearl - ing the flowers, Gent - ly the moon - light looks down on the sea;
3. Come, and the Fair - ies thy foot - steps will greet, Joy - ing, the blush of thy beau - ty to see;

Come to me dar - ling, with lute and with song, Trip - ping so light - ly o'er meadow and lea. Come when all na - ture is
Lose not the charm of these love - breath - ing hours, Come to me dar - ling I'm wait - ing for thee.
Rest thee, my dar - ling, where mel - low and sweet, Zeph - yrs are mak - ing their mu - sic for thee. Come when all na - ture is

Refrain.

p

pp *p*

hushed to re - pose; Come when the Night - in - gale sings to the rose; Come when the Night - in - gale sings to the rose.
hushed to re - pose: Come when the Night - in - gale sings to the rose; Come when the Night - in - gale sings to the rose.

TWENTY YEARS AGO. Song and Chorus.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. How wondrous are the changes Since twen-ty years a - go! When girls wore wool-en dress-es; And boys wore pants of tow; When shoes were made of cow - hide, And socks from homespun wool, And chil-dren did a half day's work Be-fore they went to school.
2. The girls took mu - sic les-sons Up - on the spin-ning wheel, And practiced late and ear - ly On spin - dle, swift, and reel; The boy would ride the horse to mill, A doz - en miles or so, And hur - ry off be-fore 'twas day, Some twenty years a - go.
3. The peo - ple rode to meeting In sleds in-stead of sleighs; And wa - gons rode as ea - sy As bug - gies now - a days; And ox - en answered well for teams, Though now they'd be too slow, For peo - ple lived not half so fast Some twenty years a - go.
4. Oh! well do I re - mem-ber That Wil-son's pat - ent stove, That fa-ther bought and paid for In cloth our girls had wove; And how the neighbors won - dered When we got "the thing" to go, And said "'twould burst" and kill us all—Some twenty years a - go.
5. Yes, eve - ry thing is altered I can - not tell the cause, For men are al - ways tamp'ring With na-ture's wondrous laws; And what on earth we're com - ing to— Does an - y - bo - dy know? For eve - ry-thing has changed so much Since twenty years a - go.

Chorus.

Just twen - ty years a - go, Just twen - ty years a - go, a - go, The men and the boys and the girls and the toys, The

Just twen - ty years a - go, a - go, Just twen - ty years a - go, a - go, The men and the boys and the girls and the toys, The

work and the play and the night and the day, The world and its ways are all turned round, Since twen - ty years a - go.

work and the play and the night and the day, The world and its ways are all turned round, Since twen - ty years a - go.

TO THE MOUNTAIN.

J. HARRISON TENNEY.

Lively.

1. To the mountain, to the mountain, to the mountain a - way, Let us haste for the morn is bright in the sun's earliest ray, And

2. To the mountain, to the mountain, to the mountain a - way, Let us haste e'er the morn-ing zephyrs arescoreh'dby the day, And

Sempre marcato

hark! 'tis the mer - ry hun - ter whose horn far a - way we hear, Then come, has - ten to the mountain, the sum - mit now is near.

come, fol - low, as the deer leaps from sleep in his sha - dy bed, A wak'd by the hun-ter's horn, who e'en now has past him fled.

F. J. CROSBY

THE BRIGHT NEW-YEAR.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Joyous.

1. Ver - nal spring and ro - sy sum - mer, Gold - en au - tumn all are past; O'er the face of na - ture frown - ing,
2. Slid - ing, skat - ing, laugh - ing, shout - ing, Down the rug - ged hill we go. Hark! the sleigh-bells gai - ly peal - ing,
3. Tho' the for - est shades are si - lent, And the birds have flown a - way; We can war - ble sweet - est mu - sic

Lone - ly win - ter comes at last; Yet she brings us many a pleas - ure, Many a scene of fes - tive cheer,
O'er the white and dow - ny snow; Can we think the win - ter drea - ry, When such mer - ry tones we hear;

We can sing as light as they— Hap - py sea - son, hap - py greet - ing, Friends and kin - dred far and near;

Now with joy our hearts are glow - ing, While we hail the bright New - year, While we hail the bright New - year.
Now the cup of pleas - ure spar - kles, While we hail the bright New - year, etc.

Take our best and kind - est wish - es, While we hail the bright New - year, While we hail the bright New - year.

SINGING CHEERILY.

Words and Music by WM. F SHERWIN.

Polka movement

1. Sing - ing cheer - i - ly come we now, Tra la, la la la, gai - ly twin - ing Wreaths of mel - o - dy for each brow,

2. Oh! how pleas-ant - ly time glides on, Tra la, la la la, bring-ing pleas - ure, When in har - mo - ny sings each one,

Fine.

Tra la, la la la la la. Eyes that spar - kle with a pure de - light, So bright - ly gleam - ing,

Tra la, la la la la la. All life's tri - als are a - while for - got, Its troub - led dream - ing,

D. C. Fine.

On us am - ing, Bring with beau - ty in their glance to - night A cheer - y wel - come to our song. So—

I - dle schem - ing; Care and wear - i - ness can harm us not If we can sing a mer - ry glee. Then—

MY DREAM.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

SONG WITH VOCAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

1. In light and shade the soft winds played, Where clo - ver blooms a - long the stream; Bent low to sip with hon - ied
2. And bask-ing there in per - fumed air, And in the sun - - shine's gol - den beam, Two hearts a - lone, two hands as

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

pp

lip, The fleet-ing bub - ble's laughing gleam. And all day long.... their sweet wild song,.. The birds were chanting in my dream.
one, Went wand'ring by the list -'ning stream. And murm'ring flow.... and whis-pers low,.... Were strangely min-gled in my dream

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

ff

In light and shade the soft winds played, Where clo - ver blooms a - long the stream; Bent low to sip with hon - ied
And bask-ing there in per-fumed air, And in the sun - - shine's gol - den beam, Two hearts a - lone, two hands as

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

pp

lip, The fleet - ing bub - ble's laugh - ing gleam. The birds were gai - ly chant-ing in my
one, Went wand-'ring by the list - 'ning stream.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

dim. *p* *rit.* *pp*

dream. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.....

dim.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.....

O WIPE AWAY THAT TEAR, LOVE.

German.

1. O, wipe a-way that tear, love, The pearly drop I see; Let hope thy bo-som cheer, love, Let hope thy bosom cheer, love, As yon bright star we see.
2. Yes, when away from thee, love, Sweet hope shall be my star; We do not part for aye, love, We do not part for aye, love, I'll welcome thee a - far.

3. At close of part-ing day, love, Ere yon bright star is set; Still meet me while a - way, love, Still meet me while a-way, love, 'Mid scenes we'll ne'er forget.
4. I'll watch the setting star, love, And think I look on thee; And thus, tho' sundered far, love, And thus, tho' sundered far, love, How near our hearts may be.

LAUGH, BOYS LAUGH!

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Laugh, boys, laugh! Con-cord comes with comrades laughing, Quaff, boys, quaff, Rippling rills are rain-drops quaff-ing, Laugh, laugh to the wind's low howl,

2. Laugh, boys, laugh! Spright-ly youth is al - ways laughing, Quaff, boys, quaff, Sunshine ev - ery tear is quaff-ing, Laugh, laugh to the dark-'ning day.

ha! ha! ha! ha!

SLOWER.

Rife with notes of com - ing dan - ger, Laugh, laugh to the cloud - y scowl, Be its vis - age friend or stran - ger. Howl, howl,

Drip-ping down its drops of sor - row, Laugh, laugh in the wea - ry way, Brighter fields will smile to - mor - row. Howl, howl,

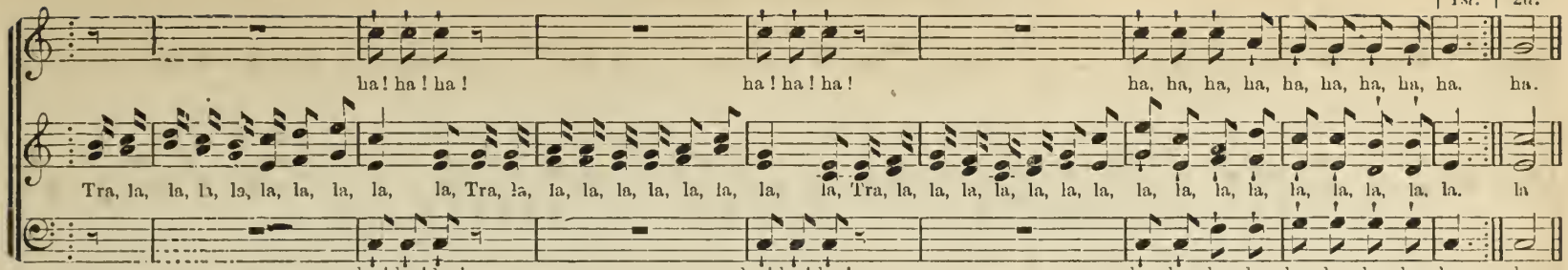
a tempo.

winds as ye may, Scowl, scowl, clouds on your way, We'll laugh, boys, laugh and sing, We'll laugh, ha, ha, we'll laugh, ha, ha, We'll laugh, boys, laugh and sing.

winds as ye may, Scowl, scowl clouds on your way, We'll laugh, boys, laugh and sing; We'll laugh, We'll laugh, We'll laugh, boys, laugh and sing.

ha! ha! ha! ha!

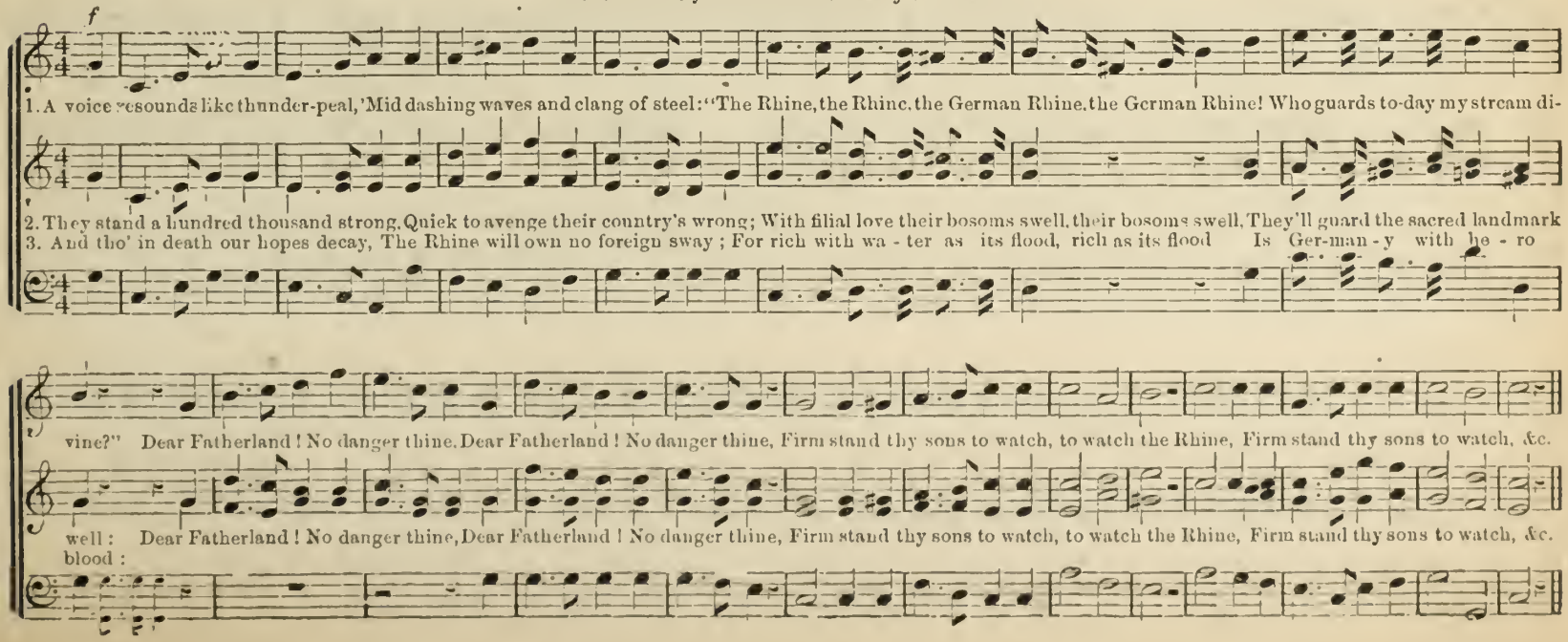
LAUGH, BOYS, LAUGH! Concluded.



THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

KARL WILHELM.

This is now the favorite National air of the Prussians.



THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL.

Popular German Student's Song.

Allegro

1. The sails are all swell - ing, the streamers are gay, The an - chor is ris - ing, and I must a - way; A - dieu, my dear mountains, A -
2. The sun through the hea - vens e'er hastes to the west; The waves of the o - cean are nev - er at rest; The bird, with its pin - ions un -

3. A - dieu, dear - est moth - er! dear sis - ters, a - dieu! I go where the skies are all shin - ing and blue, Where flowr's ev - er blos-som, where
4. When far in the land of the stranger I see, Dear Ma - ry, the flow - ers I plant - ed for thee, And when the sweet songsters re -

- dieu, my dear home! I turn from your threshold, 'mid strangers to roam, I turn from your threshold, 'mid strangers to roam. to roam.
fet - tered and free, Ca - reers in its free-dom o'er mountain and sea, *Ca-reers in its free-dom o'er mountain and sea. and sea.

birds ev - er sing, Where fruit loads the branches from har - vest to Spring, Where fruit loads the branches from har - vest to Spring. to Spring.
peat in my ear The notes we to - geth - er have lingered to hear, The notes we to - geth - er have lingered to hear. to hear.

CHORUS.

* Ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le, val - le, val - le - ra. Ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le, val - le, val - le - ra.

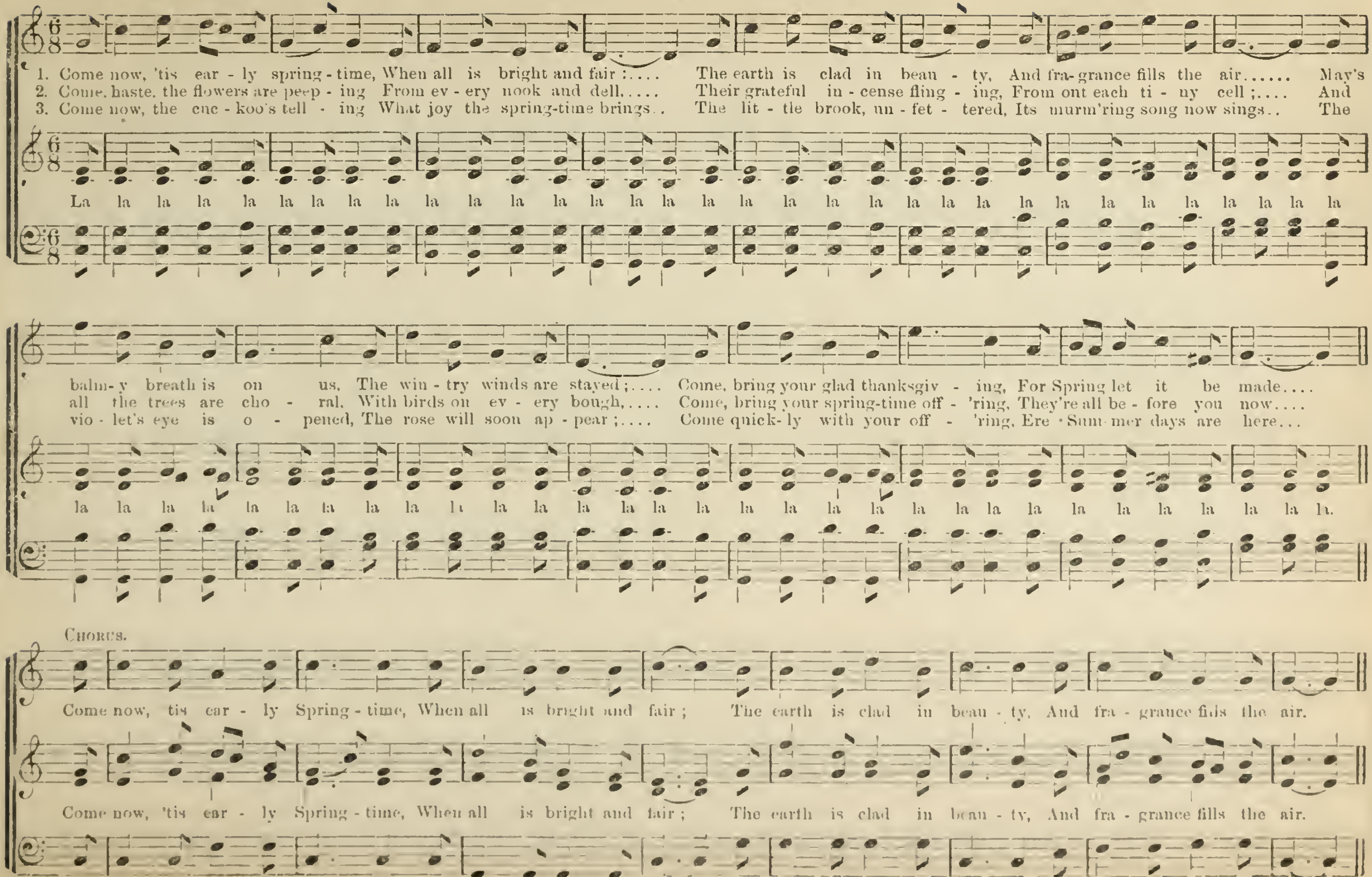
Ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le, val - le, val - le - ra. Ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le, vat - le, val - le - ra.

* Pronounced *U rah-le rah.*

SONG OF SPRING TIME.

SONG WITH VOCAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

Words by AGNES BURNEY. THEO. F. SEWARD.



Words by Fanny J. Crosby

HOME, LOVED HOME.

Arr. from FLOTOW

1. Home, loved home, around thy bright and social hearth, Tho' we may roam af - fec-tion still is twin - ing; Kin - dred ties and happy, happy

2. Friends, dear friends, companions of our ear - ly days, Hope still doth lend her fair - y wand of plea - sure; Still to them with tender thought our

songs of mirth Tell us of thee, our own, our na-tive home. Sweet, sweet hours, that made our life a summer-day, Fair, young flow'rs their

mem'ry strays, Dreaming of thee, our own, our na-tive home. Skies more bright may lure us to the path of fame, Soon their light will

fragrance breathing o'er us; Round them still our ea - ger fan - cy loves to play, Sigh - ing for thee, our own, our na - tive home.

lose its power to cheer us; All of joy the long-ing heart can ev - er claim, Dwells, dwells with thee, our own, our na - tive home.

GREETING GLEE.

1. We come, our tune-ful cho-rus blend-ing, With joy to greet our friends to-night, And cheer with song each gold-en

2. We come to fill your hearts with glad-ness, And chase the clouds of care a-way; To bring, in all their beau-ty

REFRAIN. f. Repeat pp.

mo-ment That speeds on air-y pin-ions bright: We come to-night with mel-o-dy to greet you,

smil-ing, The hopes of many a by-gone day: We come to-night, with mel-o-dy to greet you, And

We come to-night

1st time. *2d time.*

And sing to friends a joy-ous wel-come here. joy-ous wel-come here.

sing to friends a joy-ous wel-come here. joy-ous wel-come here.

And sing to friends

3. As fading leaves renew their verdure,
When falls the cool, refreshing rain,
So music's numbers gently breathing,
Revive the drooping heart again.
Ref.—We come, &c.

4. 'Tis music wakes our purest feeling
And brightens all our path below,
Her choral strains the first to greet us
In yonder world to which we go.
Ref.—We come, &c.

THE BELLS. Quartet or Chorus.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Vivace.

1. Bells! bells! bells! bells! Hear the mer - ry chim-ing of the bells. The mer - ry chim - ing now we hear, How sweet they fall up -

2. Bells! bells! bells! bells! Hear the mer - ry chim-ing of the bells. With mu - sic how they fill the air, Their glad notes float-ing

on the ear, Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim. List to the mer - ry, mer - ry,

ev - ery-where, Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim. List to the mer - ry, mer - ry,

FINE.

8va

chim-ing, chim - ing, chim ing, chim - ing, chime of the bells, of the bells.

:S:

chim-ing, chim - ing, chim-ing, chim - ing, chime of the bells, of the bells. Ring, - ring, Swing, swing, Ring out cheer - i - ly,

8va

Swing so mer - ri - ly, Tell - ing gai - ly of hope and joy, Sweet bells ring - ing out, wild notes fling - ing out Songs and car - ols all

8va

tongues em - ploy. Bome, bome, bome, bome, Ring not mourn - ful - ly, Harsh - ly, dole - ful - ly, Sad tales tell - ing of grief and despair,

8va

D.S.

Bim, bim, bim, bim, Chime out joy - ful - ly, gai - ly, cheer - ful - ly Jing - ling mer - ri - ly through the air

* After singing this strain the last time, return to the beginning of the piece.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

T. J. COOK.

1. Tho' you speak of bright sun - ny skies to me, Of the or - ange grove and pleasant bowers, And of winds that make soft - est
2. And you al - so tell of the riv - ers bright, Where the golden gal - leys gent-ly float; But have you ne'er sailed on our
3. And had you been reared 'mong the Al-pine hills, Or had lived like me in Al - pine dells, You would prize, like me, our dear

mel - o - dy, From the leaf and fresh bloom-ing flow'r; And though you may prize those bright far - off skies, Yet I
lakes by night, In our Al - pine swift - glid - ing boat? Tho' you speak of lands where true hearts and hands, Would with
mountain rills, Nor would fear the grand tor - rent swells. Yet it mat - ters not, though in low - ly spot, Wheth - er

pray you tempt me not to roam; For in sweet con - tent here my days are spent: Therefore care I not to leave my home.
kind-ness greet me as I come, Yet true hearts I find that are ev - er kind, In my na - tive land, my own dear home.
proud or humble be the dome, If true love re - mains, with its bind - ing chains, Then no oth - er place is like our home.

SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE TREE.

Moderato.

Words and Music by O. R. BARROWS.

1. Oh, the sports of childhood! Roaming thro' the wildwood, Running o'er the meadows, hap - py and free; But my heart's a - beat - ing
2. Swaying in the sunbeams, Floating in the shadow, Sail - ing on the breezes, hap - py and free; Chas - ing all our sadness,
3. Oh, the sports of childhood! Roaming thro' the wildwood, Singing o'er the meadows, hap - py and free; How my heart's a - beat - ing

CHORUS.

For the old - time greet - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple - tree.
Shout - ing in our glad - ness, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple - tree. Swing - ing, Swing - ing,
Think - ing of the greet - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple - tree. Swing - ing, swing - ing, Swing - ing, swing - ing,

Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple - tree, Swing - ing, Swing - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple - tree.
Lull - ing care to rest 'neath the old ap - ple - tree, Swinging, swinging, Swinging, swinging, Swinging 'neath the old ap - ple - tree.

KEEP PUSHING.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Keep push-ing, keep push-ing, keep push-ing with vig - or a - long, Keep push-ing, keep
2. 'Tis wis - er, 'tis wis - er, 'tis wis - er than turn - ing a - side, And dreaming, and

1. Keep push-ing, Keep push-ing, Keep push ing with vig - or a - long, Keep push-ing, keep push-ing, keep
2. 'Tis wis - er, 'Tis wis - er, 'Tis wis - er than turn - ing a - side, And dreaming, and dreaming, and

FINE.

push-ing, keep push-ing, keep push-ing with vig - or a - long. Keep push-ing, keep push-ing, And
dreaming, and dreaming, and dreaming, and wait - ing the tide. Keep push-ing a - long, keep push-ing a - long, And

push-ing, keep push-ing, keep push-ing with vig - or a - long.
dreaming, and dreaming, and dreaming, and wait - ing the tide. Keep push-ing, keep push-ing, And

fight the good fight with a song; Keep push-ing a - long, keep push-ing a - long, In push-ing and fight-ing grow strong.

fight the good fight with a song; Keep push-ing, Keep push-ing, In push-ing and fight-ing grow strong.

1. Keep push-ing, 'tis wis - er than turn - ing a - side, Keep push-ing, 'tis wis - er than turn - ing a - side, And dreamiug, aud sigh - ing, and
1. Keep push - - ing, 'tis wis - - er than turu - - ing a - side,..... And dream - ing and

2. In life's ro - sy morn - - ing, In age with its pride,..... Let this be your
2. In life's ro - sy morn-ing, In age with its pride, In life's ro - sy morn-ing, in age with its pride, Let this be your mot - to, your

1. wait - ing the tide, And dreaming, and sigh - ing, and wait - iug the tide, In life's ear - nest bat - tle they on - ly pre - vail, In
1. sigh - - ing, and wait - - - iug the tide,..... In life's ear - nest bat - - tle they

2. mot - - to, your foot - - - steps to guide,... ..... In storm and in sun - - shine, what -
2. foot-steps to guide, Let this be your mot - to your foot-steps to guide, In storm aud in sun-shine, what - ev - er as - sail, In

D. C. Keep pushing

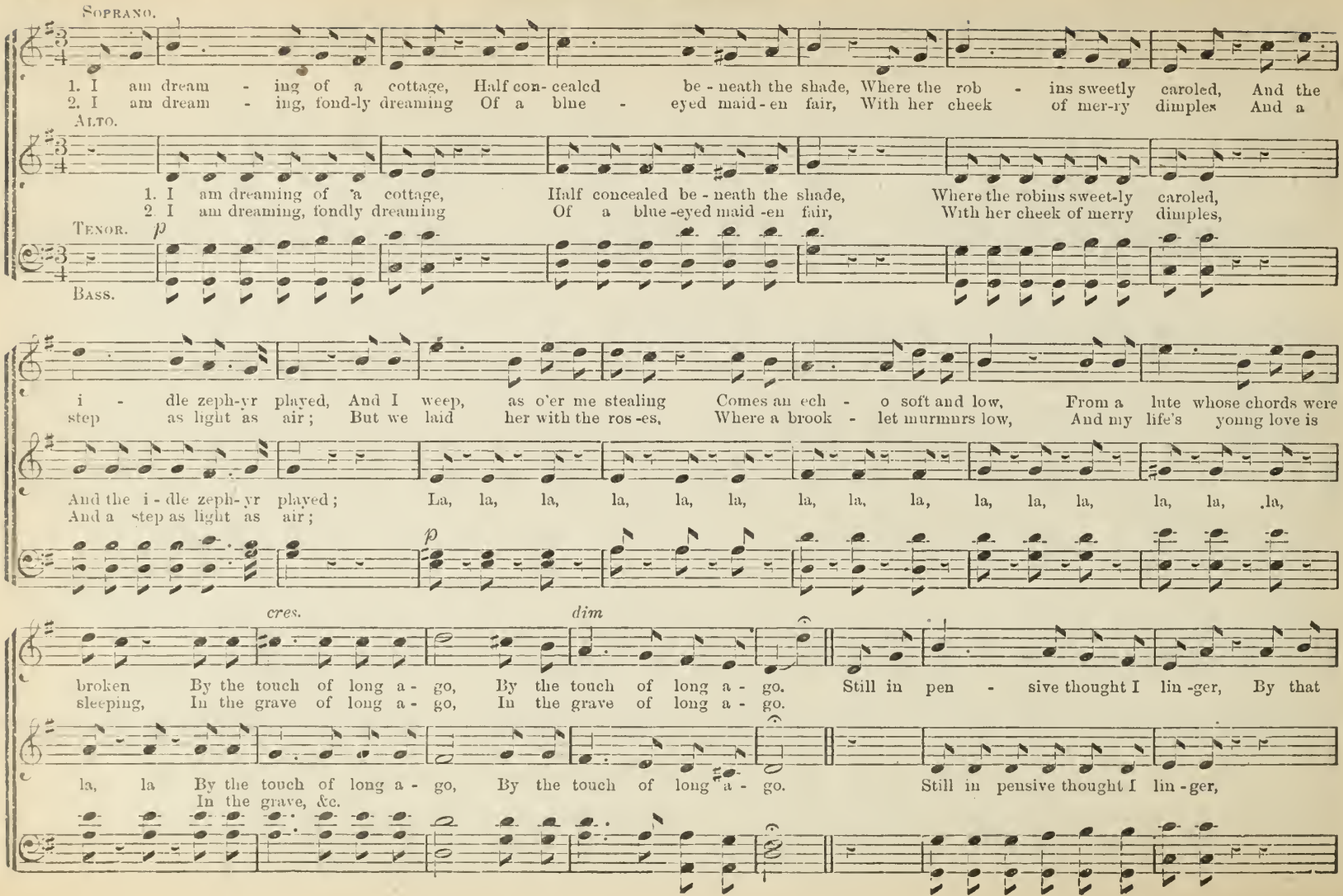
1. life's ear - nest bat - tle they on - ly pre - vail, Who dai - ly march on-ward, and nev - er say fail, and nev - er say fail.
1. on - - ly pre - vail, ... Who dai - - ly march on - - ward, and nev - er say fail.

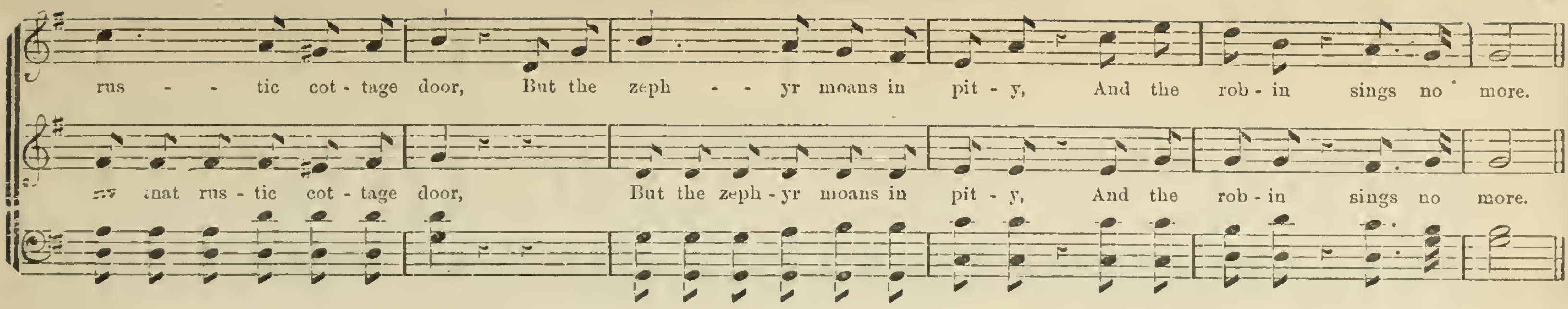
2. ev - - er as - sail,..... ..... We'll on - ward to con - - quer, and nev - er say fail.
2. storm and in sun-shine, what - ev - er as - sail, We'll on - ward to con - quer, and nev - er say fail, and nev - er say fail.

Words by FANNY CROSBY

I AM DREAMING. (Quartet.)

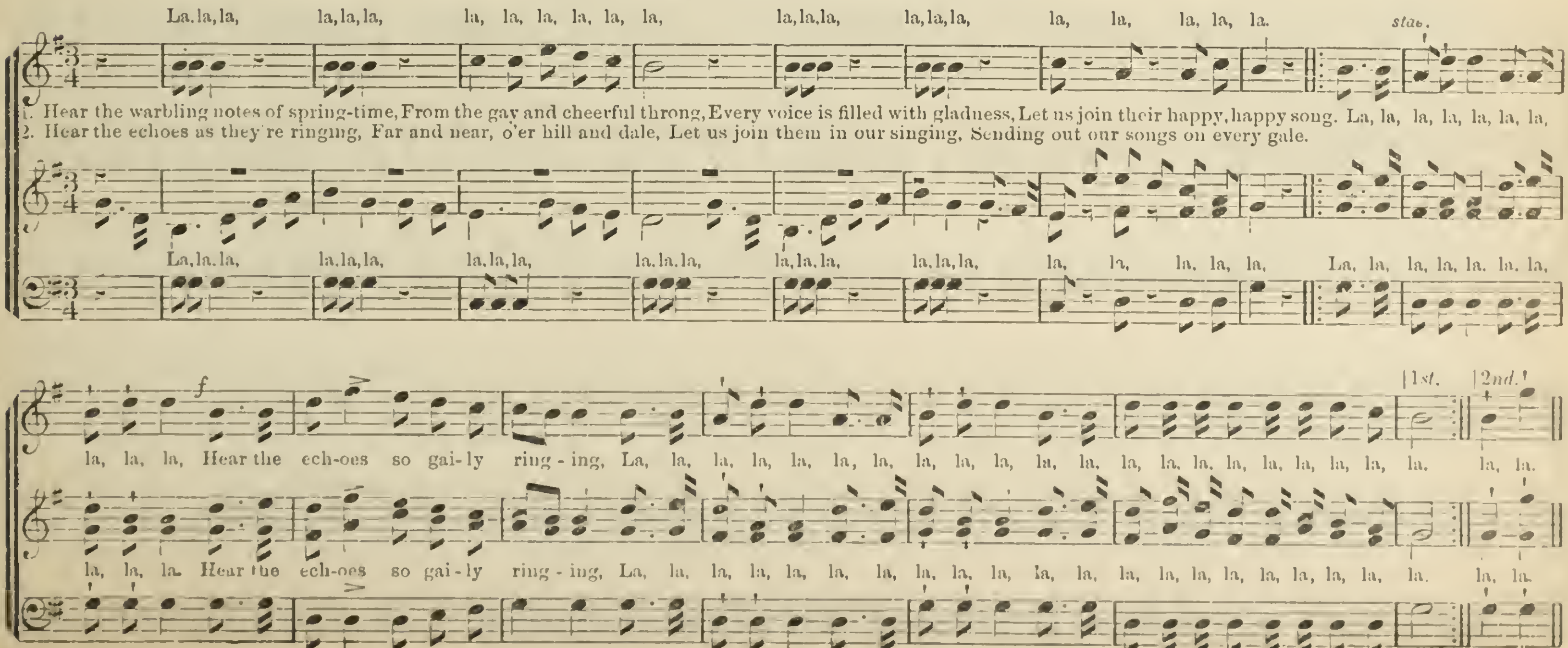
AGNES BURNEY





HEAR THE WARBLING NOTES.

THEO. F. SEWARD.



TO THE TAP OF THE DRUM.

From ROSSINI'S "William Tell."

Sempre staccato.

To the tap of the drum we will march along, With the light and the gay and the joy-ous throng; Not a fear have we now of the bat - tle fray, On this

To the tap of the drum we will march along, With the light and the gay and the joy-ous throng; Not a fear have we now of the bat - tle fray, On this

hap - py, hap - py day, happy day, With a step ev - er firm we will move a - long With banners wav-ing in the air; Hear them shout as we come with our glad..... happy day happy day,

hap - py, hap - py day, happy day, With a step ev - er firm we will move a - long With banners wav-ing in the air; Hear them shout as we come with our

joyous song, What greetings meet us ev-erywhere, Now shout we all hur-rah! and sing of vic - to - ry! With joy - ous cry we rend the sky, O,

joyous song, What greetings meet us ev-erywhere, Now shout we all hur-rah! and sing of vic - to - ry! With joy - ous cry we rend the sky, O,

hear the cheerful sound, And once a-gain hur - rah! We shout for lib - er - ty! For freedom's light, for manhood's right, Let hill and vale resound. To the

hear the cheerful sound, And once a-gain hur - rah! We shout for lib - er - ty! For freedom's light, for manhood's right, Let hill and vale resound. To the

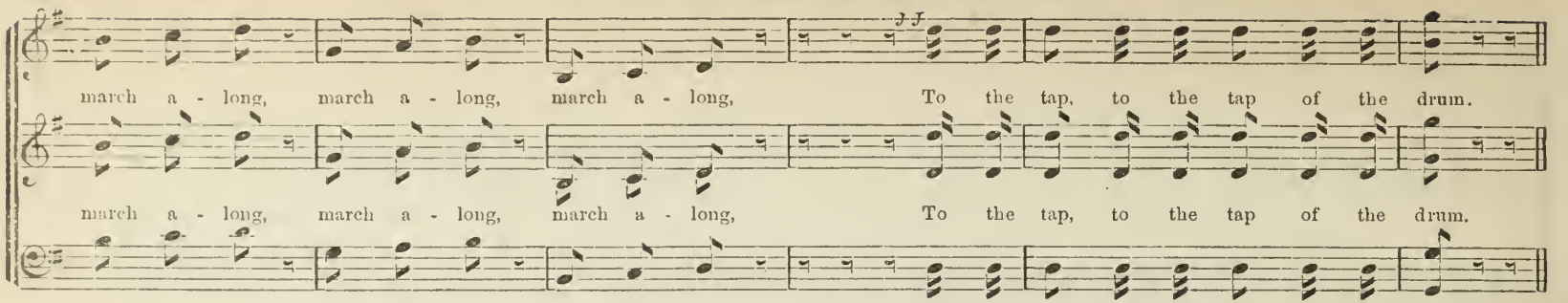
tap of the drum we will march a - long, With the light and the gay and the joy-ous throng; Not a fear have we now of the bat - tle fray. On this

tap of the drum we will march a - long, With the light and the gay and the joy-ous throng; Not a fear have we now of the bat - tle fray. On this

hap - py, hap - py day, hap - py day, With the light and the gay and the joy - ous throng, To the tap of the drum we will
glad..... happy day hap - py day,

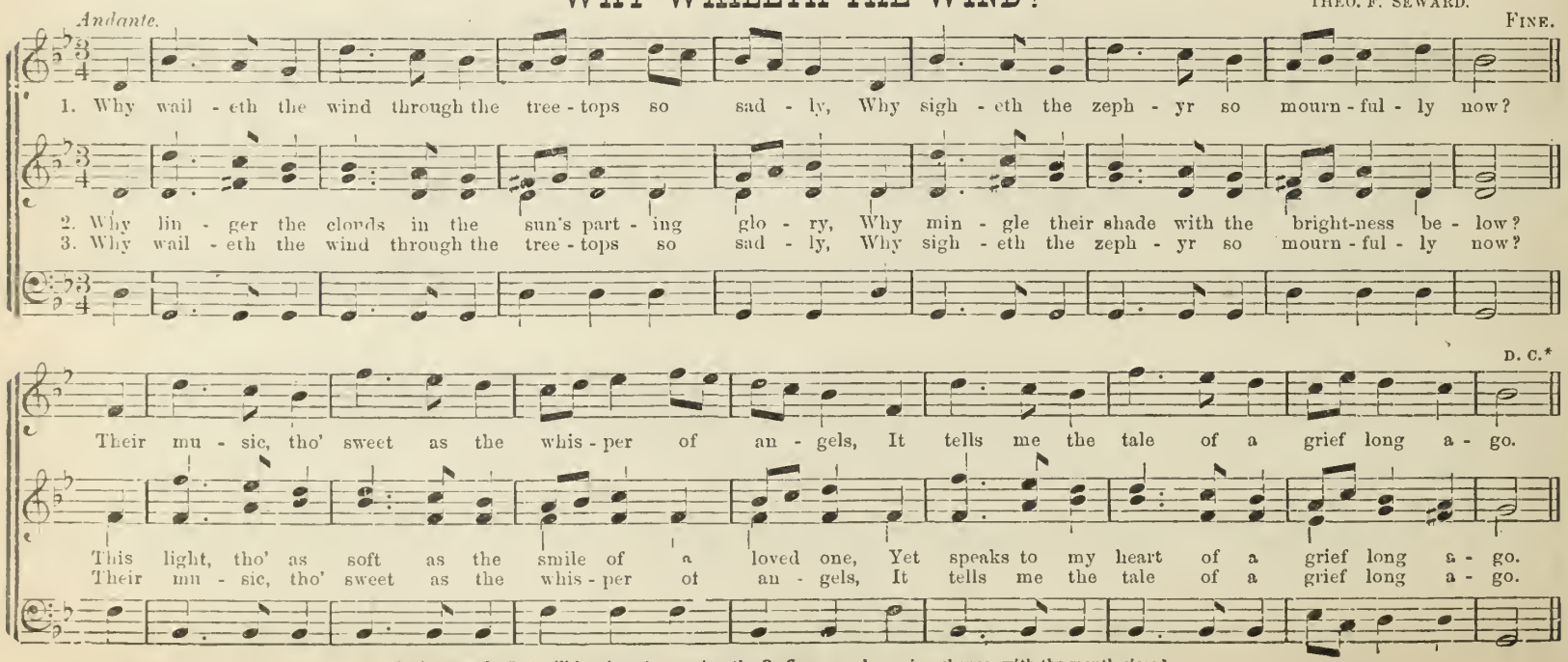
hap - py, hap - py day, hap - py day, With the light and the gay and the joy ous throng, To the tap of the drum we will

TO THE TAP OF THE DRUM. Concluded.



WHY WAILETH THE WIND?

THEO. F. SEWARD.



* An increased effect will be given by singing the Da Capo as a humming chorus, with the mouth closed.

NOW TO ALL GOOD NIGHT.

The Treble & Tenor change parts in repeating.

From HILLER.
Art. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

FUGETTA.

Soprano.

Now to all good-night, good-night, To all..... good - night,.... good-night, To all good - night,

Alto

Now to all good-night, good-night, To all..... good - night,.... good-night, To

Tenor.

Now to all good-night, good-night, To all..... good -

Now to all good-night, good-

1st time. 2d time.

Now to all good-night, good-night, To all..... good-night, To all good-night. night, good-night, good-night.

all good - night, Now to all good-night, good-night, good-night, To all good-night. night, good-night, good-night.

- night,....good-night, To all good - night, good-night, To all good-night. night, good-night, good-night.

- night, To all .... . . good - night,.... good-night, To all good-night, To all good-night. night, good-night, good-night.

NOW AWAY, NO LONGER STAY.

SIR H. R. BISHOP.

Largo.

Now a - way, no long - er stay, Meet we all by break of day.

Now a - way, no long - er stay, Meet we all by break of day. Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, ye fai - ry, fai - ry

Come fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, ye fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, So

elves that be, Come fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, ye fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, So

nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, do we pass, We fol - low, fol - low,

we pass, ...

nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, do we pass, We fol - low, fol - low.

fol - low thee, We fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, We fol - low, fol - low, fol - low thee, We fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er

fol - low thee, We fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, We fol - low, fol - low, fol - low thee, We fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er

tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, So nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly do we

tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, So nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly do we

pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly,

pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly,

NOW AWAY, NO LONGER STAY. Concluded.

nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass,..... So nim - bly do we pass,..... So nim - bly, nim-bly,
do..... we pass, So nim - bly do we pass,..... So nim - bly do we pass,..... we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly
do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass,..... So nim - bly do we pass,..... So nim - bly, nim-bly

p

nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, So
do..... we pass,
do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, So

dim. *pp*

nim - bly, So nim - bly do we pass, we pass, we pass, So nim - bly do we pass.....
we pass..... So nim - - bly do we pass.....
nim - bly, So nim - bly do we pass, we pass, we pass, So nim - bly do we pass.....

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.*

Maestoso. *mf* *fz*

1. Lo! the glad-some day is breaking, Beau-ty from her slumbers wak-ing; Forth to bat-tle, men of Har-lech! On-ward to the fray.

2. Fare-ye-well, dear na-tive mountains, Val-leys green, and flow-ing fountains, Where the tide of war is rag-ing, Thither lies our way.

Pen-nons gay are streaming, Falchions brightly gleaming; Rush we, like a might-y tor-rent, Ne'er of dan-ger dreaming,

There, 'midst din and clangor, Braving foe-man's an-ger; 'Neath the val-liant Gwynedd's banner, In the strife en-gag-ing,

cres.

On, where glo-ry points the way, Where the sun of free-dom's shin-ing, Forth to bat-tle, men of Har-lech! On-ward to the fray!

Fore-most in the bat-tle fray, Where the sun of free-dom's shin-ing, There must be the men of Har-lech! On-ward to the fray!

* This is one of the National airs that was sung at the Boston Jubilee of 1872.

SWIFT AS A FLASH.

From "Cinderella." ROSSINI.

Allegro

SOPRANO. SOLO.

Swift as a flash.... that mocks the light..... Thou seem'st a

ALTO. *pp* CHORUS.

TENOR. *pp* CHORUS.

While to joy we sing in - vit - ing, While to joy we sing in - vit - ing, Hearts and voi - ces all u - nit - ing,

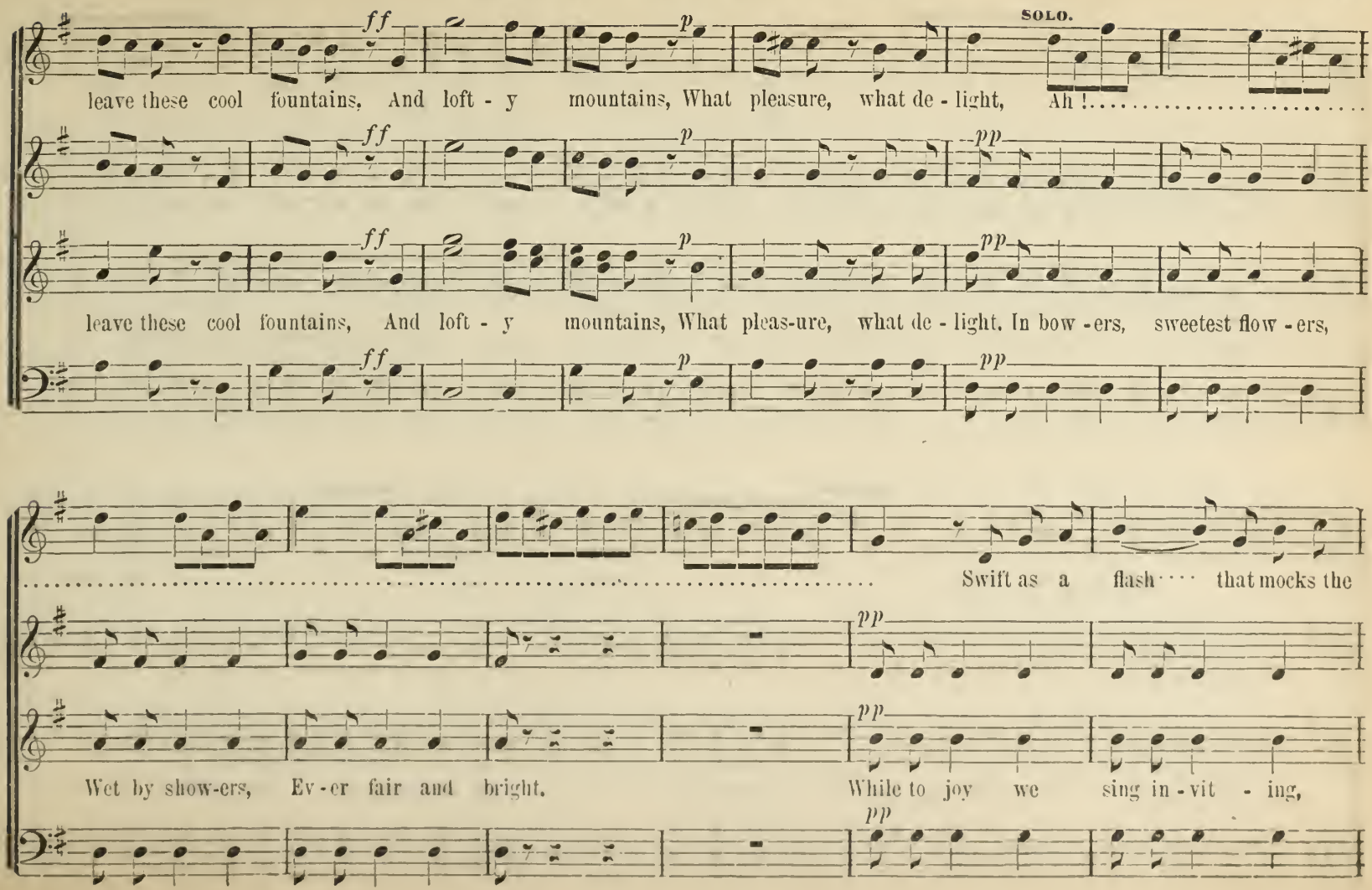
BASS. *pp* CHORUS.

bird..... in air - y flight,..... *f* CHORUS When home re - turn - ing, *p* We

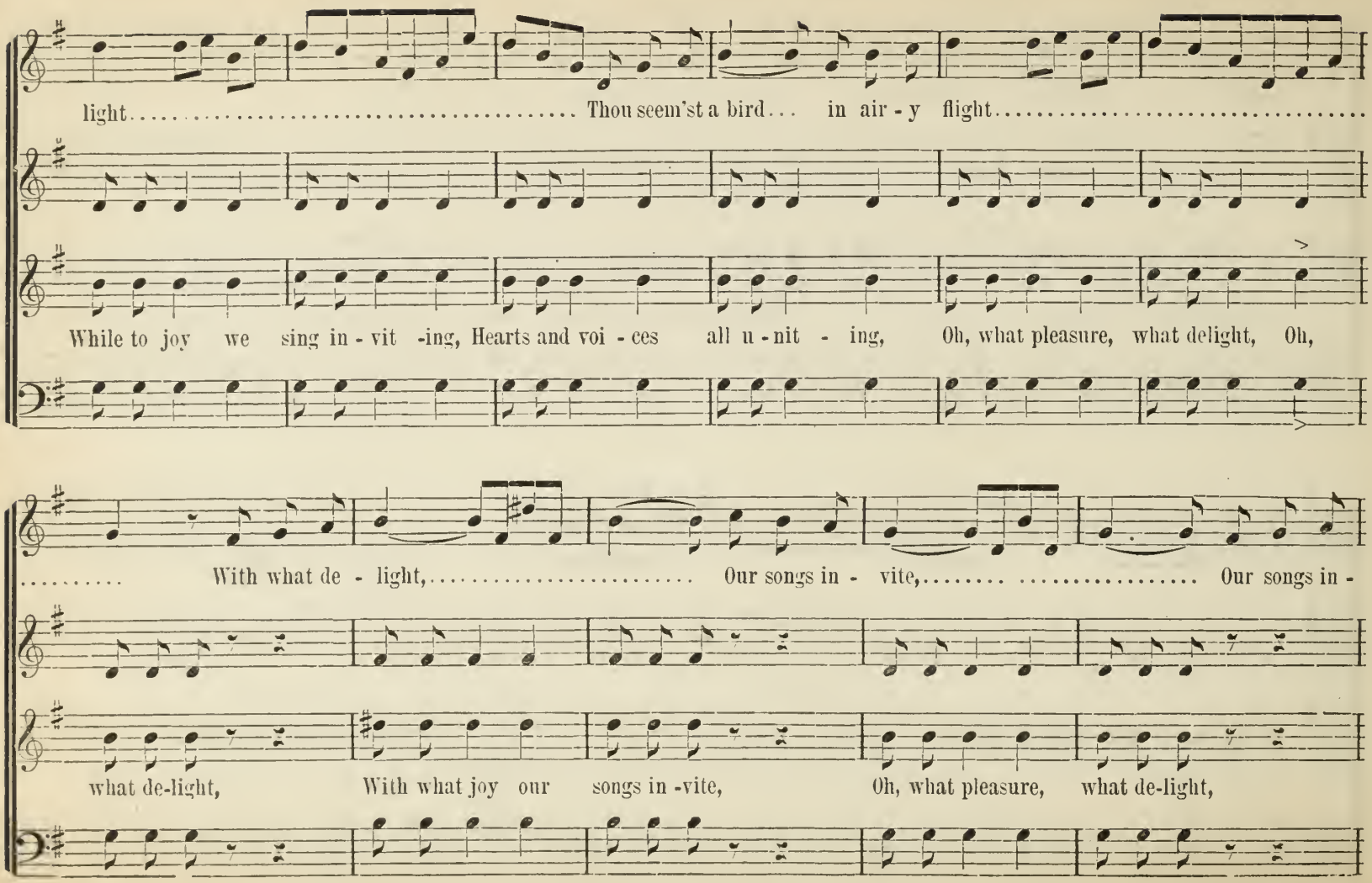
f *p*

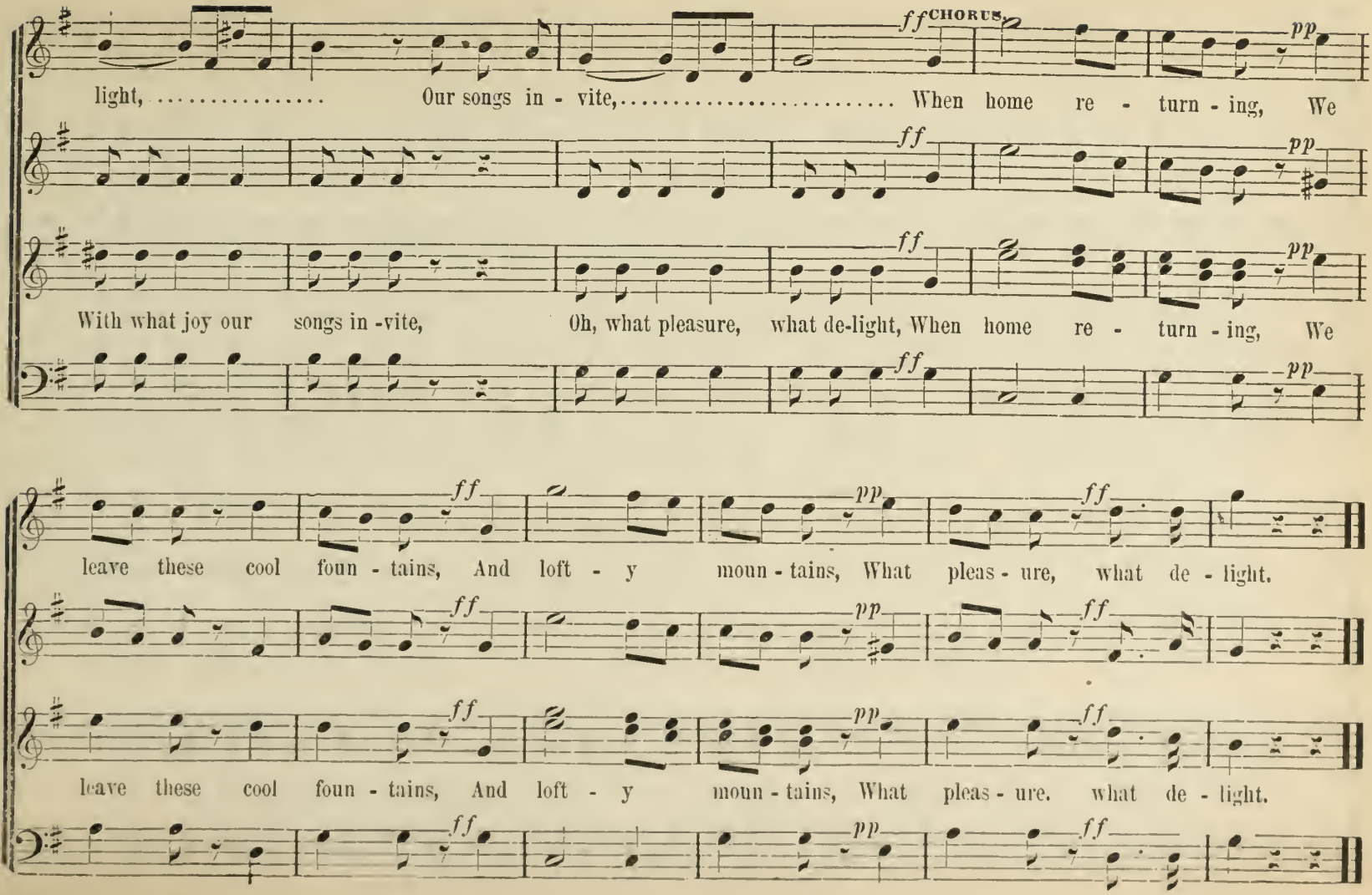
Hearts and voi - ces all u - nit - ing, Oh, what pleasure, what de-light, *f* When home re - - turn - ing, *p* We

f *p*


SOLO.
ff
p
pp
leave these cool fountains, And loft - y mountains, What pleasure, what de - light, Ah !
leave these cool fountains, And loft - y mountains, What pleas-ure, what de - light, In bow - ers, sweetest flow - ers,
Swift as a flash that mocks the
Wet by show-ers, Ev - er fair and bright, While to joy we sing in - vit - ing,

SWIFT AS A FLASH. Continued.




ff CHORUS
pp
light, ... Our songs in - vite, ... When home re - turn - ing, We
ff
pp
ff
pp
With what joy our songs in -vite, Oh, what pleasure, what de-light, When home re - turn - ing, We
ff
pp
ff
pp
ff
leave these cool foun - tains, And loft - y moun - tains, What pleas - ure, what de - light.
ff
pp
ff
ff
pp
ff
leave these cool foun - tains, And loft - y moun - tains, What pleas - ure. what de - light.
ff
pp
ff

THE ROVER.*

Arr. from FLOTOW'S Opera of "Martha."

mp Andante.

1. The world is beck'ning me a - way In for - eign lands a - far to stray, a - far to stray; My bo - som glows with opening spring, And
2. I'll seek the for - est shadows cool, I'll seek the grape-vine curtained pool, the curtained pool; And mountain breath, and val - leys wild, And
3. My days all free from care and cross, I'll sweet-ly sleep on mountain moss, on mountain moss; The spring in all my pulse shall glow, My

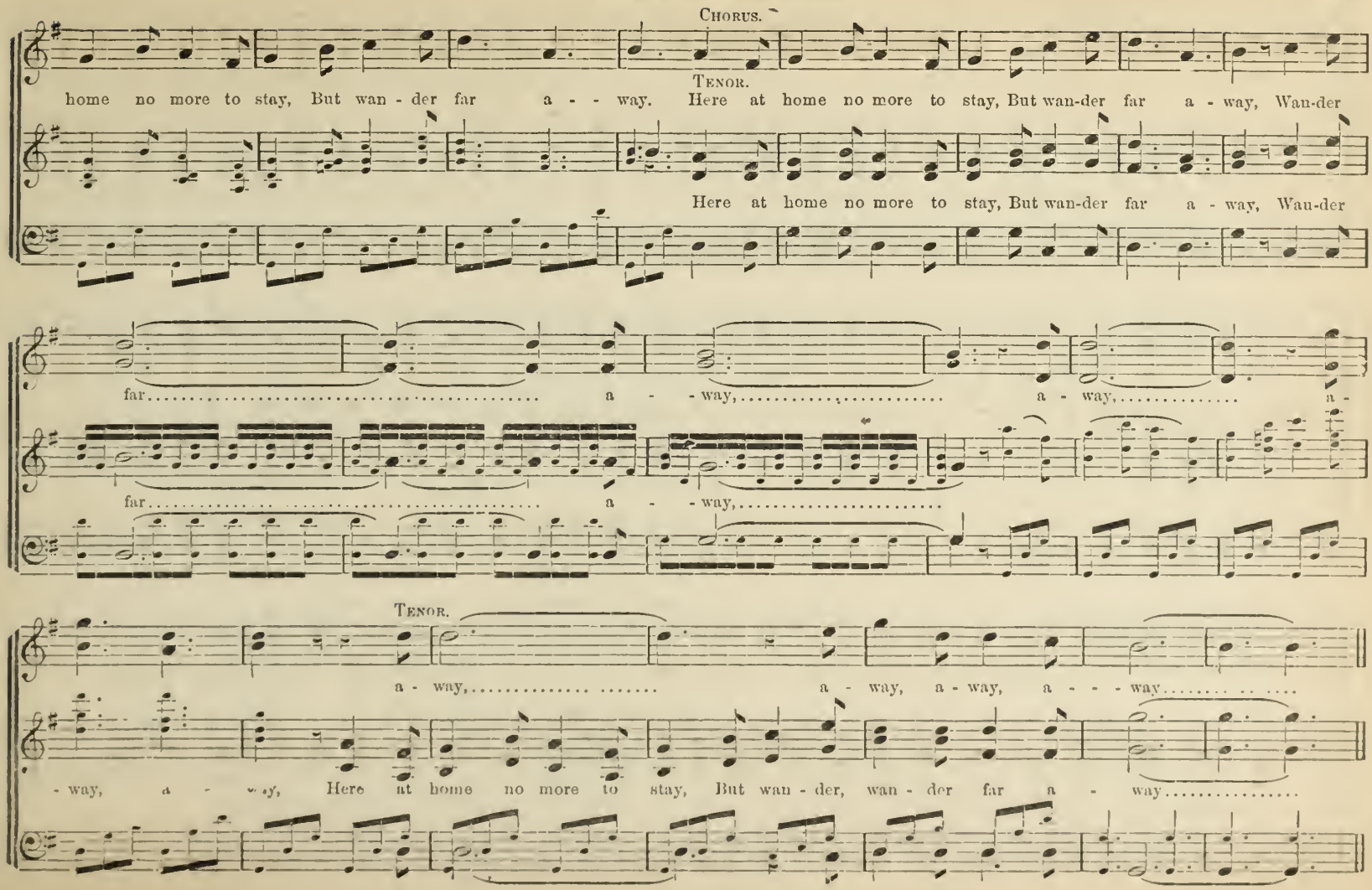
like the lark I spread the wing, I spread the wing— Immured at home no more to stay, But free as zeph - yr break a - way, Im -
sun-shine clear, and star-light mild, and star-light mild— O'er all cre - a - tion, far and wide, I'll range with fan - cy for my guide, O'er
cheer - y song like wa - ter flow, like wa - ter flow— My song of thanks shall up-ward swell, That I in this fair world do dwell, My

Soprano Solo.

mured at home no more to stay, But free as zephyr, free as zeph-yr, free as zephyr break a - way, a - way. Here at
But free..... as zeph - - - yr free..... as zeph-yr break a - way, a - way.
I'll range.... with fan - - - - cy, range..... with fan - cy, fan - cy for my guide.
That I..... here dwell,.... that I,..... that I in this fair earth do dwell.

all cre - a - tion, far and wide, I'll range with fan-cy, range with fan - cy, range with fan - cy, fan - cy for my guide.
song of thanks shall upward swell, That I here dwell, I in this fair earth, That I in this fair earth do dwell.

* The Base, Tenor and Alto should be sung comparatively light, the Soprano prominent.


Chorus.
home no more to stay, But wan - der far a - - way.
Tenor.
Here at home no more to stay, But wan-der far a - way, Wan-der
Here at home no more to stay, But wan-der far a - way, Wan-der
far a - way, a - way, a -
far a - way,
Tenor.
a - way, a - way, a - way, a - - way
- way, a - way, Here at home no more to stay, But wan - der, wan - der far a - way

THE SLEIGHING PARTY.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Allegro e sempre staccato.

1. Ring-ing cheer-i-ly, Jing-ling mer-ri-ly, Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Bound-ing o'er the snow, Sing-ing as we go,

2. O-ver snow-y hill, Dash-ing where we will, Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Moon-beams flash-ing light, Stars shine sil-ver bright,

Tra la la la la la la la la. Voi-ces sounding clear, Tra la la la la, Ech-o far and near, Tra la la la la la,

Tra la la la la la la la la. Win-ter's face so fair, Tra la la la la, Beau-ty ev-ery-where, Tra la la la la la,

Ring-ing cheer-i-ly, Jing-ling mer-ri-ly, Tra la la la la la la la la. Jing, jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing, jing-a-ling,
Sil-ver bells with tongues so sweet,

Ring-ing cheer-i-ly, Jing-ling mer-ri-ly, Tra la la la la la la la la. Jing, jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing, jing-a-ling,

Sil-ver bells.

jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - jing, jing, jing - a - ling - a - ling, jing, jing.
Keep - ing time with prancing feet, O - ver hill and dale and plain, We speed, a joy - ous train.

jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - jing, jing, jing - a - ling - a - ling, jing, jing.

Sil - ver bells,

Jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling - a -
Sil - ver bells with tongues so sweet, Keep - ing time with pranc-ing feet, O - ver hill and

Jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling - a -

Sil - ver bells, Sil - ver bells,

jing, jing, jing - a - ling - a - ling, jing, jing, Tra la la. Hur-ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry o'er the snow, Swift - er
dale and plain, We speed, a joy - ous train.

jing, jing, jing - a - ling - a - ling, jing, jing, Tra la la. Hur-ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry o'er the snow, jing - a - ling, Swift - er

THE SLEIGHING PARTY. Concluded.

swift - er, swift - er, swift - er let us go, Hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry o'er the snow, Swift - er,

swift - er, swift - er, swift - er let us go, Jing - a - ling, Hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry o'er the snow, Jing - a - ling, Swift - er,

swift - er, swift - er, swift - er let us go o'er the snow, let us go o'er the snow, ev - er Ring - ing cheer - i - ly, Jing - ling mer - ri - ly,

swift - er, swift - er, swift - er let us go o'er the snow, let us go o'er the snow, ev - er Ring - ing cheer - i - ly, Jing - ling mer - ri - ly,

Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Bound - ing o'er the snow, Sing - ing as we go, Tra la la la la la la la la.

Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Bound - ing o'er the snow, Sing - ing as we go, Tra la la la la la la la la.

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT BELOVED.

pia. Andante cantabile. *cres.* *f*

Good night, good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er thee! Good night, good night, be - lov - - ed! I

Good night, good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er thee! Good night, good night, be - lov - - ed! I

pia. *sf* *pp* *un poco ritenuto.* FINE. *cres.* *f*

come to watch o'er thee! I come to watch o'er thee! To be near thee, a - lone is peace for

f risoluto.

come to watch o'er thee! I come to watch o'er thee! To be near thee, to be near thee, a - lone is peace for

f rinforzando. *ff* *p* *p* *p* *rall.* D. C.

me; To be near thee, a - lone is peace for me! Good night, be - loved! I come to watch o'er thee!

me; To be near thee, to be near thee, a - lone is peace for me! Good night, be - loved! I come to watch o'er thee!

Good night, Good night.

THE OLD BLACK CAT.

1. Who so full of fun and glee, Hap - py as a cat can be? Pol-ished sides so nice and fat— Oh, how I love the old black cat.
2. Some will like the tor - toise shell, Oth - ers love the white so well; Let them choose of this or that, But give to me the old black cat.
3. When the boys, to make her run, Call the dogs and set them on, Quick-ly I put on my hat, And fly to save the old black cat.

Affetuoso.

CHORUS.

Poor kit - ty! O, poor kit - ty! Sit - ting so co - sy, Un - der the stove. Pleas-ant, pur - ring, pret - ty pus - sy,

Poor kit - ty! O, poor kit - ty! Sit - ting so co - sy, Un - der the stove. Pleas-ant, pur - ring, pret - ty pus - sy,

Fris - ky, full of fun, and fus - sy, Mor - tal foe of mouse and rat, O, I love the old black cat, Yes, I do.

Fris - ky, full of fun, and fus - sy, Mor - tal foe of mouse and rat, O, I love the old black cat, Yes, I do.

Joyously.

I'm a shep - herd, &c.

1. { I'm a shep - herd of the val - ley, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
{ With my sheep I wan - der dai - ly,

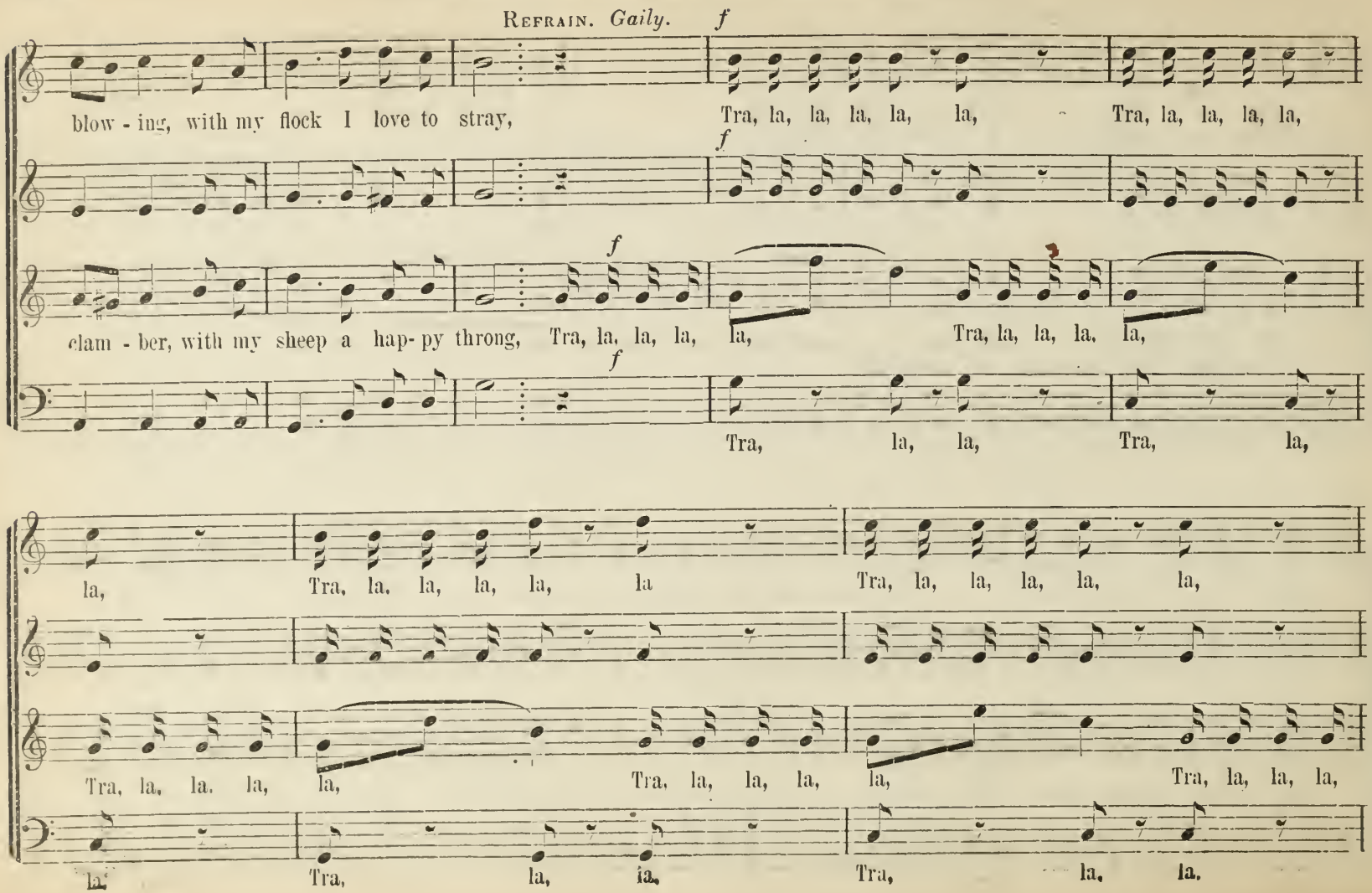
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2. { In the fresh and dew - y morn - ing, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
{ When the first gray light is dawn - ing,

I'm a shep - herd, &c. Tra, la, la, la.

Where the ten - der grass is grow - ing, Where the laugh - ing wa - ters play, Where the ver - nal winds are

Wak - ing from my peace - ful slum - ber, Loud re - sounds my wel - come song, Up the mountain then I


Refrain. Gaily.
f
blow - ing, with my flock I love to stray, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,
f
clam - ber, with my sheep a hap- py throng, Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,
f
Tra, la, la, Tra, la,
la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la,
la Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la.

2nd time. pp

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la,

la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

THERE IS A LADY.

OLD ENGLISH MADRIGAL.
J. FORD, 1620.

1. There is a la - dy, sweet and kind ; Was never face so pleased my mind ; I did but see her passing by, And yet I love her 'till I die.

2. Her gesture, motion, and her smiles, Her wit, her voice, my heart be-guiles— Be-guiles my heart, I know not why ; And yet I love her 'till I die.

Words by E. FITZBALL.

THE CUCKOO.

Music by G. A. MACFARREN

p *cres.*

1. The cuck-oo sings in the pop - lar tree, But his car-ol is not gay, ... For he knows that spring like him-

p *cres.*

p *cres.*

2. The grumblers tell us in mournful tone, That our mer-ry days will pass..... And that grief will soon come, and

p *cres.*

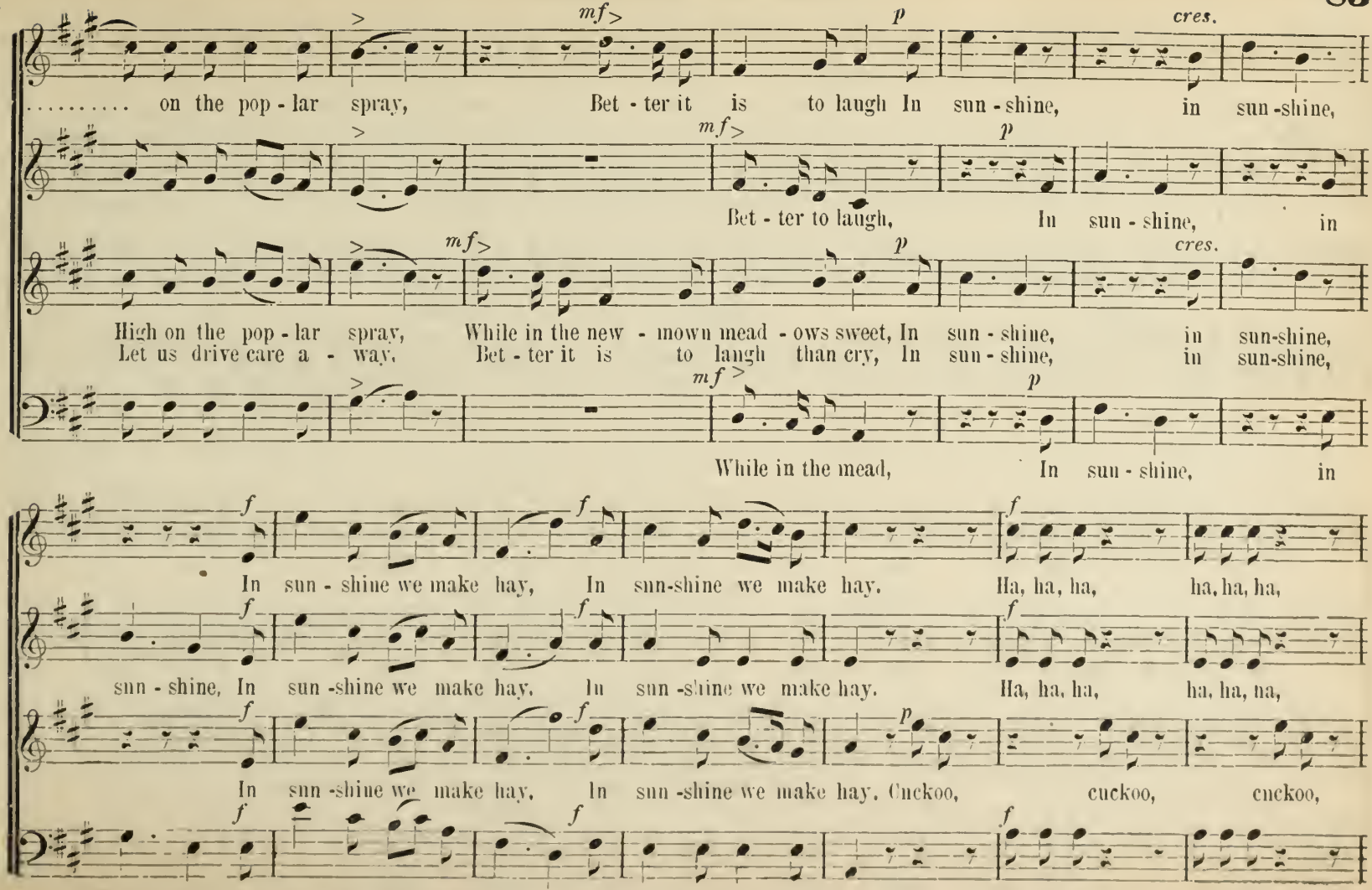
f *fp*

self's on the wing By the rick - ing of.... the hay. Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note, High

f *pp*

melt us all down, As the flow - ers wilt in the grass; But if so swift the mo - ments fly, Let

f *pp*


mf
p
cres.
..... on the pop - lar spray, Bet - ter it is to laugh In sun - shine, in sun -shine,
mf
p
Bet - ter to laugh, In sun - shine, in
mf
p
cres.
High on the pop - lar spray, While in the new - mown mead - ows sweet, In sun - shine, in sun-shine,
Let us drive care a - way, Bet - ter it is to langh than cry, In sun - shine, in sun-shine,
mf
p
While in the mead, In sun - shine, in
f
In sun - shine we make hay, In sun-shine we make hay. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
sun - shine, In sun -shine we make hay, In sun -shine we make hay. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, na,
p
In sun -shine we make hay, In sun -shine we make hay. Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
sun - shine, In sun -shine we make hay, In sun- shine we make hay. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

THE CUCKOO. Concluded.

ha, ha, ha, Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note While in sun - shine we make

ha, ha, ha, Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note While in sun - shine..... we make..

cuckoo, cuckoo, cuck-oo,

ha, ha, ha, Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note While in sun - shine we make

hay, Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor cuck - - oo, poor cuck - - - oo.....

hay, Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor cuck - - oo, poor cuck - - - oo.....

cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.

hay, Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor cuck - - - oo, poor cuck - - - oo.....

FANNY J. CROSBY.

DREAM ON, O LADY FAIR. (Serenade.)

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1st Tenor.

Andante. *p* *Poco riten.* *crescendo e poco accel.* *f*

1. Sleep, like a spell hath bound me, While vis - ions float a - round me From Isles of dew - y ros - es, Where
2. Dream of thine own true heart - ed, Re - call when last we part - ed, The whis - pered voice of glad - ness. That

2d Tenor.

3. Soft as the lute, where lin - gers The touch of an - gel fin - gers, O la - dy may our num - bers Steal

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

p Chorus. *tranquillo e molto espress.* *f* *fz* *p* *pp*

on - ly love re - pos - es. Dream on, dream on, O la - dy fair, Till morn - ing's blush thy cheek shall wear.
ban - ished all thy sad - ness.

o'er thy tran - quil slum - bers. Dream on, dream on, O la - dy fair, Till morn - ing's blush thy cheek shall wear.

A COLD FROST CAME. (Quartet.)

MENDELSSOHN.

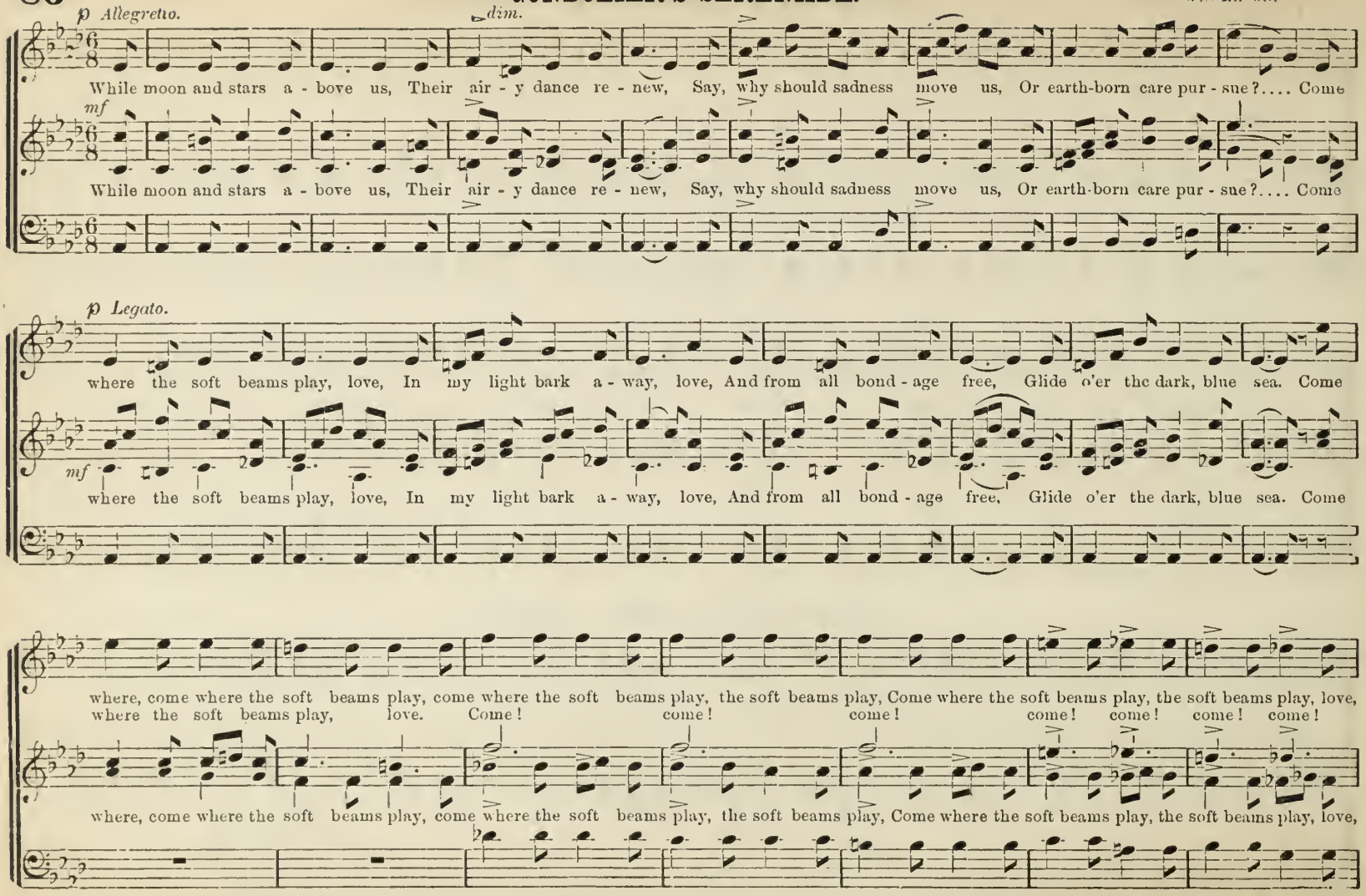
p *Un poco allegro.* *cres.* *f* *p*

1. A cold frost came on a dark spring night, It nipp'd the blue flow'r-ets modest and bright, They died, all fad - ed. All fad - ed and with-er'd.
2. A youth and maid lov'd each other well, They fled from home where calm peace did dwell. Unknown to both fa - ther, To both fa - ther and moth - er.
3. They wander'd forth to lands a - far, They had neither luck nor a guid - ing star, They died, all fad - ed, All fad - ed and with-er'd.

And with - - er'd.
And moth er
And with - - er'd.

GONDOLIER'S SERENADE.

W. A. MASON.



Moderato.

Come where the soft beams play, love, In my light bark a - way, love! Now mid-night's bod - ing number, From good St. Mark's I

Come where the soft beams play, love, In.. ... my light bark a - way, love!

ALTO.

Come where the soft beams play, love, In my light bark a - way, love! Now mid-night's bod - ing number, From good St. Mark's I

cres. *dim.*

hear, And all are hush'd in slumber, Save here thy gon - do - lier. Now mid-night's bod-ing number, From good St. Mark's I hear, And

hear, And all are hush'd in slumber, Save here thy gon - do - lier. Now mid-night's bod-ing number, From good St. Mark's I hear, And

p *pp ritard.* *p* *tempo primo.* *dim.*

all are hush'd in slum - ber, Save here thy gon - do - lier. While moon and stars a - bove us, Their air - y dance re - new, Say,

f

all are hush'd in slum - ber, Save here thy gon - do - lier. While moon and stars a - bove us, Their air - y dance re - new, Say,

GONDOLIER'S SERENADE. Concluded.

p

why should sad-ness move us, Or earth-born care pur - sue?.... Come where the soft beams play, love, In my light bark a - way, love, And

mf

why should sad-ness move us, Or earth-born care pur - sue?.... Come where the soft beams play, love, In my light bark a - way, love, And

from all bond - age free, Glide o'er the dark, blue sea. Come! come! come! come! come!... come! come! come! come! come! come!
Come! come! come!..... come! come! come!....

from all bond - age free, Glide o'er the dark, blue sea. Come! come! come! come! come!.. come!.. come! come! come! come!

Come! come! come.....

Come, come a - way! Come! come! come! come! come!.... come! come! come! come! come! come! Come, come a - way.
Come! come! come!..... come! come! come!....

Come, come a - way! Come! come! come! come! come!.... come!.... come! come! come! come! Come, come a - way.

come! come! come!.....

BELLS AT CHRISTMAS TIDE.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS.

Moderato.

1. Ring out, ye bells, so loud, so clear, That winds and waves may pause to hear, For the waves run high, and the winds are bleak, And wand'-ring souls a ref - uge seek.
2. Ring out the joy the wise men felt, When at their Sav-iour's feet they knelt, Till the an - gels shout, as they shout - ed then, For "peace on earth, good will to men."
3. Ring - out, ye bells, to hail the birth Of Him who brought His peace to earth; Ring out, ring out, o'er hill and glen, The Christ-mas song—"good will to men"
4. Ring out, ye bells, at Christ - mas tide! Ring loud and long, ring far and wide! For a bea - con light to the soul was given, When Je - sus left His home in heav'n!

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

Sweet bells of Christmas tide, Ring out your song of joy and peace, 'Till rocks and hills the sound in - crease, Ring out, sweet bells, Sweet bells of Christ - mas tide.

Sweet bells of Christmas tide, etc.

Ring out sweet bells..... of Christ - mas tide,

Sweet bells of Christmas tide, Ring out your song of joy and peace, 'Till rocks and hills the sound in - crease, Ring out, sweet bells, Sweet bells of Christ - mas tide.

Sweet bells of Christmas tide, etc.

Ring out, sweet bells,

SONG OF THE FAIRIES. (Glee.)

J. M. PELTON.
By permission.

p

1. Come to the wood-y dell, Night birds are singing; Come while the flower bells Soft-ly are ringing; Come in the moonbeam's
2. Mor-tal eye seeth not Our midnight dances, Mor-tal eye hath forgot All, in sleep's trances! Bright as the fountain's
3. Come, on the zephyr's wing! Come from the ros-es! Sweets from the li-ly bring, Ere this cup clos-es!

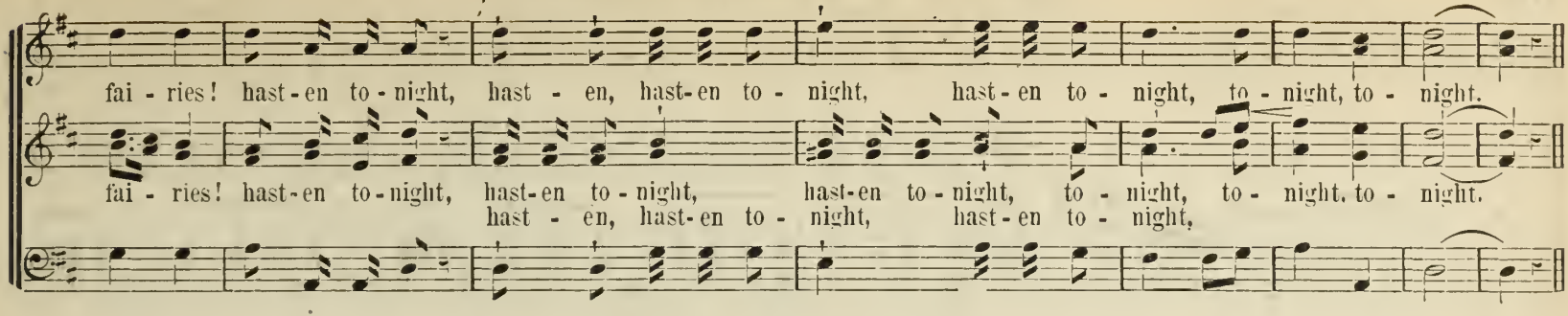
light, Come, while the spray is white, Fai-ries! fai-ries! hast-en to-night! Fai-ries! fai-ries! hast-en to-night!

jet, Fai-ries to-geth-er met, Light-ly trip we mer-ri-ly yet, Light-ly trip we mer-ri-ly yet.

CHORUS.

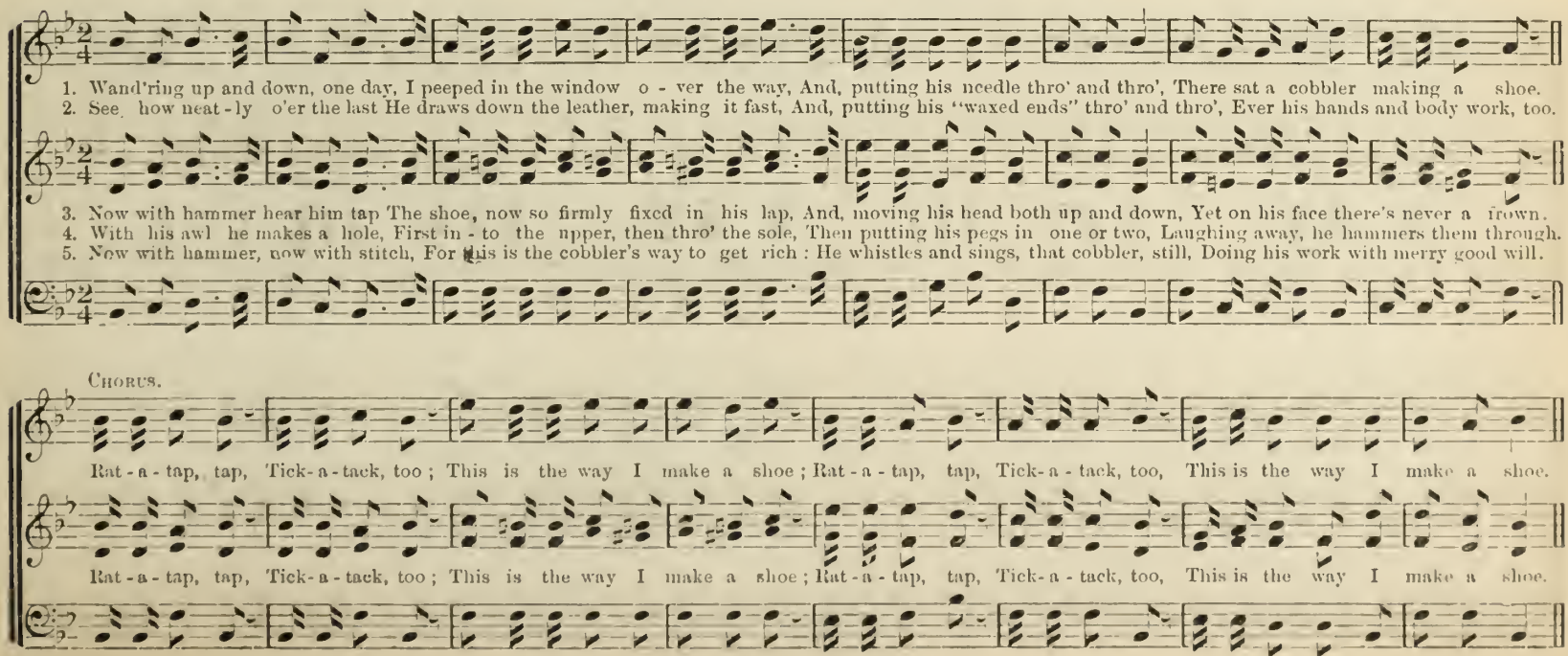
Come, in the moonbeam's light, Come, while the spray is white, Fai-ries! fai-ries! hast-en to-night, Fai-ries!

Come, in the moonbeam's light, Come, while the spray is white, Fai-ries! fai-ries! hast-en to-night, Fai-ries!



THE SONG OF THE COBBLER.

T. E. PERKINS.
From "Songs of to-day," by per.



HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

The notes of the melody are only adapted to the first verse. The slight changes that are needed in applying the other verses will readily suggest themselves to the singer.

1. Hang up the ba - by's stocking, Be sure you don't for- get, The dear lit - tle dimpled darling, She never saw Christmas yet; But I've told her all a - bout it, And she opened her big blue eyes, And I'm sure she understands me She looked so funny and wise.
2. Dear, what a ti - ny stocking, It does'nt take much to hold Such lit - tle pink toes as baby's A - way from the frost and cold; But then for the baby's Christmas, It will nev - er do at all, Why, Santa would'nt be looking For anything half so small.
3. I know what we'll do for the baby, I've tho't of the very best plan, I'll borrow a stocking from grandma The longest that ever I can; And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother, Right here in the corner so— And write a let-ter to San - ta And fasten it on to the toe.
* 4. Write, this is the baby's stocking, That hangs in the corner here, You nev- er have seen her, San - ta, For she on - ly came this year; But she's just the blessedest baby, And now before you go, Just *cram* her stocking with goodies From the top *clean* down to the toe.

CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus to last verse pp.

Hang up the ba-by's stocking, Be sure you don't for - get, don't for-get, The dear lit - tle dimpled dar - ling, She never saw Christmas yet,
Hang up the ba-by's stocking, Be sure you don't for - get, don't forget, The dear lit - tle dimpled, lit - tle dimpled darling, She never saw Christmas yet.

* Use ⌒ and small notes for last line

SWEET EVENING HOUR. (A Reverie.)

Arr. from KULLAK by THEO. F. SEWARD.

pp Slow and soft.

1. Sweet eve - ning hour, sweet eve - ning hour, sweet hour, From care each heart re-liev-ing, The birds to their

2. O sweet evening hour, O calm and qui-et eve - ning, How gentle thy pow'r, From care each heart re-liev-ing, The stars one by

Sweet eve - ning hour, sweet eve - ning hour, sweet hour.

f

p *f* *dim.* *rit.*

nests with cheerful songs re - tir - ing, All na - ture's glad voi - ces Come with sound in - spir - ing, Come till all is hush'd to rest. O

one in heav'ns blue vault are shin-ing, The light zephyrs play where ros - es are en - twin - ing, Fragrance fling - ing ev - ery - where. O

a tempo. *pp* *rit.*

sweet eve - ning hour, sweet hour, O sweet evening hour, sweet eve - ning hour, sweet eve - ning hour.

sweet evening hour, O calm and qui - et eve - ning, How gen - tle thy power, O sweet evening hour, sweet eve - ning hour, sweet hour.

sweet eve - ning hour, sweet hour.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CHESTER G. ALLEN

Hap - py new year, hap - py new year, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py new year, hap - py new year, hap - py

Hap - py new year, hap - py new year, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py new year, hap - py new year, hap - py

FINE.

new year, hap-py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py new year. An - oth - er year has winged its flight, And with its beams of gold - en light, The

new year, hap-py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py new year. And thus we hail with mer - ry cheer, The morn that brings the glad new year, And

new year comes se - rene - ly bright, To fill our hearts with plea - sure; Happy, happy new year, happy, happy new year, happy, Then hail our hap - py fes - tive day, Let

give the friends we love so dear, A warm and kind - ly greet - ing; Our heart - felt wish to one and all, That

Happy, happy new year, happy, happy new year, happy.

HAPPY NEW YEAR. Concluded.

D. C.

happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, new year, happy, happy new year, happy, happy new year,
mu - sic chase the hours a - way, And sweet the ech - o of our lay, Float on in tune-ful mea - sure.

bless - ings on their path may fall, And may a fu - ture day re - call, Our hap - py so - cial meet - ing.

happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, new year, happy, happy new year, happy, happy new year,

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Allegro. *Fine.*

D. C. 1. Al - ways look on the sun - ny side, And tho' life checkered be, A lightsome heart bids care de - part, And time fly pleasant - ly.

2. Al - ways look on the sun - ny side, And tho' you do not find All things ac - cord - ing to your wish, Be not disturbed in mind;
3. Al - ways look on the sun - ny side—There's health in harmless jest, And much to soothe our world - ly cares In ho - ping for the best.

rit. D. C.

Why sit and mourn o'er fan - cied ills, When dan - ger is not near? Care is a self - con - sum - ing thing, That hard - est nerves can wear.

rit.

The greatest e - vi's that can come Are light - er far to bear, When met by strength and for - ti - tude, In - stead of doubt and fear.
The gloomy path is far too dark For hap - py feet to tread, And tells of pain and sol - i - tude, Of friends estranged and dead.

THE MERRY MILL-WHEEL.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Vivace.

Click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill - wheel, Click, clack, click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill - wheel, click, clack, Wa - ters ev - er dash - ing,

Click, clack. Click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Wa - ters ev - er dash - ing,

Drops so brightly flash - ing, Pleasant is the sound from morn till night of click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill - wheel, click, clack,

Drops so brightly flash - ing, Pleasant is the sound from morn till night of click, clack, click, clack,

Fine.

click, clack, hear the merry mill - wheel, click, clack, Thro' the vale re - sounding, From the hills re - bounding, Click, clack, the mer - ry song goes.

click, clack, hear the merry mill - wheel, click, clack, Thro' the vale re - sounding, From the hills re - bounding, Click, clack, the mer - ry song goes.

Andante e sempre legato

Smoothly now the wa - ters flow - ing, Smoothly now the wa - ters flow-ing, Murmur soft and low their song, yes, Murmur soft and low their song;
Smooth - ly the wa - ters are ev - - er flow - ing, Mur - mur-ing sweet - ly their beau - ti-ful song;

Smoothly now the wa - ters flow - ing, Smoothly now the wa - ters flow-ing, Murmur soft and low their song, yes, Murmur soft and low their song;

pp *cres.* *dim.* *

Lil- ies fair, with sweet breath growing, Lilies fair, with sweet breath growing, Where the mill, the mill is sing - ing, Brightly its hap - py song.
Lil - ies so fair, with their sweet breath are grow - ing, Where the old mill sings its bright hap - py song.

Lil- ies fair, with sweet breath growing, Lilies fair, with sweet breath growing, Where the mill, the mill is sing - ing, Brightly its hap - py song.

Tempo primo. *D. C.*

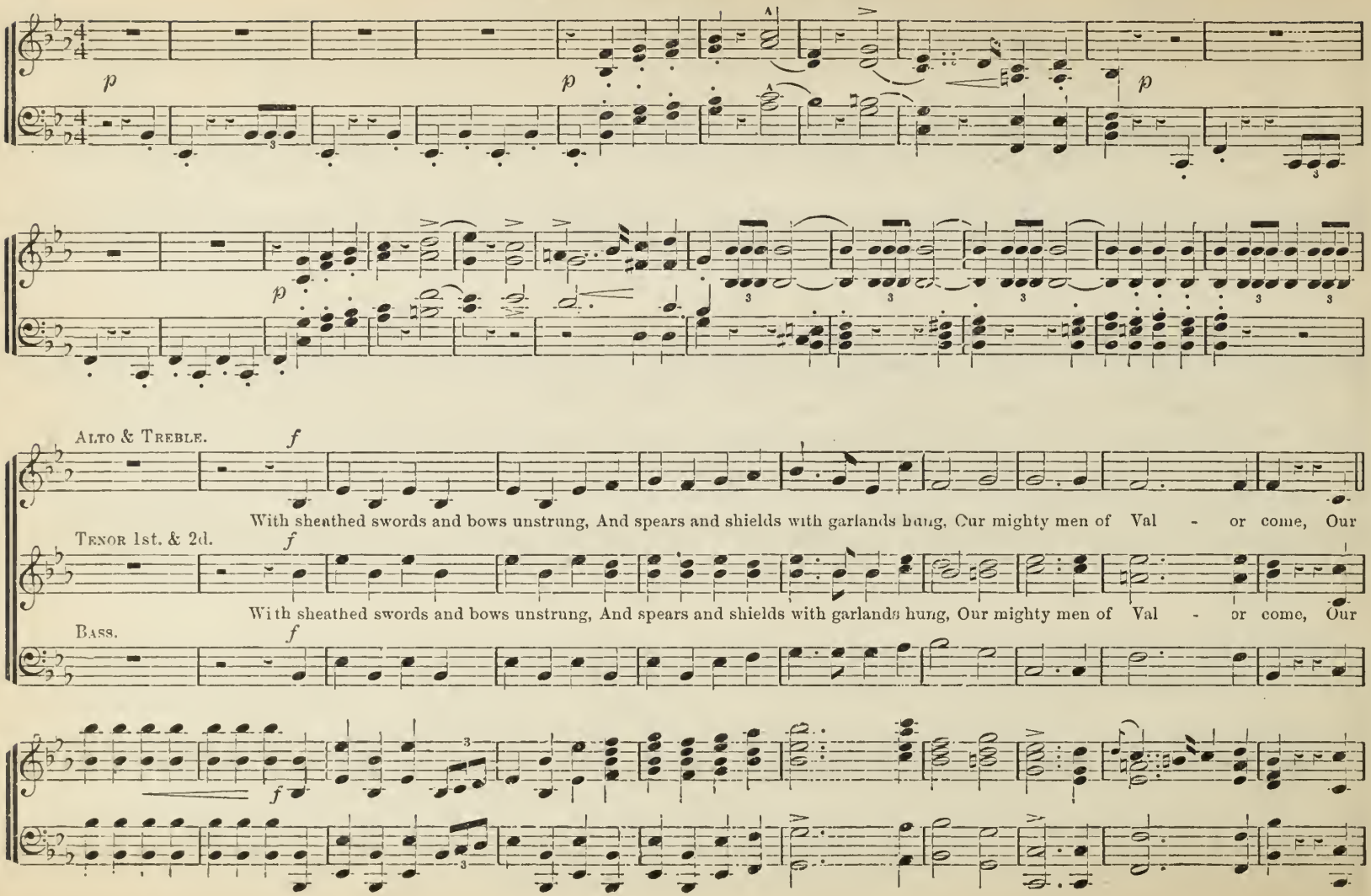
Click, clack, Click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Hark! 'tis the mill, 'tis the mill.

Click, clack, hear the merry mill-wheel, click, clack. Click, clack, hear the merry mill-wheel, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Hark! 'tis the mill, 'tis the mill

* In repeating this, let all parts sing the syllable la.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH. (Chorus and Solo.)

From Oratorio of "Naaman," by M. COSTA

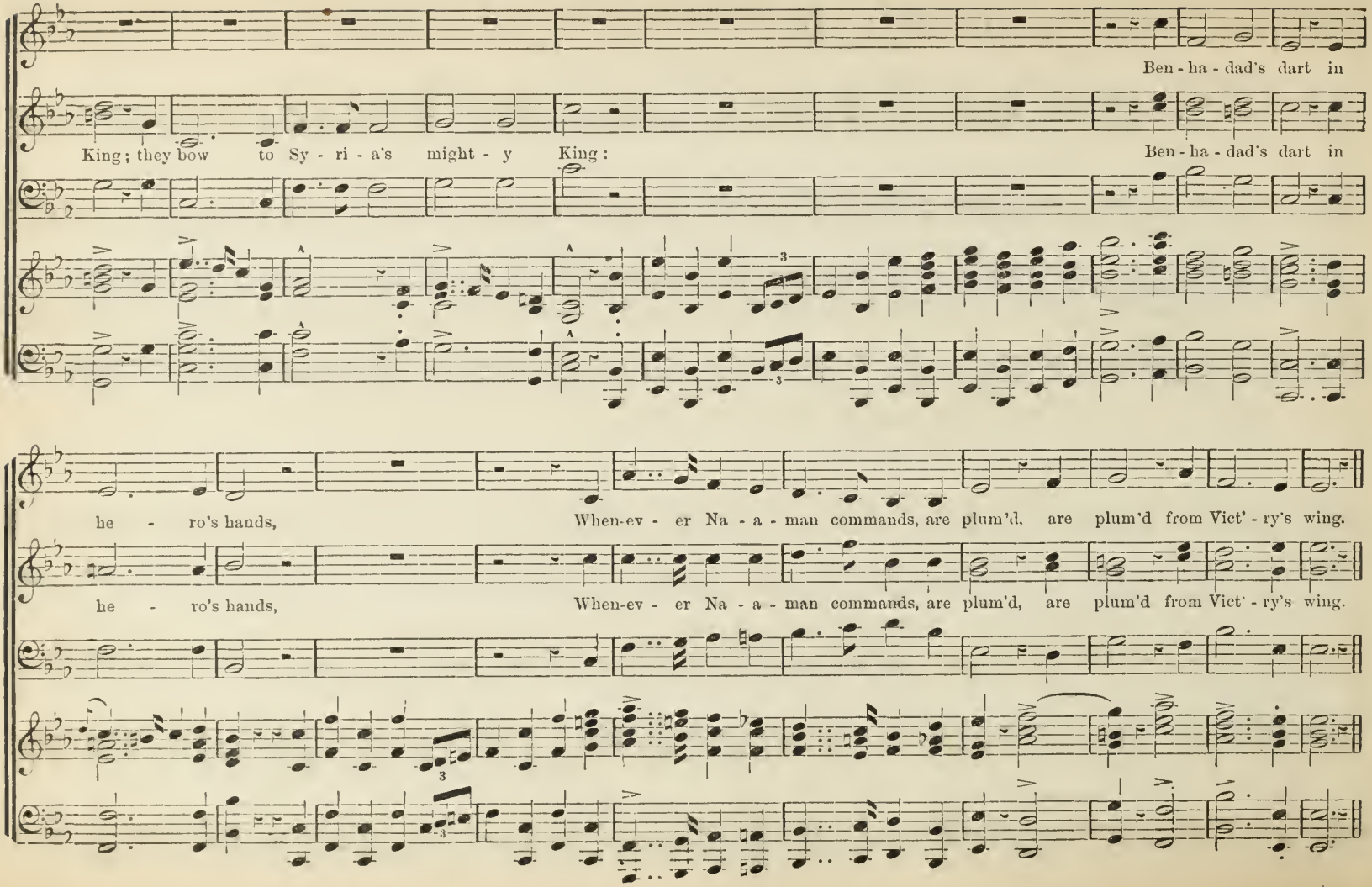


glorious Captain of the war, Re-turn-eth in his bra-zen car, Tri-umphant, tri-umph-ant to his home.

glorious Captain of the war, Re-turn-eth in his bra-zen car, Tri-umphant, tri-umph-ant to his home. Our

en-e-mies are ser-vants now; Beneath the slav-ish yoke they bow, they bow to Sy-ria's might-y

TRIUMPHAL MARCH. Concluded.



THE CORONATION.

CORONATION CHANT. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, render thanks to God a - bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love ; Whose mercies firm, thro' a - ges past Hath stood, and shall for-ev - er last.

2. Who can his mighty deeds ex-press— Not on - ly vast, but num-ber - less ! What mortal el - oquence can raise His tribute of im - mor - tal praise ?

3. Oh, render thanks to God a - bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love ; Whose mercies firm, thro' a - ges past Hath stood, and shall for-ev - er last.

LOWELL. L. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al -migh-ty King ; For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our sal-vation's Rock we praise.

2. In - to his presence let us haste, To thank him for his fa - vors past ; To him ad-dress in joy - ful songs, The praise that to his name belongs.

3. Oh let us to his courts re - pair, And bow with ad - o - ra - tion there, Down on our knees, de - vout - ly all, Be - fore the Lord, our Maker, fall.

BERGEN. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. O Lord, thy heavenly grace im - part, And fix my frail, in-con - stant heart; Henceforth my chief desire shall be To ded - i - cate myself to thee.
2. Whate'er pursuits my time em - ploy, One tho't shall fill my soul with joy: That si - lent, secret tho't shall be, That all my tho'ts are fix'd on thee.
3. Thy glorious eye pervad - eth space; Thy presence, Lord, fills every place; And wheresoe'er my lot may be, Still shall my spir-it rest with thee.

WARREN. L. M.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. My God! my King! thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace employ my humble tongue, Till death and glory raise the song, Till death, &c.
2. Thy works with sovereign glory shine And speak thy majesty divine; Let every realm, with joy, proclaim The sound and honor of thy name, The sound, &c.
3. Let distant times and nations raise The long succession of thy praise; And unborn ages make my song The joy and labor of their tongue, The joy, &c.

LONGING. L. M.

T. F. SEWÄRD.

Tenderly.

1. My on - ly Saviour, when I feel O'erwhelmed in spirit, faint, oppressed, 'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel, Low at thy feet, thou art my rest.
2. I'm wea-ry of the strife within, Strong powers against my soul contest, Oh! let me turn from self and sin To thy dear cross, for there is rest.
3. Oh! sweet will be the welcome day, When from her toils and woes re-leased; My part-ing soul in death shall say, "Now Lord I come to thee for rest."

WAITING. L. M.

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks,—has knocked before; Has waited long—is waiting still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

2. Oh! love - ly at - ti - tude—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands; Oh! matchless kindness—and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes!

3. Rise—touched with gratitude divine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine,—That soul-des-troy - ing monster, sin,— And let the heavenly stranger in.

BERLIN. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Praise ye the Lord—let praise em-ploy, In his own courts your songs of joy; The spacious fir - ma - ment a - round Shall e - cho back the joy - ful sound.

2. Re - count his works in strains divine, His wond'rous works how bright they shine! Praise him for all his migh-ty deeds, Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3. Let all whom life and breath in - spire At-tend, and join the bliss - ful choir; But chief-ly, ye who know his word, A - dore, and love, and praise the Lord.

MURDOCK. L. M.

T. F SEWARD.

1. Thy will be done; I will not fear The fate pro - vi - ded by thy love; Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here, I know that all is bright a - bove.

2. Father! for - give the heart that clings, Thus trembling to the things of time; And bid my soul, on an - gel wings, Ascend in - to a pur - er clime.

3. There shall no doubts disturb its trust, No sorrows dim ce - les-tial love; But these af - flictions of the dust, Like shadows of the night, re - move.

FLORIDA. L. M.

T. J. COOK.
By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

1. From ev - ery stormy wind that blows, From ev-ery swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.

2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all be - side more sweet,—It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene, where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellow-ship with friend; Tho' sunder'd far by faith they meet A-round one common mer - cy - seat.

MIDNIGHT. L. M.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

With feeling.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on O - live's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone; 'Tis mid-night; in the gar-den now, The suff-'ring Saviour prays a - lone.

2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re - moved, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears; E'en that dis-ci - ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The man of sor-row weeps in blood; Yet he that hath in anguish knelt Is not for - sak - en by his God.

MAY. L. M.

W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, 'tis sweet to rest Up - on thy ten - der, lov - ing breast; Thy love, my Saviour, dries my tears, Expels my griefs, and calms my fears.

2. Blest foretaste this of joys to come, In thy e - ter - nal, heav'n - ly home, Where I shall see thy smil-ing face, And know thy rich un-fathomed grace.

3. Help me to praise thee, day by day, Till earth's dark scenes are passed away, Till, in thine own un - cloud-ed light, Thy glo-ry sat - is - fies my sight.

MANE. L. M.

1. There is a day of sun - ny rest, For every dark and troubled night; Tho' grief may bide an evening guest, Yet joy shall come with ear - ly light.

2. The light of smiles shall fill a - gain The lids that o - ver - flow with tears; And wea - ry hours of wo and pain, Are prom - is - es of happier years.

3. For God has mark d each sorrowing day, And number'd every se - cret tear: And heaven's eter - nal bliss shall pay For all his children suf - fer here.

HESITATION. L. M.

Z. M. PARVIN.

1. Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend, to thee, Lost and undone, for aid I flee; Wea - ry of earth, my - self, and sin: O - pen thine arms, and take me in.

2. Pit - y and heal my sin-sick soul; 'Tis thou a-lone canst make me whole; Dark, till in me thine im - age shine, And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3. What shall I say thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love: I give up ev - ery plea be - side,—Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

VIGOR. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. A - wake, my tongue! thy tribute bring To him who gave thee power to sing; Praise him who is all praise a - bove,—The source of wisdom and of love.

2. How vast his knowledge! how profound. A depth, where all our tho'ts are drowned; The stars he numbers;—and their names He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3. Thro' each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold; Earth, air, and mighty seas combine, To speak his wisdom all di - vine.

VON BÈLOW. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

With expression.

1. Gently, my Saviour, let me down, To slumber in the arms of death; I rest my soul on thee a - lone, Ev'n till my last, ex - pir - ing breath
2. Soon will the storm of life be o'er, And I shall en - ter end - less rest: There I shall live to sin no more, And bless thy name, forev - er blest.
3. Bid me possess sweet peace within; Let childlike patience keep my heart; Then shall I feel my heaven be-gin, Be - fore my spir - it hence de - part.

DORAN. L. M. Double.

Or six lines by omitting repeat.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Fine. *D. C.*

Though all the world my choice deride, Yet Je - sus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside, The fair - est of the fair is he:
Sweet is the vision of thy face, And kindness o'er thy lips is shed:
D. C. Love - ly art thou, and full of grace, And glo - ry beams a - round thy face.

WORSHIP. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Go wor-ship at Im - manuel's feet; See in his face what wonders meet; Earth is too nar - row to ex - press His worth, his glo - ry, or his grace.
2. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars, Nor heav'n his full re - semblance bears; His beauties we can nev - er trace, Till we be - hold him face to face.
3. Oh, let me climb those higher skies, Where storms and darkness never rise: There he dis-plays his pow'r a - broad, And shines, and reigns, th'incarnate God.

JOY. L. M.

SAMUEL JACKSON.

1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voi - ces in his praise: His na - ture and his works in - vite To make this du - ty our de - light.

2. He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames; He counts their numbers, calls their names; His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—A deep where all our tho'ts are drown'd.

3. Sing to the Lord! ex-alt him high, Who spreads the clouds a - long the sky; There he pre - pares the fruit-ful rain, Nor lets the drop descend in vain.

TRANQUILITY. L. M.

H. H. QUICK.

1. Blest are the men whose mercies move To acts of kindness and of love; From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain Like sympa-thy and love a - gain

2. Blest are the men of peace-ful life, Who quench the coals of growing strife; They shall be called the heirs of bliss, The sons of God,—the God of peace.

3. Blest are the faith-ful who par - take Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake; Their souls shall triumph in the Lord; E - ter - nal life is their re - ward.

VIOTTI. L. M.

VIOTTI. Arr.

1. Yes, thou art mine, my bles - sed Lord; For-ev - er and f r - ev-er mine; And, purchased with thy precious blood, My Lord and Saviour, I am thine.

2. Thy Spir - it, Lord, is mine, for thou Didst send him nev - er to de - part; Thine own sweet Comforter, to dwell With-in the tem-ple of my heart

3. Thy rich in - her - i - tance is mine, Joint heir with thee of worlds a-bove; Lord, in thy kingdom I shall shine, And reign with thee in endless love.

CHANTING. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON

1. God, in his earthly temple, lays Foundation for his heavenly praise ; He likes the tents of Ja - cob well ; But still in Zi - on loves to dwell.
2. His mer- cy vis - its ev - ery house That pay their night and morning vows : But makes a more delightful stay, Where churches meet to praise and pray.
3. What glories were described of old ! What wonders are of Zi - on told ! Thou cit - y of our God be - low ! Thy fame shall Tyre and E - gypt know.

MALCOLM. L. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. O. thou who hast at thy command, The hearts of all men in thy hand : Our wayward. erring hearts in - cline, To have no oth - er will but thine.
2. Our wishes, our desires con - trol, Mould every purpose of the soul ; O'er all may we vic - torious prove, That stands betwen us and thy love.
3. And while we to thy glo - ry live, May we to thee all glo - ry give ; Un - til the fi - nal summons come, That calls thy willing servants home.

HAMMON. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Come, weary souls ! with sin distressed, Come, and accept the promised rest ; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.
2. Lord ! we ac - cept, with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words im- part ; We come, with trembling ; yet rejoice, And bless the kind invit - ing voice.
3. Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love Confirm our faith,—our fears remove ; Oh ! sweetly reign in ev - ery breast And guide us to e - ter - nal rest.

HALSTED. L. M.

Tenderly.

1. Dear is the spot where christians sleep, And sweet the strains their spirits pour; Oh, why should we in anguish weep?—They are not lost, but gone be-fore.

2. Se - cure from ev - ery mor - tal care, By sin and sor - row vexed no more; E - ter-nal hap - pi - ness to share Who are not lost, but gone be - fore.

3. To Zi - on's peaceful courts a - bove In faith triumphant may we soar, Em-bracing in the arms of love, The friends not lost, but gone before.

HARVARD. L. M.

T. J. COOK.
By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ery star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.

2. The roll - ing sun, the changing light, And night and day thy pow'r confess; But the blest vol - ume thou hast writ, Re-veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

PELTON. L. M.

J. M. PELTON, by per..

1. Great God, let all our tune-ful powers Awake, and sing thy might-y Name: Thy hand revolves the circling hours—Thy hand from whence our being came.

2. Seasons and moons, still roll-ing round In beauteous or-der, speak thy praise; And years, with smiling mer-cy crown'd, To thee suc-ces-sive hon - ors raise.

3. Our life, and health and friends, we owe All to thy vast, unbound-ed love; Ten thousand precious gifts be - low, And hope of nob - ler joys a - bove.

LAVE. L. M

Dr. LOWELL MASON

Andante

1. Thou on - ly sovereign of my heart, My re-fuge, my al - might - y Friend, And can my soul from thee de-part, On whom a - lone my hopes de - pend?

2. Whith-er, ah, whither shall I go, A wretched wand'rer from my Lord? Can this dark world of sin and woe One glimpse of hap-pi-ness af - ford?

3. E - ter - nal life thy words im-part; On these my faint-ing spir - it lives; Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart Than all the round of na - ture gives.

MORNING. L. M.

T. J. COOK, by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

Vigoroso.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morning sac-ri - fice.

2. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels learn thy part; Who all night long unwear - ied sing, High glo - ry to th'e - ter-nal King!

✻ The first line might be sung by Altos & Basses alone, and the third line by Sopranos and Tenors.

GOODNESS. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

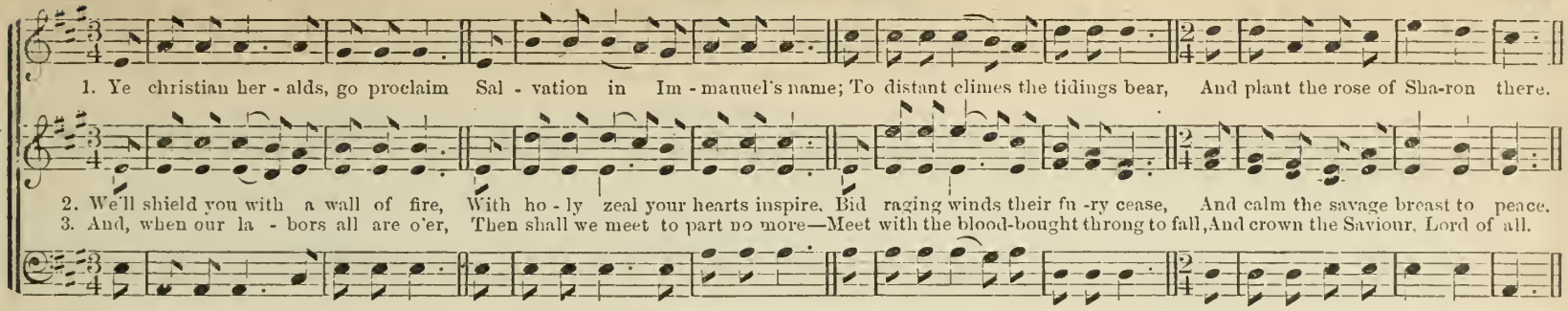
1. Great God! at whose all pow'rful call At first a - rose this beauteous frame. By thee the sea-sons change, and all The changing sea - sons speak thy name.

2. Thy boun-ty bids the in - fant year, From winter storms re-covered, rise; Where thousand grateful scenes appear, Fresh opening to our wond-'ring eyes.

3. O how de - light - ful 'tis to see The earth in ver - nal beauty dressed! While in each herb and flow'r, and tree, Thy bright per-fec - tions shine con - fess'd.

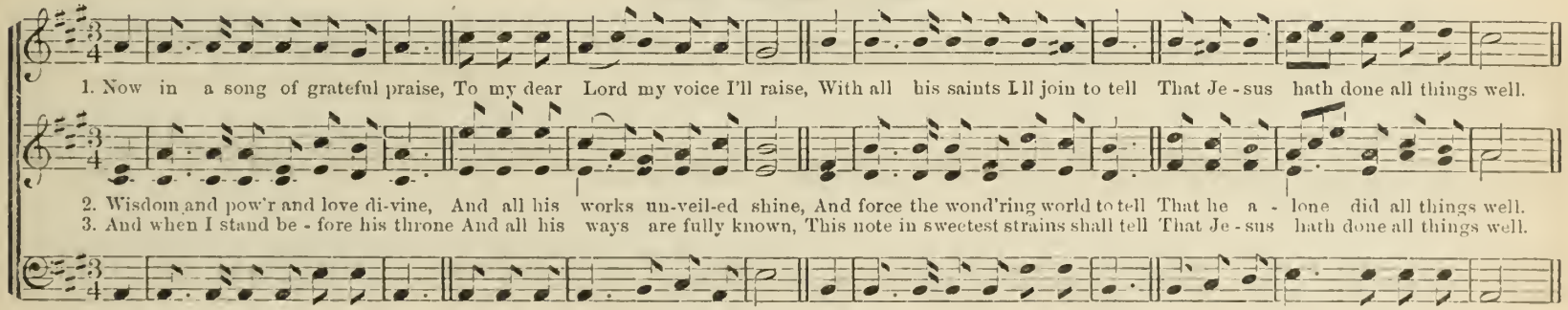
HERALD. L. M.

CHESTER G ALLEN.



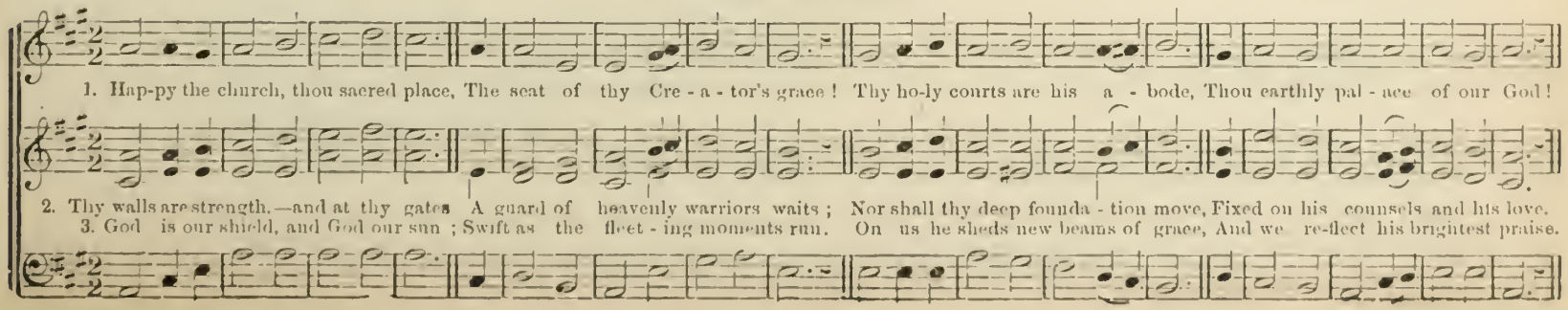
REJOICING. L. M.

T. F. SEWARD.



BRISTOL. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



WAVERLY. L. M.

CHESTER C LLEN.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night; Till we ar-rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates ap - pear; Far in - to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glo-ries near.

3. With joy we tread the des - ert through, While faith inspires a heaven-ly ray, Tho' lions roar and tem-pests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.

NEW HOPE. L. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest, Come, fix thy mansion in my breast; Dispel my doubts, my fears con-trol, And heal the an-guish of my soul.

2. Come, smiling hope, and joy sin - cere, Come, make your constant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin com-pel you to de - part.

ANTWERP. L. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Moderato.

1. Light of the soul, O Saviour blest! Soon as thy presence fills the breast, Darkness and guilt are put to flight, All then is sweetness and de - light.

2. Son of the Fa-ther, Lord most high, How glad is he who feels thee nigh; Come in thy hid-den ma - jes - ty, Fill us with love, fill us with thee.

3. Je - sus is from the proud conceal d, But ev - er-more to babes revealed; Thro' him, un - to the Fa - ther be, Glo - ry and praise e - ter - nal - ly.

HUTTON. L. M.

WM. MASON.

1. Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye, See where the great Redeemer stands; The glo - rious Ad - vo - cate on high, With precious in - cense in his hands.

2. He sweetens ev-ery humble groan, He recommends each broken pray'r; Re-cline thy hope on him a - lone, Whose pow'r and love for - bid des - pair.

3. Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord, With stronger faith to call thee mine; Bid me pronounce the bliss-ful word, "My Fa-ther, God," with joy di - vine.

VOSE. L. M.

C. J. HENSCHEL.

1. Now for a tune of lofty praise To great Jehovah's equal Son; Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays, And tell the wonders he hath done. And tell the wonders he hath done.

2. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And those bright robes he wore above: How swift and joyful was his flight, On wings of everlasting love, On wings of everlasting love.

3. Among a thousand harps and songs, Jesus, the God, exalted reigns: His sacred name fills all their tongues, And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains, And echoes thro &c.

IDA. L. M.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Faith is a liv - ing pow'r from heav'n, Which grasps the promise God has given; A trust that cannot be o'er-thrown, Secure - ly fixed on Christ a - lone

2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need, To save and strengthen, guide and feed; Strong in his grace, it joys to share His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

3. Such faith in us, O God im-plant, And to our prayers thy fa - vor grant, In Je - sus Christ, thy sav-ing Son, Who is our Fount of health a - lone.

SALEM. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON

1. What are those soul-re-viv-ing strains Which ech-o thus from Salem's plains? What anthems loud, and louder still, So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
2. Lo! 'tis an in - fant chor-us sings Ho-san-na to the King of kings: The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim Salva-tion, sent in Jesus' name.
3. Mes - si - ah's name shall joy im - part A-like to Jew and Gentile heart: He bled for us, he bled for you,.... And we will sing ho - san - na too.

GURNEE. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor-tal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of solemn sound.
3. Then shall I sce, and hear, and know All I de - sired or wish'd be - low; And ev - ery power find sweet em-ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

WESTFORD. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Come, sinners, to the gospel feast; Let every soul be Je-sus' guest: Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bidden all man-kind.
2. Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd, Ye restless wand'rers after rest; Ye poor, and maim'd and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart-y wel - come find.
3. My message as from God receive; Ye all may come to Christ and live: O let his love your hearts constrain, Nor suf - fer him to die in vain.

THANKSGIVING. L. M. Double.

T. J. COOK.

1. The flowery spring, at thy command, Perfumes the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

2. Seasons and months, and weeks and days, demand succes- sive songs of praise; Still be the cheerful homage paid, With opening light and evening shade.

Thy hand, in autumn, rich- ly pours Thro' all our coasts re - dundant stores, And winters, softened by thy care, No more a face of hor - ror wear.

O may our more harmonious tongue, In worlds unknown pursue the song; And in those brighter courts a-dore, When days and years revolve no more.

BRIGHT HOME. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Vivace and very distinctly.

1. Thy Father's house!—thine own bright home! And thou hast there a place for me! Tho' yet an exile here I roam, That distant home by faith I see.

2. I see its domes resplendent glow, Where beams of God's own glory fall; And trees of life im- mortal grow, Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

3. Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er, A Father's warm embrace to meet. And dwell at home for ev - er - more!

ARDON. L. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. A - way from earth my spirit turns, A - way from every transient good; With strong desire my spir - it burns, To feast on heav'ns im - mor - tal good.

2. What tho' temptations oft distress, And sin assails and breaks my peace, Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless, And bid the storms of pass-ion cease.

3. Then let me take thy gracious hand, And walk beside thee onward still, Till my glad feet shall safe - ly stand For - ev - er firm on Zi - on's hill.

PORTSMOUTH. L. M.

WM. MASON.

1. Come, blessed Spir-it, Source of light, Whose pow'r and grace are uncon-fined, Dis - pel the gloomy shades of night, The thick-er dark-ness of the mind.

2. To mine il - lumined eyes dis-play The glorious truth thy words re-veal; Cause me to run the heavenly way; Make me de - light to do thy will.

3. While thro' these dubious paths I stray, Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad; Oh, show the dangers of the way, And guide my fee - ble steps to God.

AFFECTION. L. M.

CHESTER G ALLEN.

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds In sweet communion kin-dred minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2. To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love, what ho - ly fear! How doth the generous flame with-in Re-fine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3. Nor shall the glow-ing flame ex - pire, When dim-ly burns frail na - ture's fire; Then shall they meet in realms a-bove, A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

SILLICK. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue! Hosan-na to th' eter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest im - age of his grace! God. in the person of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3. Oh, may I reach the hap - py place, Where he unveils his love - ly face, His beauties there may I be - hold, And sing his name to harps of gold.

NELLIE. L. M.

C. C. CASE.

Andante.

1. Be still, my heart, these anxious cares To thee are burdens, thorns and snares, They cast dishon - or on thy Lord, And con - tra - dict his gracious word.

2. Brought safely by his hand thus far, Why wilt thou now give place to fear? How canst thou want, if he provide, Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3. Though rough and stormy be the road, It leads thee home a - pace to God; Then count thy present tri - als small, For heaven will make amends for all.

ADELPHA. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. God of my life, thro' all my days My grateful powers shall sound thy praise, My song shall wake with opening light, And cheer the dark and silent night.

2. When anxious cares would break my rest, And griefs would tear my throbbing breast, Thy tuneful praises, raised on high Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3. When death o'er nature shall prevail, And all the powers of language fail, Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break, And *in* my the thanks I cannot speak.

CLARENCE. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Thou, whom my soul admires a-bove All earthly joy, all earth-ly love,—Tell me, dear Shepherd!—let me know—Where do thy sweet-est pas - tures grow?

2. Where is the shadow of that rock, That from the sun de - fends thy flock? Fain would I feed among thy sheep,— A - mong them rest, a - mong them sleep.

ARNOLD. L. M.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed, Oh come! accept thy promised rest: The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.

2. Oppress'd with guilt—a pain - ful load, Oh come, and bow be - fore your God! Di-vine compas - sion, might-y love, Will all the pain - ful load re - move.

3. Here mercy's boundless o - cean flows, To cleanse your guilt—and heal your woes: Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—How rich the gift!—how free the grace!

SLUMBER. L. M.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

Slowly—gently.

1. Gently, my Sav-iour, let me down To slumber in the arms of death; I rest my soul on thee a - lone, Ev'n till my last ex - pir - ing breath.

2. Soon will the storm of life be o'er, And I shall en - ter end-less rest; There I shall live to sin no more, And bless thy name for - ev - er blest.

3. Bid me pos-sess sweet peace within; Let child-like patience keep my heart; Then shall I feel my heav'n be - gun, Be - fore my spir - it hence de - part

TURNER. L. M.

1. A - wake, a - rise, and hail the morn, For un - to us a Saviour's born; See how the an - gels wing their way, To ush - er in the glorious day.

2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song Sounds from the bright, celestial throng! Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured, list'ning heart.

3. Come, join the angels in the sky: Glo - ry to God, who reigns on high; Let peace and love on earth abound, While time revolves, and years roll round.

SEEWIN. L. M.

A. J. ABBEY.

Gentle, flowing style. *cres.* *rit.*

1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve, How soft the sunbeams lingering there; These sacred hours this low earth leave, And rise on wings of faith and prayer.

SOLI.

2. Sea - son of rest, the tran - quil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love; And while the sacred moments roll, Faith sees a smiling heaven a - bove.

3. Nor will our days of toil be long, Our pil - grimage will soon be trod; And we shall join the ceaseless song, The endless Sabbath of our God.

ADDIE. L. M.

WM. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus where'er thy peo - ple meet, There they behold thy mer - cy seat; Where'er they seek thee thou art found, And ev - ery place is hallowed ground.

2. Great Shepherd of thy chosen few, Thy former mercies here re - new; Here to our wait - ing hearts pro - claim, The sweetness of thy sav - ing name.

Here to our waiting hearts proclaim,

TRUST. L. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. O Lord divine! that stoop'd to share Our sharpest pang, our bitt'-rest tear, On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2. Tho' long the wear-y way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling'ring year, No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near.

3. Where drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear, The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall soft-ly tell us Thou art near.

BUSTEED. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O Je-sus, Lord of heavenly grace, Thou brightness of thy Father's face, Thou fountain of e-ter-nal light, Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

2. Come, ho-ly Sun of heavenly love. Send down thy radiance from a-bove; And to our in-most hearts convey The ho-ly Spir-it's cloud-less ray.

3. Oh, hallowed thus be ev-ery day! Let meekness be our morning ray, And faithful love our noon-day light, And hope our sun-set, calm and bright.

WILLOW. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Now let my soul, e-ter-nal King, To thee its grate-ful tri-bute bring; My knee, with humble homage, bow; My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2. All nature sings thy boundless love. In worlds be-low, and worlds a-bove: But in thy bless-ed word I trace Di-vin-er wonders of thy grace.

3. There, what delight-ful truths I read! There, I be-hold the Sav-iour bleed: His name salutes my list'ning ear, Revives my heart, and checks my fear

MILLER. L. M.

1. Great God, attend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs. To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex-ceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2. Might I en - joy the meanest place With-in thy house, O God of grace. Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3. O God, our King, whose sovereign sway The glo - rious hosts of heaven o - bey. Dis - play thy grace, ex - ert thy pow'r, Till all on earth thy name a-dore.

WINAUT. L. M.

J. H. NEWMAN.

1. Great God, in-dulge my humble claim; Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glories that compose thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2. Thou great, and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my Fa-ther and my God; And I am thine, by sa - cred ties, Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3. With ear - ly feet I love t'appear A - mong thy saints, and seek thy face; Oft have I seen thy glo - ry there, And felt the pow'r of sovereign grace.

BOLAND. L. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

m *cres.*

1. We bless the Lord, the just, the good, Who fills our hearts with joy and food, Who pours his blessings from the skies, And loads our days with rich supplies, And, &c.

2. He sends the sun the circuit round, To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground; He bids the clouds with plenteous rain, Refresh the thirsty earth again, Refresh, &c

VINTON. L. M. Double.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Hark! how the cho - ral song of heaven Swells full of peace and joy a-bove; Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love.

2. When shall we join the heavenly host Who sing Immanuel's praise on high, And leave behind our doubts and fears, To swell the chorus of the sky?

CHORUS.

No anxious care nor thrilling grief, No deep despair, nor gloom-y woe They feel, when high their lofty strains In noblest, sweetest con-cord flow.

O come, thou rapture-bring-ing morn! And ush-er in the glorious day; We long to see thy ris - ing sun Drive all these clouds of grief a - way.

SPENCERPORT. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Andante.

1. Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will! Tu - multous passions, all be still, Nor let a murmuring thought arise: His ways are just, ... his counsels wise.

2. He in the thickest darkness dwells, Per-forms his work, the cause conceals; But though his methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support his throne.

3. Wait then, my soul, submissive wait, Prostrate be - fore his aw - ful seat: And 'midst the terrors of his rod, Trust in a wise and gracious God.

CAULDWELL. L. M.

1. Jesus my all, to heaven has gone, He whom I fix'd my hopes upon ; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view. The narrow way, &c.

2. The way the holy prophets went, The way that leads from banishment ; The King's highway of holiness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace, I'll go, for all, &c.

3. Then will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found ; I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God." And say, &c.

NELSON. L. M.

H. H. QUICK.

1. O thou, my soul, forget no more The Friend who all thy sorrows bore ; Let ev - ery i - dol be for - got ; But O my soul, forget him not.

2. E - ter - nal truth and mercy shine In him, and he himself is thine ; And canst thou, then, with sin beset, Such charms, such matchless charms, forget ?

3. Oh, no ; till life it - self de - part, His name shall cheer and warm my heart ; And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise, And join the chorus of the skies.

PITKIN. L. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN

1. Oh, sweet - ly breathe the lyres above, When angels touch the quiv'ring string, And wake, to chant Immanuel's love, Such strains as an - gel - lips can sing !

2. And sweet, on earth, the chor-al swell From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays; When pardoned souls their raptures tell, And grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3. Je - sus, thy name our souls a-dore: We own the bond that makes us thine; And carnal joys, that charmed before, For thy dear sake we now re-sign

ALLEN. L. M.

Dr. M. J. MUNGER.

1. Re-turn, my soul, and sweet-ly rest On thy al - might-y Father's breast; The beauties of his grace a - dore, And count his wond'rous mercies o'er.

2. Thy mer-cy, Lord, preserved my breath, And snatch'd my fainting soul from death; Removed my sorrows, dried my tears, And saved me from surrounding snares.

3. What shall I ren - der to the Lord? Or how his wond'rous grace re - cord? To him my grate-ful voice I'll raise With just thanks-giv-ing to his praise.

EVEREST. L. M. or 8s & 4s.

AGNES BURNEY.

Last verse only.

1. Come, dearest Lord! descend and dwell, By faith and love in every breast; Then shall we know and taste and feel, The joys that can not be express'd.

2. Now to the God, whose power can do More than our tho't, and wishes know, Be everlasting honors done, By all the church thro' Christ the Son.

8s & 4. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They softly lie and sweetly sleep, OMIT..... .....Low in the ground.

RESTFULNESS. L. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. With tear-ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea; Yet 'mid the gloom I hear a sound, A heaven-ly whis-per, "Come to me."

2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee: Oh, to the wear - y, faint, oppress'd, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3. O voice of mer-cy, voice of love! In conflict, grief, and ag - on - y, Support me, cheer me from a - bove, And gent - ly whis-per, "Come to me."

DE GROFF. L. M.

1. We come, we come, with loud acclaim, To sing the praise of Je - sus' name; With joy-ful heart and smil-ing face, We gath - er round the throne of grace.
2. And low - ly bend to of - fer there, From in - fant lips, our hum - ble pray'r To him who slept on Ma-ry's knee, A gen - tle child as young as we.
3. We come, we come, the song to swell, To him who loved our world so well, That, stooping from his Father's throne, He died to claim it as his own.

ALBURTON. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. As when the wea-ry trav'ler gains The height of some commanding hill. His heart re - vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' dis-tant still.
2. While he surveys the much-loved spot He slights the space that lies between; His past fa - tigues are now for - got, Be-cause his journey's end is seen.
3. Thus when the Christian pilgrim views, By faith, his mansions in the skies, The sight his faint - ing strength re - news, And wings his speed to win a prize.

INIGO. L. M.

WM. MASON.

1. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep, My wea-ried eye-lids gent - ly steep, Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest, For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
2. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can - not live; A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out thee I can - not die.

WELCOME DAY. L. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Thy father's house, thine own bright home, And thou hast here a place for me! Tho' yet an ex - ile here I roam. That distant home by faith I see.
2. I know that thou who on the tree Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear, Will bring thine own to dwell with thee, And waitest to re-ceive me there.
3. Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er; A fa-ther's warm embrace to meet, And dwell at home for-ev - er - more.

EVENING. L. M.

WM. T. MEYER.

1. I love this hour of calm re - pose, The softness of the daylight's close, When evening spreads her man-tle grey, In si-lence o'er de-part - ing day.
2. Sea-son of rest, the tran-quil soul Feels the sweet calm and melts in love, And while these sacred mo - ments roll, Faith sees a smil-ing heaven a - bove.

GLENVILLE. L. M.

CHESTER G ALLEN.

1. My precious Lord, for thy dear name I bear the cross, despise the shame; Nor do I faint while thou art near; I lean on thee; how can I fear?
2. No oth - er name but thine is given To cheer my soul in earth or heaven; No oth - er wealth will I re - quire; No oth - er friend can I de - sire.
3. Yea, in - to nothing would I fall For thee a - lone, my All in all; To feel thy love, my on - ly joy; To tell thy love, my sole em - ploy.

COGGSHALL. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Andante.

1. Gent-ly, my Sav-iour, let me down, To slumber in the arms of death; I rest my soul on thee a-lone, Ev'n till my last ex-pir-ing breath.

2. Bid me possess sweet peace within; Let childlike patience keep my heart; Then shall I feel my heaven be-gin, Be-fore my spir-it hence de-part.

3. There shall my raptured spirit raise Still loud-er notes than angels sing,—High glories to Im-manuel's grace, My God, my Saviour, and my King!

HIBBARD. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone! Justice and truth be-fore thee stand: Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne, Mer-cy withholds thy lift-ed hand.

2. Each evening shows thy tender love; Each rising morn thy plenteous grace: Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move; Thy willing mer-cy flies a-pace.

3. To thy benign, in-dulgent care, Fa-ther, this light, this breath we owe; And all we have, and all we are, From thee, great Source of being, flow.

SAFETY. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat,—'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,—A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUIL FRANC.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.

Spirited.

Hark! how the choral song of heaven Swells full of peace and joy above; Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise their tuneful notes of love, And raise their &c.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TH TALLIS. 1650

Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath the sha - dow of thy wings.

FORREST. L. M.

A. CHAPIN, 1813.

Rest for my soul I long to find; Saviour, if mine in - deed thou art. Give me thy meek and low - ly mind. And stamp thine image on my heart.

BOWEN. L. M.

FROM HAYDN.

Up to the fields where an - gels lie, And living wa- ters gent - ly roll, Fain would my tho'ts as-cend on high, But sin hangs heav - y on my soul.

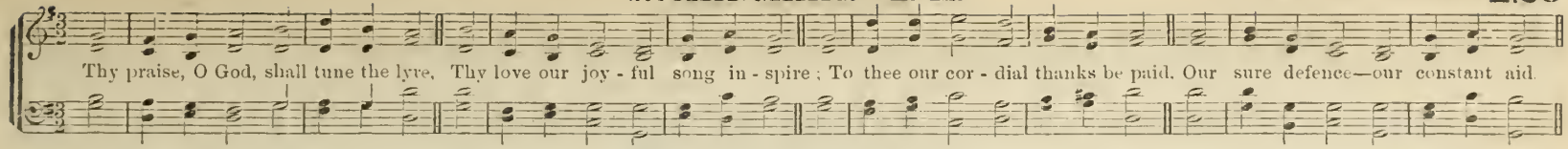
WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there; But wisdom shows a nar- row path. With here and there a trav - el - er.

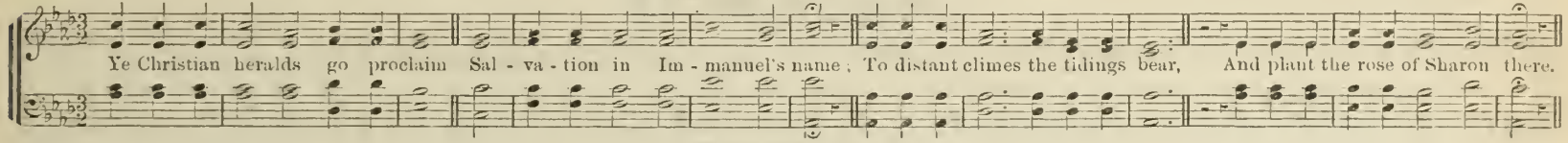
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.



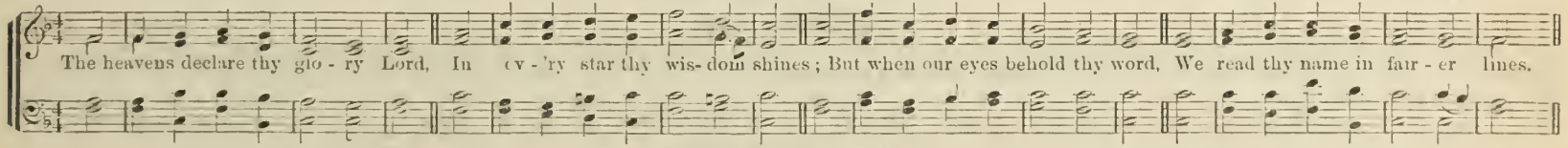
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER. 1831.

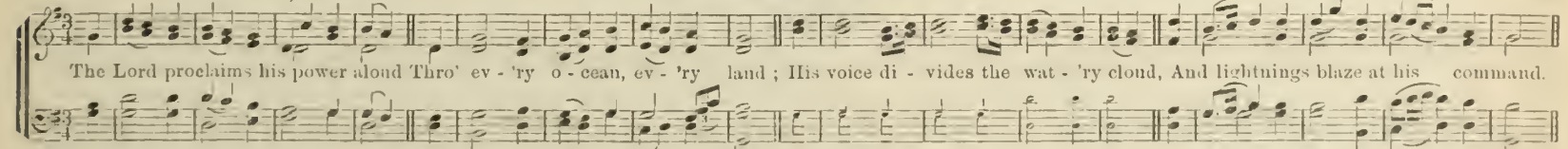


UXBRIDGE. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.

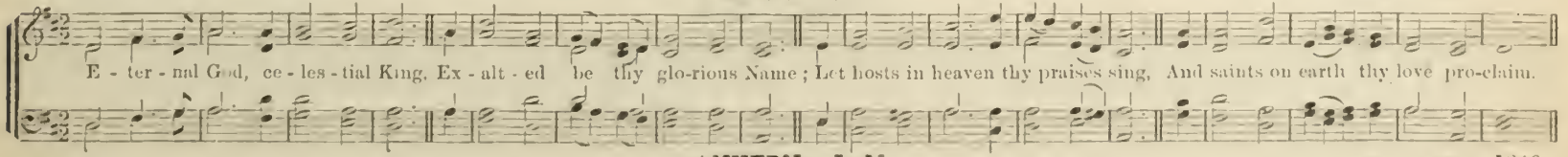


EFFINGHAM. L. M.



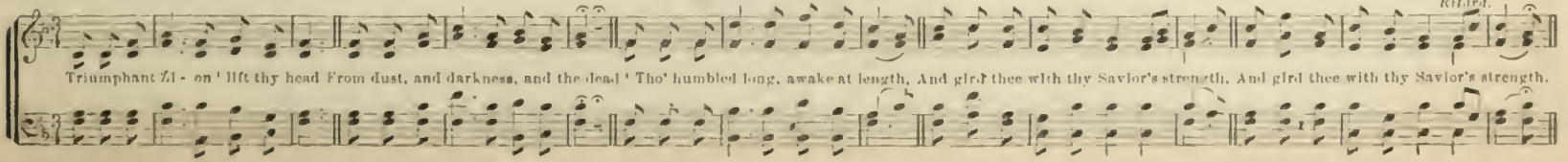
TRURO. L. M.

DR. CHAS. BURNEY. 1760.



ANVERN. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1840.



ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B BRADBURY. 1843. by per.

Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. 1840.

See gen - tle pa - tience smile on pain, See, dy - ing hope re - vive a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, While faith points upward to the sky.

MIGDOL. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1840.

Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the millions of the skies, That song of triumph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

MEDWAY. L. M.

PERGOLESI.

My God! per-mit me not to be A stranger to my - self and thee; A - midst a thousand tho'ts I rove, Forget - ful of my highest love.

WARD. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.

There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God! Life, love, and joy still glid- ing through, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

MENDON. L. M.

German. 1832

Loud swell the pealing organ's notes, Breath forth your soul in raptures high; Praise ye the Lord, with harp and voice, Join the full cho - rus of the sky.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS. 1840. by per.

From ev - ery stormy wind that blows, From ev-ery swelling tide of woes, There is a calm a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - fore the mer - cy seat.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days : And ev - ery evening shall make known, Some fresh memo-rial of his grace.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON. 1790.

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an - gels filled the sky ; Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that at - tend thy state.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. by per. 1838.

O, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart a - way ; And thaw, with beams of love di - vine. This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr by DR. LOWELL MASON. 1825.

Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long ; Crown him, ye nations, in your song : His wondrous name and power rehearse ; His honors shall enrich your verse.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

S. STANLEY. 1810.

O all.... ye peo-ple shout and sing Hosan - nas to your heavenly King ; Where'er the sun's bright glo-ries shine, Ye na - tions, praise his name divine,

BURRALL. C. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

Gently.

1. My Fa - ther, God, how sweet the sound, How ten-der and how dear! Not all the mel - o - dy of heaven, Could so de - light the ear
2. Come, sa - cred spir - it, seal the name On my ex - pand - ing heart, And show that in Je - ho - vah's grace, I share a fil - ial part.
3. Cheered by a sig - nal so di - vine, Un - wav'ring I be - lieve; My spir - it Ab - ba - Fa - ther, cries, Nor can the sign de - ceive.

ARMSTRONG. C. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

With spirit.

1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - mid his Fa - ther's throne; Pre-pare new hon - ors for his name, And songs be - fore unknown.
2. Let el - ders wor - ship at his feet, The church a - dore a - round, With vi - als full of o - dors sweet, And harps with sweeter sound.
3. Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be end - less bles - sings paid; Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, joy, re - main For - ev - er on thy head!

SUNDERLAND. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

Very spirited.

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis he, whose hand presents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.
3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - rea - dy trod, And onward urge thy way.

CONQUEST. C. M.

Very Spirited

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy - - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him

All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, And

Bring forth the roy - al, &c. And crown him

Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al, &c.

PROSPECT. C. M. Double.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1 { When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. }

2 { Let cares like a wild de-luge come, And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all, }

Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world.

There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heaven-ly rest. And not a wave of troub le roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.

PEARL. C. M.

WM. MASON.

1. I've found the pearl of great-est price; My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I must, for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy.
2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King: My Proph-et full of light; My great High Priest be - fore the throne: My King of heavenly might.
3. Christ Je - sus is my All in all, My com - fort and my love; My life be - low, and he shall be My joy and crown a - bove.

BROOKSIDE. C. M.

HENRY SHEPHERD.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev - ery tongue; His new dis - cover-ed grace demands A new and no - bler song.
2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own al - might - y Son; His power the sink - ing world sus-tains, And grace surrounds his throne.
3. Let heav'n proclaim the joy - ful day, Joy through the earth be seen: Let cit - ies shine in bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer-ful green.

HOLMAN. C. M.

WM. MASON.

1. Far from these nar-row scenes of night, Un-bound - ed glo - ries rise, And realms of joy and pure de - light, Un-known to mor - tal eyes.
2. Fair, distant land!—could mor - tal eyes But half its charms ex - plore, How would our spir - its long to rise And dwell on earth no more.
3. Oh, may the heavenly prospects fire Our hearts with ar - dent love! Till wings of faith, and strong de - sire, Bear ev - ery thought a - bove.

SILVER SPRING. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of his precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
3. This name shall shed its fragrance still A-long this thorny road; Shall sweetly smooth the rug-ged hill That leads me up to God.

MONROE. C. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

Moderato.

1. There is a safe and se-cret place, Be-neath the wings di-vine, Re-served for all the heirs of grace; Oh! be that ref-uge mine.
2. The least and feeblest there may hide, Un-injured and un-harmed; While thousands fall on ev-ery side, He rests se-cure in God.
3. He feeds in pas-tures large and fair, Of love and truth di-vine: O child of God,—O glo-ry's heir, How rich a lot is thine!

WELL'S BRIDGE. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be-fore his throne.
2. When in his earthly courts we view The glo-ries of our King, We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing.
3. And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise; Thy love can raise our humble strain, And bid it reach the skies.

WONDROUS LOVE. C. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD

1. Lord, I approach the mer-cy-seat Where thou dost answer prayer, There humbly fall be-fore thy feet, For none can perish there, For none can perish there.

2. Bowed down beneath a load of sin. By Sa - tan sore - ly pressed, By war without and fear with-in, I come to thee for rest, I come to thee for rest.

3. Oh! wond'rous love! to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame That guilty sinners, such as I Might plead thy gracious name, Might plead thy gracious name.

ADA. C. M.

From C. H. RINK.

1. Let ev-ery mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - ery heart re - joice; The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice.

2. Ho! all ye hun - gry, starv-ing souls, That feed up - on the wind, And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys To fill an emp - ty mind.

3. Ho! ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die, Here you may quench your raging thirst, With springs that nev - er dry.

JARVIS. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. A - wake, my heart, a - rise my tongue, Pre-pare a tune - ful voice; In God, the life of all my joys, A - loud will I re - joice.

2. 'Tis he a - dorned my nak - ed soul, And made sal - va - tion mine; Up - on a poor pol - lu - ted worm He makes his gra - ces shine.

3. And, lest the sha - dow of a spot Should on my soul be found, He took the robe the Saviour wrought, And cast it all a - round.

PACKER. C. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Slowly.

1. How firm the saint's foun-da-tion stands! His hopes can ne'er re-move, Sustained by God's al-mighty hand, And sheltered in his love.
2. God is the treas-ure of his soul, A source of sa-cred joy, Which no af-flictions can con-trol, Nor death it-self de-stroy.
3. Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams, And taste thy saints' re-pose; We will not mourn the perished streams, While such a fountain flows.

BEDFORD. C. M.

WM. WHEALL. 1729.

1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo-ry now; A roy-al di-a-dem a-dorns The might-y Vic-tor's brow.
2. The joy of all who dwell a-bove, The joy of all be-low, To whom he man-i-fests his love, And grants his name to know.
3. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is given; Their name an ev-er-last-ing name, Their joy the joy of heaven.

CLARA. C. M.

H. H. QUICK.

1. Through all the changing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy, The prais-es of my God, shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.
2. The hosts of God encamp a-round The dwellings of the just; Pro-tec-tion he af-fords to all Who make his name their trust.
3. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then Have noth-ing else to fear: Make you his ser-vice your de-light, He'll make your wants his care.

INHERITANCE. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Thou art my por - tion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t' o - bey thy word, And suf - fer no de - lay.
2. I choose the path of heavenly truth, And glo - ry in my choice; Not all the rich - es of the earth Could make me so re - joice.
3. Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace I set be - fore my eyes; Thence I de - rive my dai - ly strength, And there my com - fort lies.

BLOSERVILLE. C. M.

S. W. MOUNTZ.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by eve - ry foe; That will not trem - ble on the brink Of a - ny earth - ly woe.
2. That will not mur - mur or complain, Be - neath the chast'ning rod, But in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God.
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear, When tempests rage with - out; That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt.

SUBMISSION. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. O Lord! my best de - sires ful - fill, And help me to re - sign Life, health, and comfort to thy will, And make thy pleasure mine.
2. Why should I shrink at thy com - mand, Thy love for - bids my fears; Why tremble at thy gra - cious hand, That wipes a - way my tears?
3. No,—let me rath - er free - ly yield What most I prize, to thee; Thou nev - er hast a good with - held, Nor wilt with - hold from me.

ESDRAELON. C. M. Double.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. I sing th'al-mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise; That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft-y skies. I sing the

2. I sing the goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food; He form'd the creatures with his word, And then pronounced them good. There's
That spread the flow - - ing seas I sing the
He formed his crea - - tures with There's not a

wis - - dom that ordained The sun to rule the day, The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o - bey.

not a plant nor flower be - low But makes his glo - ries known; The clouds a - rise and tempests blow, By or - der from his throne.
wis - dom The moon shines full ..... at..... his
plant nor The clouds a - - rise ... and.... tem - pests

CLINTON. C. M.

C. C. CASE.

1. Lord of my life, O may thy praise Em - ploy my no - blest pow'rs; Whose goodness lengthens out my days, And fills the eirc - ling hours.

2. While man-y spend the night in sighs, And rest - less pains and woes; In gen - tle sleep I close my eyes, And un - dis - turbed re - pose.

3. O let the same al - might-y care My wak - ing hours at - tend; From ev - ery dan - ger, ev - ery snare, My heedless steps at - tend.

JOSIE. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

Tenderly.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heaven-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kindle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Fa-ther, and shall we ev-er live At this poor dy-ing rate; Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?
3. Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heaven-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

GRISWOLD. C. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev-ery clime and coast, O hear us for our na-tive land,—The land we love the most.
2. O guard our shores from every foe; With peace our bor-ders bless— Our cit-ies with pros-per-i-ty, Our fields with plenteous-ness.
3. U-nite us in the sa-cred love Of knowledge, truth, and thee; And let our hills and valleys chant The songs of lib-er-ty.

GOLDEN GATES. C. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. The golden gates are lift-ed up, The doors are o-pened wide, The King of glo-ry is gone in Un-to his fa-ther's side.
2. Thou art gone up before us, Lord, To make for us a place, That we may be where now thou art, And look up-on God's face.
3. Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let thy dear grace be given, That while we tar-ry here be-low, Our treasure be in heaven.

BARTLETT. C. M. Double.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has called his own; With joy the summons we o - bey, To worship at his throne.

2. Spir - it of grace! O deign to dwell With - in thy Chnrch be - low; Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de - vo - tion glow.

Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! As here thy servants throng To breathe the hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, And ponr the grate - ful song.

Great God, we hail the sa - cred day Which thou hast eall'd thine own; With joy the summons we o - bey, To worship at thy throne.

HARCOT. C. M.

HENRY HARDING.

1. I love the Lord he heard my cries, And pit - ied ev - ery groan: Long as I live, when tron-bles rise, I'll has - ten to his throne.

2. I love the Lord he bow'd his ear, And chased my grief a - way: O let my heart no more des - pair, While I have breath to pray.

3. The Lord be - held me sore dis - tress'd; He bade my pains re - move: Re - turn, my soul, to God thy rest, For thou hast known his love.

BLANDINA. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.
From "The Victory"

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;— A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So free - ly shed for me:—
2. A heart resign'd, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deem-er's throne; Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak,—Where Je-sus reigns a - lone.
3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean; Which nei-ther life nor death can part From him that dwells with - in.

HALLOCK. C. M.

F. G. SPENCER.

Tenderly.

1. If hu - man kindness meets re - turn, And owns the grate-ful tie;— If ten - der thoughts within us burn To feel a friend is nigh:—
2. O, shall not warm - er ac - cents tell The grat - i - tude we owe To Him who died our fears to quell, And save from end - less woe?
3. Re - mem-ber thee! thy death, thy shame, The griefs which thou didst bear! O mem -'ry, leave no oth - er name So deep - ly grav - en there.

WORK. C. M.

M. S. BARTLETT.

1. Oh, could I find from day to day, A near-ness to my God, Then would my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean - ing on his word.
2. Lord, I de - sire with thee to live A - new from day to day, In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
3. Blest Je - sus, come and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly thine, That I may nev - er more de - part, Nor grieve thy love di - vine

SCOTT. C. M. Double.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

2. When in the slip - pery paths of youth With heed-less steps I ran, Thine arm un - seen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.

3. Through ev - ry pe - riod of my life, Thy goodness I'll re - view; And af - ter death, in dis - tant worlds The glo - rious theme re - new.

Un - numbered com - forts on my soul, Thy ten - der care be - stowed, Be - fore my in - fant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.

Ten thousand thou - sand pre-cious gifts, My dai - ly thanks em - ploy; Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, to thee A grate-ful song I'll raise: But, O! e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all thy praise.

OSWALD. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. My God, my Fa - ther,—blisssful name, Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as - sur - ance claim A por - tion so di - vine?

2. This on - ly can my fears con - trol, And bid my sor - rows fly; What harm can ev - er reach my soul, Be - neath my Fa - ther's eye?

3. What - e'er thy sa - cred will or - dains, Oh, give me strength to bear; And let me know my Fa - ther reigns, And trust his ten - der care.

MONTROSE. C. M. Double.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. O Lord, I would de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend; To thee in ev - ery trou-ble flee, My best, my on - ly Friend.

2. He who has made my heav'n se - cure, Will here all good pro - vide; While Christ is rich, can I be poor, What can I want be - side?

When all cre - a - ted streams are dried, Thy fullness is the same, May I with this be sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in thy name.

O Lord, I cast my care on thee, I tri - umph and a - dore; Henceforth my great con - cern shall be To love and please thee more.

THEODORE. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has call'd his own; With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor - ship at his throne.

2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! As here thy ser-vants throng To breathe the hum-ble, fer - vent pray'r, And pour the grateful song.

3. Let peace with - in her walls be found—Let all her sons u - nite, To spread with ho - ly zeal a - round, Her clear and shin-ing light.

ABIDING REST. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Dear Re - fuge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise, On thee when waves of trou-ble roll, My faint-ing hope re - lies.
2. To thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - ery pain I feel.
3. Yet, gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust; And still my soul would cleave to thee, Tho' prostrate in the dust.

WEEKS. C. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. To thee, O God, when crea-tures fail, Thy flock, de - sert - ed, flies; And on the e - ter - nal Shepherd's care, Our stead - fast hope re - lies.
2. When o'er thy faith - ful servant's dust Thy saints as - sem - bled mourn, In speed - y to - kens of thy grace, O Zi - on's God, re - turn!
3. The powers of na - ture all are thine, And thine the aids of grace; Thine arm has borne thy church-es up, Through each suc-ceed - ing race.

CORBITT. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. That aw - ful day will sure-ly come, Th'ap-pointed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.
2. Je - sus, thou source of all my joys, Thou ru - ler of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice Pronounce the word, —De - part!
3. The thunder of that aw-ful word Would so tor-ment my ear, 'Twould tear my soul a - sunder, Lord, With most tor - ment - ing fear.

LANGDON. C. M

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Fa - ther! I long, I faint, to see The place of thine a - bode; I'd leave thine earth-ly courts, and flee Up to thy seat, my God!

2. There all the heavenly hosts are seen; In shin- ing ranks they move, And drink im - mor - tal vig - or in, With won - der and with love.
3. Fa - ther! I long, I faint, to see The place of thine a - bode; I'd leave thine earth-ly courts, and be For - ev - er with my God.

BOILING SPRING. C. M.

S. M. LUTZ.

1. O, all ye lands! re - joice in God, Sing prais - es to his name; Let all the earth with one ac - cord, His wondrous acts proclain

2. And let his faith - ful ser - vants tell How, by re - deeming love, Their souls are saved from death and hell, To share the joys a - bove;
3. Tell how the Ho - ly Spir - it's grace For - bids their feet to slide; And as they run the Christian race, Vouchsafes to be their guide.

WILSON. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. When ris - ing from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear, I see my Ma - ker face to face, Oh, how shall I ap - pear?

2. If yet, while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought, My heart with in - ward ter - ror shrinks, And trem - bles at the thought:
3. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed In ma - jes - ty se - vere, And sit in judgment on my soul, O how shall I ap - pear?

SANCTUARY. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. My soul, how love - ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts! 'Tis heaven to see his smil -ing face, Tho' in his earth - ly courts.
2. There the great Mon-arch of the skies His sav - ing power dis - plays; And light breaks in up - on our eyes With kind and quickening rays.
3. With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove Descends and fills the place, While Christ re - veals his wondrous love, And sheds a - broad his grace.

ROBBINS. C. M.

D. E. JONES.

1. Thy home is with the hum-ble, Lord, The sim - plest and the best; Thy lodg - ing is in child-like hearts; Thou mak-est there thy rest.
2. Dear Comfort - er! e - ter - nal Love! If thou wilt stay with me, Of low - ly thoughts and sim - ple ways, I'll build a house for thee.
3. Who made this beat - ing heart of mine, But thou my heavenly Guest? Let no one have it then but thee, And let it be thy rest.

ELEVATION. C. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired; Loud and more loud, the an - thems raise, With grate-ful ar - dor fired
2. Lift up to God the voice of praise From whom sal - va - tion flows; Who sent his son our souls to save From ev - er - last - ing woes
3. Lift up to God the voice of praise For hope's transport - ing ray, Which lights thro' darkest shades of death To realms of end - less day.

POWNAL. C. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise re - sound; Ye, too, who on the o - cean dwell, And fill the isles a - round.

2. Oh! from the streams of dis - tant lands, Un - to Je - ho - vah sing! And from the hills, with notes of joy, Shout to the Lord the King.

3. Let all combined with one ac - cord, Je - ho - vah's glo - ries raise, Till in re - mot - est bounds of earth, The na - tions sound his praise.

VACHÈ. C. M.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. When mu - sing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres - ent pain, How sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain!

2. 'Tis not that murm'ring tho'ts a - rise, And dread a Fa - ther's will; 'Tis not that meek sub-mis - sion flies, And would not suf - fer still;—

3. It is that heav'n-taught faith sur-veys The path that leads to light, And longs her ea - gle plumes to raise, And lose her - self in sight.

BARRINGTON. C. M.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate-ful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his pro - mis - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think of mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sor - rows cast On him whom I a - dore.

SPRING. C. M. Double.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. While verdant hill and blooming vale, Put on their fresh ar - ray, And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the vernal day:

2. The bounteous hand my thoughts adore, Be - yond express - ion kind, Hath sweeter, no - bler gifts in store, To bless the crav- ing mind:

Oh, let my wond'ring heart confess With grat - i - tude and love, The bounteous hand that deigns to bless The garden, field and grove.

That hand, in this hard heart of mine, Can make each vir - tue live, And kind - ly showers of grace di-vine, Life, beauty, fragrance, give.

JESU DULCIS MEMORIÆ. C. M.

R. STORRS WILLIS.

1. Je-sus! the on - ly thought of thee, With sweetness fills my breast, But sweeter far it were to see, And on thy beau - ty feast.

2. Je-sus! our hope when we re - pent, Sweet source of all our grace, Sole comfort in our ban - ish - ment, Oh! what when face to face!

3. Come then, dear Lord, possess my heart, Chase thence the shades of night; Come pierce it with thy flam - ing dart, And ev - er shin - ing light.

GOLDSMITH. C. M. Double.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace, in thee?

2. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know; Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press to you.

Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?

Why should I shrink at pain and woe Or feel at death dis - may? I've Canaan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.

SYMPATHY. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. With joy we me - di - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove: His heart is full of ten - der - ness; His bo - som glows with love.

2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame; He knows what sore temp - tations mean, For he has felt the same

3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Poured out his cries and tears, And in his measure feels a - fresh What eve - ry mem - ber bears.

WYNNE. C. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord, A grate-ful song... I'll raise; Oh, let the humblest of thy flock Oh, let humblest of thy flock Attempt to speak thy praise.

2. My life, my joy, my hope, I owe To this a - maz - ing love; Ten thousand thousand comforts here, Ten thousand thousand, &c. And nobler bliss a-bove.
3. Lead on, dear Shepherd, led by thee, No e - vil shall I fear; Soon shall I reach thy fold above, Soon shall I reach thy fold above, And praise thee better there.

LA SCALA. C. M.

W. TILLINGHAST.

1. Hap - py the home, when God is there, And love fills ev - ery breast; Where one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heaven-ly rest.

2. Hap - py the home where Je - sus' name Is sweet to ev - ery ear; Where children ear - ly lisp his fame, And par-ents hold him dear.
3. Hap - py the home where pray'r is heard, And praise is wont to rise: Where parents love the sa - cred word, And live but for the skies.

FERRIS. C. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN

1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee With glad-ness fills my breast; But sweet - er far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find A sweet - er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man-kind!
3. And those who find thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show: The love of Je - sus,—what it is, None but his loved ones know.

ST. NICHOLAS. C. M.

Rev. WM. H. HAVERGAL, D. D.

1. E - ter - nal source of joys di - vine, To thee my soul as - pires; Oh, could I say, "the Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de - sires
2. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As - sure me of thy love; Oh, speak the kind transport - ing word, And bid my fears re - move.
3. Then shall my thank-ful powers re - joice, And tri-umph in my God, Till heavenly rap-ture tune my voice, To spread thy praise a - broad.

BEMENT. C. M. (or 36th P. M.)

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning waud'rers giv'n; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast; 'Tis found alone in heav'n.
2. There is a home for weary souls. By sins and sorrows driven, When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear—'tis heav'n.
3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,—The heart no longer riven,—And views the tempest passing by. Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heav'n.

GILBERT. C. M.

WM. MASON.

1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - ery foe, That will not tremble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe;—
2. That will not mur-mur nor complain Be-neath the chast'ning rod. But in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up - on its God;—
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with-out; That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt.

HURLBUTT. C. M.

T. F SEWARD.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, blissful name! Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as - su-rance claim A por-tion so di - vine?
2. What-e'er thy sa - cred will ob-tains, Oh, give me strength to bear! And let me know my Fa-ther reigns, And trust his ten - der care.
3. Thy sovereign ways are all unknown To my weak, err - ing sight; Yet let my soul a - dor-ing own That all thy ways are right.

LAWRENCE. C. M.

HENRY SHEPHERD.

1. Je - sus! thou art the sinner's friend; As such I look to thee: Now in the full - ness of thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
2. Lord! I am guil - ty, I am vile, But thy sal - va - tion's free; Then in thy all - a - bounding grace, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
3. And when I close my eyes in death, When creature helps all flee, Then, O my dear Redeem - er, God! I pray re - mem - ber me.

COMSTOCK. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. To thee my righteous King and Lord, My grate-ful soul I'll raise; From day to day thy works re - cord, And ev - er sing thy praise.
2. Thy wond'rous acts, thy power, and might, My con - tant theme shall be; That song shall be my soul's de - light, Which breathes in praise to thee.
3. From all thy works, O Lord, shall spring The sound of joy and praise; Thy saints shall of thy glo - ry sing, And show the world thy ways.

KINDNESS. C. M Double.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. If hu - man kindness meets re - turn, And owns the grate-ful tie, If ten - der tho'ts with - in us burn, To feel a friend is nigh –

2. While yet his anguish'd soul surveyed Those pangs he would not flee, What love his lat - est words displayed, "Meet and re - mem-ber me."

dim.

Oh! shall not warm-er ac - cents tell The grat - i - tude we owe To him who died, our fears to quell, Our more than orphan's woe.

dim.

Re - mem-ber thee, thy death, thy shame, Our sin - ful hearts to share! Oh! mem'ry, leave no oth - er name Than his re - cord - ed there.

GRIER. C. M.

E. MOORE.

Smooth and flowing.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way, From ev - ery cumb -'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day, In hum - ble, grateful prayer.

2. I love, in sol - i - tude, to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear

3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore; And all my cares and sor - rows cast On him whom I a - dore

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1791.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. T. A. ARNE. 1762.

Je - sus, u - ni - ted by thy grace, And each to each en - deared. With con - fi - dence we seek thy face, And know our prayer is heard.

AZMON. C. M.

FROM GLASER. 1830.

Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Scottish. 1592.

Let not des - pair, nor feel re - venge, Be to my bo - som known; O, give me tears for oth - ers' woes And patience for my own.

FRANKLIN. C. M.

S. B. POND. 1835.

Hark, how the an - gels sweet-ly sing! Their voi - ces fill the sky; They hail the great vic - to - rious King, And wel - come him on high.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

O Thou whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's humble sigh; Whose hand in - dulgent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye.

FOUNTAIN, or COWPER. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

W. MATHER. 1790.

Ear - ly, my God, with-out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst-y spir - it faints a - way With - out thy cheering grace.

WOODLAND. C. M.

DEA. N. D. GOULD. 1832.

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1837.

O Saviour welcome to my heart; Possess thy humble throne; Bid ev - ery ri - val, Lord, depart, And reign, O Christ, alone, And reign. O Christ, a - lone.

CHELMSFORD. C. M.

A. CHAPIN.

Oh, how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light; And thence my med - i - ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

DR. HAWEIS. 1792.

O for the hap - py days gone by, When love ran smooth and free, Days when my spir - it so en - joyed More than earth's lib - er - ty!

STEPHENS. C. M.

WM. JONES.

To our al - might-y Ma - ker, God, New hon - ors be ad - dressed; His great sal - va - tion shines a - broad, And makes the na - tions blessed.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Attributed to HANDEL.

A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im - mortal crown, And an immortal crown

DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDNER. 1830.

Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood, Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

DEVIZES. C. M.

I. TUCKER. 1800.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

W. TANSUR. 1735.

O Thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, Within this earth - ly frame, Thro' all the world, how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy name.

NAOMI. C. M.

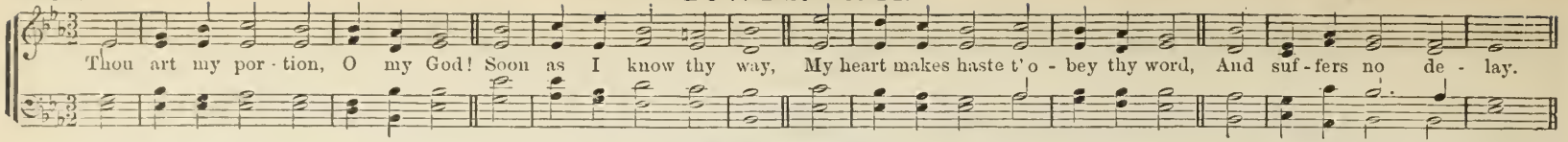
DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832

p Andante. *m* *p* *m*

Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion raise.

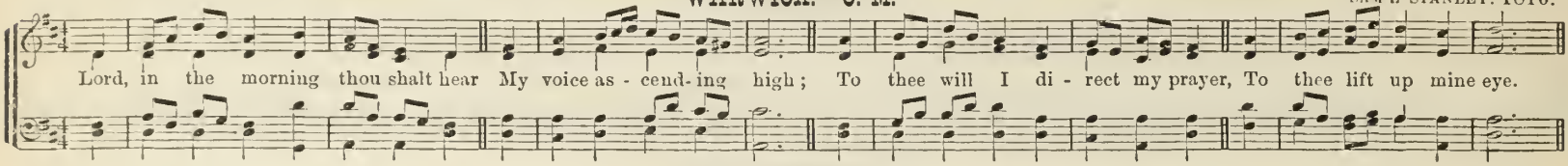
DOWNS. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



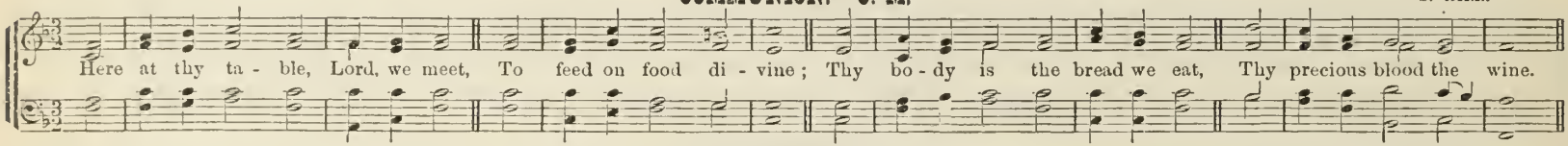
WARWICK. C. M.

SAM'L STANLEY. 1810.



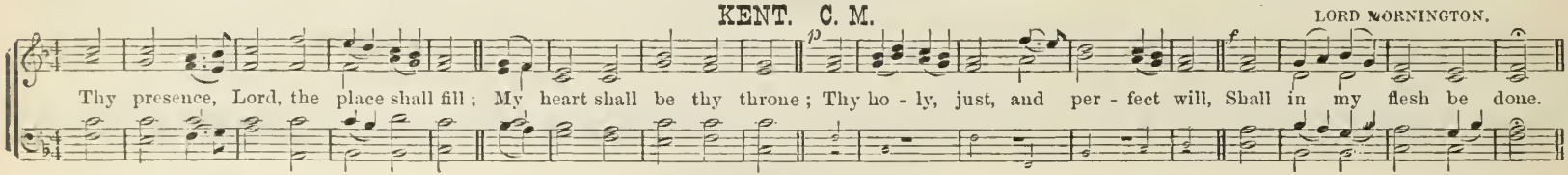
COMMUNION. C. M.

S. HILL.



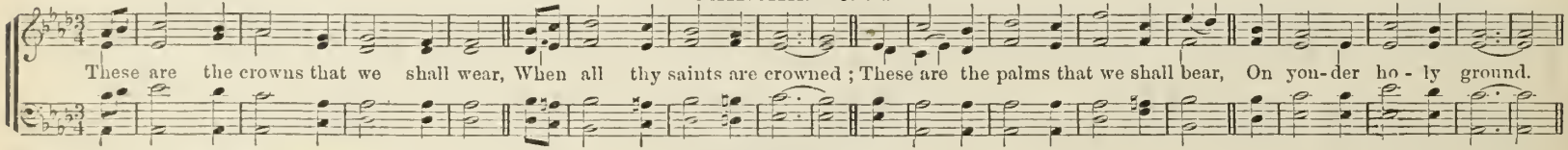
KENT. C. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



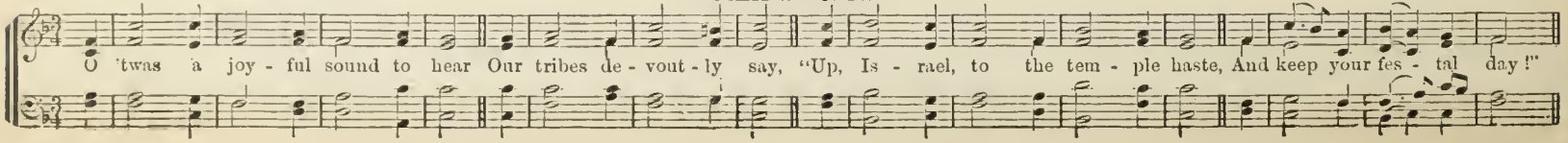
MANOAH. C. M.

ROSSINI.



MEAR. C. M.

Welsh Air. 1760.



CORBYN. S. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Raise your tri - umphant songs, To tell of vic - t'ry won Let the wide earth re - sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.

2. Sing how e - ter - nal love His chief be - lov - ed chose, And bade him raise our wretched race From their a - byss of woes.

3. He shows his Fa - ther's love, To raise our souls on high; He came with par - don from a - bove, For reb - els doomed to die.

DERBY. S. M.

GEO. MONROE.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief, Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

2. The Son of God in tears, The wondering an - gels see! Be thou as - ton - ished, Oh my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we may weep, Each sin demands a tear; In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

ABOUNDING LOVE. S. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Come, we that love the Lord And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, Join in a song with sweet accord, &c.

2. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk, &c.

3. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, We're marching thro' Immanuel's, &c.

CANE. S. M.

WM. MASON.

1. Now let our voi - ces join To raise a sa - cred song; Ye pilgrims! in Je - ho - vah's ways, With mu-sic pass a - long.
2. See— flowers of par - a - dise, In rich pro - fu - sion spring; The sun of glo - ry gilds the path, And dear compan - ions sing.
3. All hon - or to his name, Who marks the shin - ing way,— To him who leads the pil - grims on To realms of end - less day.

ANDRUS. S. M.

A. J. ABBEY.

Cheerful.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet accord, Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who never knew our God: But children of the heavenly King, But children of the heavenly King, May speak their joys a - broad.
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

SYLVESTER. S. M.

THOS. J. COOK.

1. Once more we meet to pray, Once more our guilt con - fess; Turn not, O Lord, thine ear a - way From crea - tures in dis - tress.
2. Our sins to heaven as - cend. And there for vengeance cry; O God, be - hold the sin - ner's Friend, Who in - ter - cedes on high.
3. Now let thy bo - som yearn, As it hath done be - fore; Re - turn to us, O God, re - turn, And ne'er for - sake us more.

JOYFULNESS. S. M.

1. How sweet to bless the Lord, And in his prais - es join, With saints his good - ness to re - cord, And sing his power di - vine!

2. These sea - sons of de - light The dawn of glo - ry seem, Like rays of pure, ce - les - tial light, Which on our spir - its beam.

3. But, oh, the bliss sub - lime, When joy shall be com - plete, In that un - cloud - ed, glo - rious clime, Where all thy servants meet!

CUYLER. S. M. Double.

J. M. PELTON.

1. Far from these scenes of night Un - bound-ed glo - ries rise, And realms of joy and pure delight, Unknown to mor - tal eyes.

2. No cloud those re - gions know,—Realms ev - er bright and fair; For sin, the source of mor - tal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.

Fair land!—could mor - tal eyes But half its charms ex - plore, How would our spir - its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!

O may the prospect fire Our hearts with ar - dent love, Till wings of faith, and strong de - sire, Bear ev - ery thought a - bove.

HILLYER. S. M. Double.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Now let our voi - ces join To raise a sa - cred song; Ye pil - grims in Je - ho - vah's ways, With mu - sic pass a - long.

2. See Sa - lem's gol - den spires, In beauteous pros - pect rise, And brighter crowns than mor - tals wear, Which sparkle through the skies.

In rich

See flow'rs of par - a - dise, In rich pro - fu - sion spring; The sun of glo - ry gilds the past, And dear com - pan - ions sing.

All hon - or to his name Who marks the shin - ing way; To him who leads the pil - grims on To realms of end - less day.

The sun

MATTOON. S. M.

O. R. BARROWS.

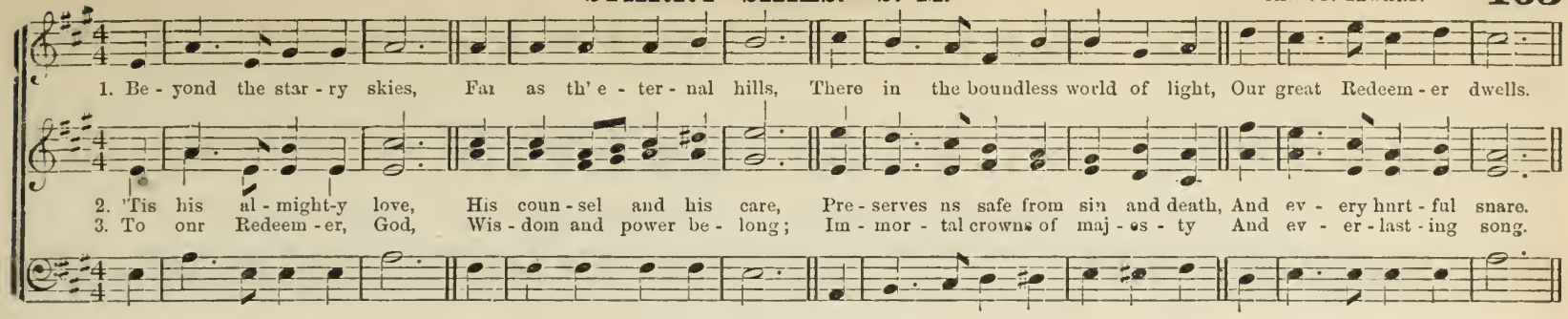
1. And must this bo - dy die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?

2. God, my Re - deem - er lives, And of - ten, from the skies, Looks down and watch - es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

3. Ar - rayed in glo - rious grace, Shall these vile bod - ies shine, And ev - ery shape and ev - ery face Look heaven-ly and di - vine.

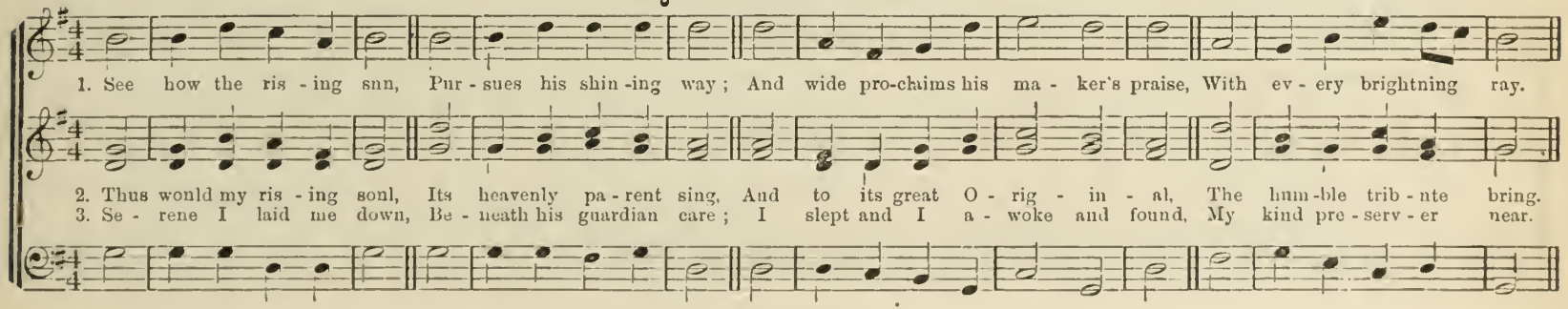
STARRY SKIES. S. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.



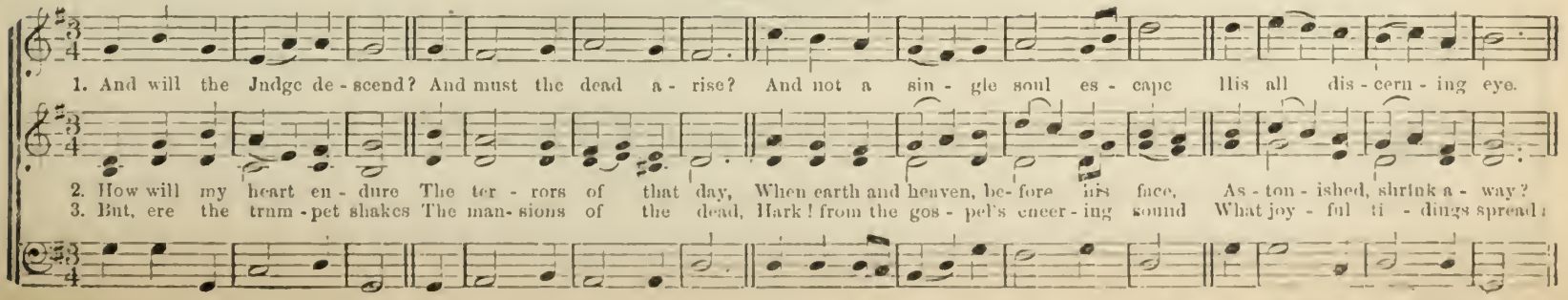
QUINTER. S. M.

J. B. SMITH.



LOOMIS. S. M.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



LINCOLN. S. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. How per - fect is thy word, Thy judgments all are just; And ev' - er in thy promise, Lord, May man se - cure' - ly trust.
2. I hear thy word in love;— In faith thy word o - bey; O send thy Spir - it from a - bove, To teach me, Lord, thy way.
3. Thy counsels all are plain, Thy precepts all are pure; And long as heaven and earth re - main, Thy truth shall still en - dure.

FREMONT. S. M.

Ancient melody.

1. Pros - trate at Je - sus' feet, A guilt - y reb - el lies; And up - ward to the mer - cy - seat, Presumes to lift his eyes.
2. Will jus - tice frown me hence? Stay, Lord, the venge - ful storm; For - bid it, that Om - nip - o - tence Should crush a fee - ble worm.
3. If sor - row would suf - fice To pay the debt I owe, Tears should from both my weep - ing eyes, In ceaseless cur - rents flow.

PARMA. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. A - rise and bless the Lord, Ye people of his choice; Arise, and bless the Lord your God, Arise, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul and voice.
2. Tho' high above all praise, A - bove all blessing high, Who would not fear his holy Name, Who would not fear his holy Name, And laud and mag-ni - fy?
3. A - rise, and bless the Lord; The Lord your God adore; A - rise, and bless his glorious Name, Arise, and bless his glorious Name, Henceforth, forever more.

COBURN. S. M.

1. A - rise and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of his choice: A - rise and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul. and voice.

2. God is our strength and song, And his sal - va - tion ours; Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd With all our ransom'd powers.

3. A - rise, and bless the Lord: The Lord your God a - dore; A - rise and bless his glorious Name, Henceforth, for ev - er - more.

METCALF. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, by per.

1. O Lord, our heavenly King, Thy name is all divine, Thy glories round the earth are spread, Thy glories round, &c., And o'er the heav'ns they shine. And o'er the, &c.

2. When to thy works on high I raise my wond'ring eyes, And see the moon complete in light, And see the moon. &c., Adorn the darksome skies, Adorn the darksome, &c.

3. Lord, what is worthless man, That thou shouldst love him so? Next to thine angels is he placed, Next to thine angels, &c., And lord of all below, And lord of all below.

ONSLOW. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Far from my heavenly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Faint - ing I cry, Blest Sav - iour, come, And speed me to my rest.

2. My spir - it home - ward turns, And fain would thith - er flee; My heart, O Zi - on, droops and yearns, When I re - mem-ber thee.

3. God of my life be near; On thee my hopes I cast; Oh, guide me thro' the de - sert here, And bring me home at last.

CHENANGO. S. M.

WM. MASON.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre- cepts are! Come, cast your bur -dens on the Lord, And trust his con -stant care.

2. Be - neath his watch-ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell: The hand that bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil-dren well.

3. His goodness stands ap - proved, Un -changed from day to day; I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

NEW MORN. S. M.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. My Fa - ther's house on high! Home of my soul, how near At time's to faith's foresee- ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!

2. I hear at morn and ev'n, At noon and midnight hour, The chor - al har - mo -nies of heav'n Ser - aph - ic mu - sic pour.

3. O, then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love— The bright in - her - i - tance of saints, My glo - rious home a - bove.

FERNANDINA. S. M.

THOS. J. COOK.

1. How ten - der is thy hand, O thou most gra - cious God! Af - flic - tions came at thy com -mand, And left us at thy word.

2. How gen - tle was the rod That chas - tened us for sin! How soon we found a smil - ing God, Where deep dis - tress had been.

3. A Fa - ther's hand we felt, A Fa - ther's love we knew; Mid tears of pen - i - tence we knelt, And found his prom -ise true.

JENNIE. S. M.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied: Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heaven-ly pas-ture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

HOLUM. S. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline, And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine;—
2. That so thy wond - 'rous way May thro' the world be known, While dis-tant lands their hom-age pay, And thy sal - va - tion own.
3. Let all the na - tions join To cel - e - brate thy fame, And all the world, O Lord, combine To praise thy glo - rious Name.

PIERCY. S. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O Je - sus full of grace, To thee I make my moan: Let me a - gain be - hold thy face— Call home thy ban - ish'd one.
2. A - gain my par - don seal, A - gain my soul re - store, And free - ly my back-slid - ings heal, And bid me sin no more.
3. Wilt thou not bid me rise? Speak, and my soul shall live; For - give,—my gasp - ing spir - it cries,— A - bun - dant - ly for - give

TIFFANY. S. M.

J. ABBOTT.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad cast it o'er the land.
2. And du - ly shall ap - pear, In ver-dure, bean - ty, strength, The ten - der blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.
3. Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist and dry Shall fos - ter and ma - ture the grain For garners in the sky.

STELTON. S. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Be - hold! the loft - y sky De - clares its mak - er, God; And all his star - ry worlds on high, Pro - claim his power a - broad.
2. The dark - ness and the light Still keep their course the same; While night to day, and day to night, Di - vine - ly teach his name.
3. In ev - ery differ-ent land Their gen - eral voice is known; They show the won-ders of his hand And or - ders of his throne.

Parts may alternate in first line, or sing in Unison.

LOMBARDY. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare; Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And makes the pe - o - ple hear.
2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt thy pre - cious name; And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For thee and thine in - flame.
3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, And give re - fresh - ing showers The glo - ry shall be all thine own, The bless-ing, Lord, be ours.

WILMERDING. S. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. My God, my Life, my Love, To thee.... to thee I call; I cannot live if thou remove, For thou art all in all, For thou art all in all.

2. The smilings of thy face, How amiable they are! 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace, And nowhere else but there, And nowhere else but there.

3. To thee, and thee a - lone, The angels owe their bliss; They sit around thy gracious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is, And dwell where Je - sus is.

SUNBURY. S. M.

From a Chant by THOS. MORLEY. 1580.

1. Ah, how shall fall - en man Be just be - fore his God? If he contend in righteous-ness, We sink beneath his rod.

2. If he our way should mark With strict in - quir - ing eyes, Could we for one of thousand faults A just excuse de - vise?

3. Ah, how shall guilt - y man Con - tend with such a God? None—none can meet him, and es - cape, But thro' the Saviour's blood.

LONGFIELD. S. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Lord! I de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend; To thee in ev - ery trou - ble flee, My best, my on - ly Friend.

2. When na-ture's streams are dried, Thy full - ness is the same; With this will I be sa - tis - fied, And glo - ry in thy Name.

3. Who made my heaven se - cure, Will here all good pro - vide: While Christ is rich, can I be poor? What can I want be - side?

ASCENSION. S. M. Double.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Thou art gone up on high To mansions in the skies, And round thy throne un - ceas-ing - ly, The songs of praise a - rise:

2. Thou art gone up on high, But thou didst first come down Through earth's most bit - ter mis - e - ry, To pass un - to thy crown.
3. Thou art gone up on high, But thou shalt come a - gain, With all the bright ones of the sky At - tendant in thy train:

But we are lingering here, With sin and care oppressed; Lord, send thy promised com - fort - er, And lead us to thy rest.

And first with grief and fears, Our on - ward course must be; But on - ly let that path of tears, Lead us at last to thee.
O, by thy sav - ing power, Lord make us live and die; That we may stand in that dread hour, At thy right hand on high.

TOWNSLEY. S. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

m *cres.*

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take, Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - ery string a - wake.

2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home, And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - ery moment come.
3. When we in darkness walk, Nor feel the heavenly flame, Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on his name.

MADISON. S. M.

1. And will the Judge de - scend, And must the dead a - rise, And not a sin - gle soul es - cape His all dis - cern - ing eyes?

2. How will my heart en - dure, The ter - rors of that day, When earth and heav'n be - fore his face, As - ton - ished shrink a - way?

3. Come, sin - ners, seek his grace, Whose wrath ye can - not bear; Fly to the shel - ter of his cross, And find sal - va - tion there.

THAYER. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things thee to see; And what I do in a - nything, To do it as for thee, To do it as..... for thee.

2. All may of thee par - take; Noth-ing so small can be, But draws, when acted for thy sake, Greatness and worth from thee, Greatness and worth from thee.

3. If done beneath thy laws, E'en ser-vile la - bors shine; Hallowed is toil, if this the cause; The meanest work, divine, The meanest work, ... di - vine.

KEYES. S. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Ye wretched, starv-ing poor, Be - hold a roy - al feast! Where mer - cy spreads her bounteous store For ev - ery hum - ble guest.

2. See Christ, with o - pen arms, In - vites, and bids you come, O stay not back, tho' fear a - larms; For yet there still is room.

3. O come, and with us taste The blessings of his love. While hope ex - pects the sweet re - past Of no - ble joys a - bove.

REYNOLDS. S. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw..... thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold - ly ev - - ery day, And help..... di - vine implore.
3. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee at thy part - - ing breath, To his..... di - vine a - bode.

DURAND. S. M.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Come to the land of peace, From shadows come a - way, Where all the sounds of weep-ing cease, And storms no more have sway.
2. Fear hath no dwell-ing here, But pure re - pose and love, Breathe thro' the bright ce - les - tial air, The spir - it of the dove.
3. Come to the bright and blest, Gath-ered from ev - ery land, For there thy soul shall find its rest A - mid the shin - ing band.

WILBUR. S. M.

T. F. SEWARD

Legato.

1. How ten - der is thy hand, O thou be - lov - ed Lord; Af - flic - tions come at thy command, And leave us at thy word.
2. How gen - tle was the rod That chastened us for sin! How soon we found a smil-ing God, Where deep dis - tress had been.
3. A Fa - ther's hand we felt, A Fa - ther's heart we knew; With tears of pen - i - tence we knelt, And found his word was true.

EXPERIENCE. S. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. My Ma - ker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sovereign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.
2. The crea - ture of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live; My God, thy be - ne - fits demand More praise than I can give.
3. Lord, what can I im - part, When all is thine be - fore? Thy love demands a thankful heart, The gift, alas! how poor.

YOKUL. S. M.

T. F. SEWARD

1. How sweet the melt-ing lay Which breaks up - on the ear, When at the hour of ris - ing day Christians u - nite in prayer.
2. The bree - zes waft their cries Up to.... Je - ho - vah's throne, He lis - tens to their hum - ble sighs And sends his bless-ings down.
3. So Je - - sus rose to pray Be - fore the morning light, Once on the chilling mount did stay And wres - tle all the night.

BRECK. S. M.

Old German. 1720.

1. Thou re - fuge of my soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise, On thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint-ing hope re - lies
2. To thee I tell my grief. For thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - ery pain I feel.
3. But, O, when doubts pre - vail, I fear to call thee mine; The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.

FELIX. S. M. Double.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN
by THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. My God, my Life, my Love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if thou re-move, For thou art all in all.

2. Nor earth, nor all the sky Can one de-light af - ford; No, not a drop of re - al joy With - out thy pres - ence, Lord.

To thee, and thee a - lone The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a - round thy gracious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.

Thou art the sea of love Where all my plea - sures roll, The cir - cle where my pass-ions move, And cen - tre of my soul.

DOVE CREEK. S. M.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Come at the morn-ing hour, Come, let us kneel and pray; Pray'r is.... the chris - tian pil - grim's staff To walk with God all day.

2. At noon, be - neath the Rock Of A - ges, rest and pray; Sweet is.... that shel - ter from the sun In wea - ry heat of day.

3. At eve - ning, in thy home, A - round its al - tar, pray; And find - ing there the house of God, With heav'n then close the day.

CASTILLA. S. M.

J. M. PELTON.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to anxious fear, My wants are all supplied, My wants are all supplied.

2. To ev - er fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand in-dulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose, And guards my sweet repose.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet re - store; To thy fair pastures guide my way, And let me rove no more, And let me rove no more.

PRESTON. S. M.

O. R BARROWS.

1. Can sin's de - ceit - ful way Con - duct to Zi - on's hill; Or those ex - pect with God to reign, Who dis - re - gard his will?

2. Shall they ho - san - nas sing, With an un - hal - lowed tongue; Shall palms a - dorn the guil - ty hand, Which does its neigh-bor wrong?

3. Thy grace, O God, a - lone, Good hope can e'er af - ford; The pardoned and the pure shall see The glo - ry of the Lord.

ASCRIPTION. S. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro - claim; And all that is with - in me, join To bless his ho - ly name.

2. The Lord for - gives thy sins,—Pro - longs thy fee - ble breath; He heal - eth thy in - firm - i - ties, And ran - soms thee from death.

3. Then bless his ho - ly name Whose grace hath made thee whole; Whose lov - ing kindness crowns thy days: O bless the Lord, my soul.

TENDERNESS. S. M.

EDWARD HAMILTON,
by per from "Voice of Praise."

Slowly, gently

1. If on a qui - et sea Toward heaven we calm -ly sail, With grate - ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fa - voring gale.
2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield at thy cou - trol; Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid-night of the soul.

LOWELTON. S. M.

THOS. J. COOK.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of kin -dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one.— Our com-forts and our cares.
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym -pa - thiz - ing tear.

HAWKINS. S. M.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

Smoothly.

1. How fleet - ing are the hours; How soon our time is gone! We pass a - way like sum-mer show'rs, And like the dews of morn.
2. Oft to the grave we bear The young be - fore their noon; We oft - en shed the bit - ter tear Up - on the ear - ly tomb.
3. Death has a ruth -less hand, He culls from ev - ery bower; And oft - en from a youth - ful band, He takes the fair - est flower.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN. 1844.

How sweet the melting lay, Which breaks upon the ear, When, at the hour of ris-ing day, Christians unite in prayer.

DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. from NAGELI.

While thro' the world we roam, From in - fan - cy to age,

SANDUSKY. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.

Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home, His rest at ev - ery stage.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy, A nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WM. TAUSUR. 1768.

My soul, repeat his praise. Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So read-y to a - bate.

LUTHER. S. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1835.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes are nigh; The hosts of

dim:

hell are pressing hard To draw thee from the sky, To draw thee from the sky.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.

Oh, cease, my wandering soul, On restless wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

LISBON. S. M.

DANL. READ, 1785.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH. 1770.

Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Je-ho-vah is the sov'reign God,

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL. 1732

The u - ni - ver - sal King.

The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well sup - plied, Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?

WATCHMAN. S. M.

JAMES LEACH. 1789.

My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - hate.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

Lord MORNINGTON.

The law by Moses came, But peace, and truth, and love,

Were brought by Christ, a nobler name, Descend - ing from a - bove.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

JAMES GREEN. 1724.

And can I yet de - lay, My lit- tle all to give? [My little all to give?] To tear my soul from earth away,

✱ The measure in small notes is the manner in which the second line was originally sung.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

DR. SAM'L. STANLEY. 1800.

For Je - sus to re - ceive?

How per - fect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! For ev - er sure thy prom - ise, Lord, And we se - cure - ly trust.

ST. BRIDE'S. S. M.

DR. HOWARD. 1762.

And must this bod - y die, This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay?

DOVER. S. M.

English.

Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great;

FARLAND. S. M.

E. HAMILTON by per.

He makes the churches his abode, His most delight - ful seat.

Behold, what wondrous grace The Father has be - stowed On sinners of a mortal race, To call them sons of God

TIOGA. S. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1846.

O where shall rest be found. Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

THOS. CLARK.

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo nious to the ear, Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound.

Heaven with the ech - o shall re -

Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth forever stands.

GERAR. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de-

signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged by DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string a - wake.

BADEA. S. M.

German.

Once more, before we part, We bend the suppliant knee. And lift our souls in prayer and praise, E - ternal God, to thee.

FRANKLIN SQUARE. S. M.

S. B. POND.

Give to the wind thy fears, Hope, and be un - dismayed;

God hears thy sighs, and sees thy tears. God will lift up thy head.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS' COLL. 1760.

To God in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; O let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - joice.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flow'r! When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

OZREM. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY. by per.

Our Fathers! where are they, With all they called their own?

Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares, Their wealth and honor gone!

WESTMINSTER. S. M.

DR. BOYCE.

And will the judge descend? And must the dead a-rise? And not a sin - gle soul es - cape His all-dis - cern - ing eyes?

SEIR. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side.

ST. PHILIP. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

In every time and place, Who serve the Lord most high,

Are call'd his sov'reign will t'embrace, And still their own deny.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX. 1849.

Behold, the day is come, The righteous Judge is near; And sinners, trembling at their doom, Shall soon their sentence hear.

LABAN. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

CLARK. S. M.

(s) 1856.

O come, and dwell with me, Spir - it of power with - in; And bring the glo - rious lib - er - ty From sor - row, fear, and sin!

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness ; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name :

2. When darkness seems to veil his face. I rest on his unchang - ing grace ; In ev - ery high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil :

3. His oath, his co - ve - nant and blood, Support me in the whelming flood : When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay :

(1st P. M.) PERFECT TRUST. L. M. 6 lines. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand ; All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand ; All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand ; All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

1. Thou hidden source of calm re - pose, Thou all-suf - ficient Love di - vine,

2. Thy mighty name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my happy soul a - bove ;

3. Je - sus, my all in all thou art ; My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;

My help and refuge from my foes, Secure I am while thou art mine : And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in thy name.

Comfort it brings, and power, and peace, And joy, and ev - erlast-ing love : To me, with thy great name, are given Pardon, and ho - li - ness, and heaven.

The med'cine of my bro - ken heart ; In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ; My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ; In shame, my glo - ry and my crown.

(1st P. M.)

LEAMING. L. M. 6 lines.

Italian Melody.

Not too slow.

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care ; His presence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye ;

2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads My weary, wandering steps he leads,

My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid-night hours defend.

Where peaceful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow.

(1st P. M.)

SUPPLICATION. L. M. 6 lines.

J. M. PELTON.

1. Fa- ther of mercies, God of love ! Oh, hear an humble suppliant's cry!

2. I urge no mer-its of my own, No worth to claim thy gracious smile :
3. Fa- ther of mercies, God of love ! Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;

Bend from thy lofty seat a - bove, Thy throne of glorious maj - es - ty ; Oh, deign to hear my mournful voice, And bid my drooping heart re - joice !

No : when I bow be - fore thy throne, Dare to converse with God a - while, Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea—Dearest and sweetest name to me !
Bend from thy lofty seat a - bove, Thy throne of glorious maj - es - ty : One pard'ning word can make me whole, And soothe the anguish of my soul.

(1st P. M.)

LOVE DIVINE. L. M. 6 lines.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. O love di - vine, what hast thou done! Th'in - car - nate God has died for me! The Fa - ther's co - e - ter - nal Son
2. Then let us sit be - neath his cross, And glad - ly catch the heal - ing stream; All things for him ac - count but loss,

Bore all my sins up - on the tree! The Son of God for me hath died, My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.
And give up all our hearts to him: Of noth - ing think or speak be - side,— My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.

(1st P. M.)

LYTE. L M. 6 lines.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1 { Forth from the dark and storm-y sky, Lord, to thine al - tar's shade we fly; }
{ Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Fa-ther, we seek thy shel - ter here. } Wear-y and weak, thy grace we pray, Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way.

2 { Long have we roam'd in want and pain, Long have we sought thy rest in vain; }
{ Wand'ring in doubt, in darkness lost, Long have our souls been tempest toss'd. } Low at thy feet our sins we lay, Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way.

(2d P. M.)

NOYES. L. P. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the choicest psalm of praise; To sing and praise Je - ho - vah's name: His glo - ry let the heathen know,

2. He framed the globe, he built the sky. He made the shining worlds on high. And reigns complete in glo - ry there: His beams are majes - ty and light;

3. Come the great day, the glorious hour. When earth shall feel his saving power; To sing and praise Je - ho - vah's name: Then shall the race of man con - fess

His wonders to the nations show: And all his saving works proclaim.

His beauties, how divinely bright! His temple, how di - vine-ly fair!
The beauty of his ho - li-ness, And in his courts his grace proclaim.

(2d P. M.)

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

HUGH BOND. 1790.

Moderato.

1. I'll praise my Mak-er with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death,

2. How blest the man whose hopes re - ly On Is-rael's God; he made the sky

3. I'll praise him while he lends me breath; And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought, and be-ing last, Or im-mor - tal - i - ty en-dures.

And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.
Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought, and be-ing last, Or im-mor - tal - i - ty en-dures.

(2d P. M.)

BROOME STREET. L. P. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the choicest psalm of praise, To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name: His glo - ry let the heathen know,

2. He formed the globe; he built the sky; He made the shining worlds on high, And reigns complete in glo - ry there: His beams are ma-jes - ty and light;

3. Come the great day, the glorious hour, When earth shall feel his saving power, And barb'rous nations fear his name! Then shall the race of man con - fess

His wonders to the na - tions show, And all his sav-ing works pro - claim.

His beauties, how di - vine-ly bright! His temple, how di - vine-ly fair!
The beauties of his ho - li - ness, And in his courts his grace proclaim.

(2d P. M.)

GRATEFUL HEART. L. P. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues, To God we raise united songs;

2. Long as the moon her course shall run, Or men behold the circling sun,

His power and mer-cy we pro-claim: Thro' ev - ery age, Oh! may we own, Je - ho - vah here has fixed his throne,—And triumph in his mighty name.

Lord! in our land, sup- port thy reign; Crown her just counsels with success, With truth and peace her borders bless, And all thy sacred rights main-tain.

(3d P. M.)

JUBILEE. H. M.

R. LOWRY.

With spirit.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-motest bound, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come;

2. Ex-alt the Lamb of God, The sin-a-ton-ing Lamb; Re-demption by his blood, Thro' ev-ery land pro-claim: The year of Ju-bi-lee is come;

(3d P. M.)

BROWN. H. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Return

Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners home.

Return,

Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners home.

Return,

1. Let ev-ery creature join To bless Je-ho-vah's name,

2. But oh, from human tongues Should nobler praises flow,

3. As-sist me, gracious God; My heart, my voice, inspire;

And ev-ery pow'r u-nite To swell th'exalted theme; Let na-ture raise from ev-ery tongue, A gen-eral song of grate-ful praise.

And ev-ery thank-ful heart With warm de-vo-tion glow; Your voi-ces raise ye high-ly blest; A-bove the rest de-clare his praise.

Then shall I hum-bly join The un-i-ver-sal choir; Thy grace can raise my heart and tongue, And tune my song to live-ly praise.

(3d P. M.)

EXALTATION. H. M.

1 Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love, Thine earth-ly tem - ples are; To thine a - bode my heart as-pires, With warm de - sires to see my God.

2 O hap - py souls that pray Where God appoints to hear!
O hap - py men that pay Their constant ser - vice there! They praise thee still; and hap - py they That love the way to Zi - on's hill.

(3d P. M.)

HOLDEN. H. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

1 O thou that hearest pray'r, Attend our humble cry, And let thy servants share Thy blessings from on high: We plead the promise of thy word; Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2. If earthly parents hear Their children when they cry; If they, with love sincere, Their varied wants supply,—Much more wilt thou thy love display, And answer when thy children pray.

(3d P. M.)

VAN DEUSEN. H. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Small notes for 2d time.

1 To God I lift mine eyes; From him is all my aid,—
The God who built the skies, And earth and nature made: God is the tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In ev - ery hour.

2 My feet shall nev-er slide, And fall in fa - tal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide, De - fends me from my fears. Those wakeful eyes Which nev - er sleep, Shall Is - rael keep When dangers rise.

(3d P. M.)

CHESTER. H. M.

THEO. F SEWARD.

1. A - wake, ye saints, awake! And hail this sacred day; In loftiest songs of praise Your joyful hom - age pay: Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
2. On this auspicious morn The Lord of life a - rose; He burst the bars of death, And vanquished all our foes; And now he pleads our cause a - bove,
3. All hail, triumphant Lord! Heaven with hosannas rings, And earth in humbler strains, Thy praise responsive sings: Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,

(3d P. M.)

PEABODY. H. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.
And reaps the fruit of all his love.
Thro' end - less years to live and reign!

1. Let all the peo - ple join, To swell the sol - emn chord, Your grateful notes com - bine
2. His plen - ty fills the land, His mercies nev - er cease, The husband - man doth smile,
3. The pre - cious fruit he gives, Oh, may we ne'er a - buse, But thro' our fu - ture lives

To mag - ni - fy the Lord; In loft - y songs your voi - - ces raise, The God of har - vest claims your praise.
To see the large in - crease; In loft - y songs your voi - - ces raise, The God of har - vest claims your praise.
To his own glo - ry use; Then rise to heaven, and sing his praise In sweet - er songs and no - bler lays.

1. Hark! hark!—the notes of joy Roll o'er the heavenly plains, And ser - aphs find em - ploy For their sub - lim - est strains; Some new de-light in
2. Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh. The joy - ful hosts de - scend, Je - sus for-sakes the sky, To earth his foot-steps bend. He comes to bless our
3. Strike, strike the harps a - gain, To great Im - man-uel's name; A - rise, ye sons of men! And all his grace pro-claim; Au-gels and men! wake

(3rd P. M.) CLAREMONT. H. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, by per.

Not too fast.

heav'n is known, Loud sound the harps around the throne.
fall - en race; He comes with mes - sa - ges of grace.
ev - ery string, 'Tis God the Sav - iour's praise we sing.

1. Let ev - ery creature join To bless Je - hovah's name, And ev - ery pow'r u -
2 But oh! from human tongues Should nobler praises flow, And ev - ery thankful
3. As - sist me, gracious God; My heart, my voice in - spire; Then shall I humbly

- nite To swell th'exalt - ed theme: Let na-ture raise, From every tongue, A general song Of grateful praise.
heart With warm de-vo - tion glow; Your voices raise, ... Ye high-ly blest, ... A-bove the rest ..... De-clare his praise
join The u - ni - ver-sal choir: Thy grace can raise ..... My heart and tongue ..... And tune my song ..... To live - ly praise

(3d P. M.)

GLENBURGH. H. M.

HIRAM St. JOHN.

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor-tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more; Lift up your hearts, lift
2. Je - sus, the Sav-iour, reigns, The God of truth and love; When he had purged our stains, He took his seat a - bove; Lift up your hearts, lift
3. Re - joice, in glorious hope; Je - sus the Judge shall come, And take his ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home; We soon shall hear th'arch-

up your voice; Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
up your voice; Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
an - gel's voice; The trump of God shall sound—Rejoice;

(4th P. M.)

86th STREET. C. P. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN

1. O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart All
2. O that I could for - ev - er sit In transport at my Sav - iour's feet! Be

tak - en up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of re-deem-ing love,—The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.

this my hap- py choice; My on - ly care, de -light, and bliss, My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this, To hear my Saviour's voice, To hear my Saviour's voice.

(4th P. M.)

STERLING. C. P. M.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glor-ies forth Which in my Sav - iour shine! I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings.
2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine: I'd sing his glorious righteous-ness,
3. I'd sing the charac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne: In lof-tiest songs of sweetest praise,

(4th P. M.)

CROMWELL. C. P. M.

T. F. SEWARD.

And vie with Gabriel, while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine.

In which all per-fect, heavenly dress My soul shall ev - er shine.
I would to ev - er-last-ing days Make all his glo - ries known.

1. O thou, who hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
2. Slain in thy guilt-y sinner's stead, His spotless righteous-ness I speak.
3. Then save me from e - ter - nal death, The Spir-it of a - doption breathe,

That casts it - self on thee? I have no re - fuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hast done, And suf - fered once for me.

And his a - vail - ing blood; Thy mer - it, Lord, my robe shall be; Thy mer - it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God
His con - so - la - tion send; By him some word of life im - part, And sweet-ly whis - per to my heart, Thy Mak - er is thy Friend.

(4th P. M.)

HOLY JOY. C. P. M.

THEO. F. SEWA[illegible]

1. With ho - ly joy I hail the day That calls my thirsting soul a - way, To dwell a - mong the blest; For lo! my great Redeemer's pow'r Unfolds the

2. Hith - er, from earth's remotest end, Lo! the redeemed of God as - cend, Their tribute hith - er bring; Here crown'd with ev-er-last-ing joy, In hymns of

(4th P. M.)

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON. 1836.

mp. Rather slow, in exact time. *cres.*

ev - er - last-ing door, And leads me to his rest.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth

praise their tongues employ, And hail th'immor - tal King.

2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread-ful guilt
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears.

f

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di - vine.

Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing his glorious righteousness. In which all-per-fect heavenly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
Ex - alt - ed on his throne: In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would, to ev - er-last-ing days, Make all his glories known. Make all his glories known.

(3d P. M.)

SUTHERLAND. H. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni-ver-sal Lord ; The sov'reign King of kings, And be his name adored. Thy mer - cy, Lord, Shall still en - dure, And ev - er sure A - bides thy word.

(4th P. M.)

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1839.

When thou my righteous Judge shalt come To take thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand ? Shall such a worthless worm as I Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand ?

(4th P. M.)

BREMEN. C. P. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1836.

O love divine, how sweet thou art ! When shall I find my willing heart All taken up by thee ? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me.

(4th P. M.)

PIETY. C. P.M.

THOS. CLARK.

O could I speak the matchless worth ; O, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine ! I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes almost divine.

(6th P. M.)

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1830.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me ! Let me hide my - self in thee ; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed, Be of sin the perfect cure ; Save me, Lord ! and make me pure

(8th P. M.)

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1830

(Great Je - ho - vah, we a - dore thee, - God the Father, God the Son, God the Spir - it, join'd in glo - ry, On the same e - ter - nal throne.) Endless prais - es To Je - ho - vah, Three In One. Endless prais - es To Je - ho - vah, Three In One.

(5th P. M.)

HUNTER. 7s.

A. K. VIRGIL

1. Soft and ho - ly is the place, Where the light that beams from heav'n, Shows the Saviour's smil-ing face, With the joy of sins for - given.

SOLO. SOLO.

2. Here with one ac - cord we meet, All the words of life to hear, Bend - ing low at Je - sus' feet, Wor-ship - ing with god - ly fear.

3. Let the world and all its cares, Now re - tire from ev - ery breast, Let the tempter and his snares, Cease to hin-der or mo - lest.

INST. INST.

(5th P. M.)

FLEMING. 7s.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. Praise the Lord, his glo - ries show, Saints with-in his courts be - low; An - gels round his throne a - bove, All that see and hear his love.

2. Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell his won-ders, sing his worth; Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise him, praise him, ev - er - more.

3. Strings and voices, hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts; All that breathe, your Lord a - dore; Praise him, praise him ev - er - more.

(5th P. M.)

SHERWIN. 7s.

T. J. COOK, by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray, Of the ho - ly Sabbath day: Gent - ly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christ-ian's race is run.

2. Peace is on the world a-broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God; Sym - bol of the peace with-in, When the spir - it rests from sin.

(5th P. M.)

HOLLISTER. 7s.

1. Child - ren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney let us sing; Sing our Sav -iour's wor-thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
2. We are trav -'ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod; They are hap - py now, and we Soon their happi - ness shall see.
3. Fear not, brethren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of our land; Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dis-may'd go on.

(5th P. M.)

MYSTIC. 7s.

T. CLARK.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heav'n with halle-lu-jahs rang, When Je-ho-vah's work begun, When he spake and it was done, When he spake and it was done.
2. Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose, when he Cap-tive led cap-ti - vi - ty, Cap - tive led cap - ti - vi - ty.
3. Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re-joice: Learning here by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above, Songs of praise to sing above.

(5th P. M.)

WAIT. 7s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord, To his gracious promise flee, Lay - ing hold up - on his word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
2. If the sor-rows of thy case Seem pe - cu - liar still to thee, God has promised need-ful grace, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
3. Days of tri - al, days of grief, In suc - ces - sion thou mayst see; This is still thy sweet re - lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

(5th P. M.)

ENTREATY. 7s.

T. F. SEWARD

1. When our heads are bow'd with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow ; When we mourn the lost, the dear, Gracious Saviour hear, O hear.

2. When the heart is sad with - in, With the thought of all its sin ; When the spir - it shrinks with fear, Gracious Saviour hear, O hear.

3. When our eyes grow dim in death, When we draw the parting breath ; When our solemn doom is near, Gracious Saviour hear, O hear.

(5th P. M.)

IDAHO. 7s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. God with us ! oh, glorious name ! Let it shine in end-less fame ; God and man in Christ u - nite,— Oh, mys - te-rious depth and height !

2. God with us ! a - maz-ing love Brought him from his courts a - bove ; Now, ye saints, his grace ad - mire, Swell the song with ho - ly fire.

3. God with us ! oh, wond'rous grace ! Let us see him face to face ; That we may Im-man - uel sing, As we ought, our God and King.

(5th P. M.)

ASHBURN. 7s.

JAMES LEACH.

1. Firm - ly trust - ing in thy blood, Noth-ing shall my heart con - found; Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safe - ly reach Immanuel's ground.

2. When I touch the bles-sed shore, Back the clos - ing waves shall roll ; Death's dark stream shall nev-er more Part from thee my ravished soul.

3. Thus,—Oh ! thus, an entrance give To the land of cloudless sky ; Hav - ing known it, "Christ to live," Let me know it, "gain to die."

(5th P. M.)

MELLUS. 7s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Gracious Spir-it—Love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine; All my guil - ty fears re - move; Fill me with thy heavenly love.
2. Speak thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the burden'd sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his precious blood.
3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart; Breathe thyself in - to my breast,—Earnest of im - mor - tal rest.

(5th P. M.)

VAIL. 7s.

Rev. C. W. WOOD.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to ans-wer.... prayer; He him - self in - vites thee near.—Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos-ses - sion of my.... breast; There, thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a riv - al reign.
3. While I am a pil - grim here, Let thy love my spir - it.... cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my journey's end.

(5th P. M.)

NEBRASKA. 7s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Je - sus comes with all his grace, Comes to save a fall - en race; Ob - ject of our glorious hope, Je - sus comes to lift us up.
2. Let the liv - ing stones cry out; Let the sons of A - bra'm shout: Praise we all our low - ly King; Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.
3. We are now his law - ful right; Walk as chil - dren of the light; We shall soon ob - tain the grace, Pure in heart, to see his face.

(5th P. M.)

VIRGINIA. 7s. Single.

SIMEON B. MARSH

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say; Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply.
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er, Lo! he sets in blood no more.
3. Lives a - gain our glorious King, Where, O death, is now thy sting? Once he died our souls to save, Where's thy vict' -ry, boast-ing grave?

(5th P. M.)

BLACK WALNUT. 7s. Single.

JOS. B. STURDEVANT.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
2. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

(5th P. M.)

MOZART. 7s. Single.

MOZART.

1. Let us, with a cheer - ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind; For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
2. He, with all - command - ing might, Filled the new-made world with light; For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
3. All things liv - ing he doth feed, His full hand sup - plies their need; For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

(5th P. M.)

INNOCENCE. 7s.

CHESTER G ALLEN

1. Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a lit - tle child, Thou hast sent the glorious light, Chas-ing far the si - lent night.

2. Thou hast sent the sun to shine, O'er this glorious world of thine, Warmth to give, and pleasant glow, On each ten - der flow'r be - low.

3. Make me, Lord, o - be - dient, mild, As be-comes a lit - tle child, All day long, in ev - ery way, Teach me what to do and say.

(5th P. M.)

MARATHON. 7s.

O. R. BARROWS.

1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me the chief of sin - ners spare?

2. I have long with-stood his grace, Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls, Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

3. Now in - cline me to re - pent, Let me now my sins la - ment; Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

(5th P. M.)

RAPTURE. 7s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Hark! the shout of rapturous joy, Bursting forth from yon-der cloud! Je - sus comes, and thro' the sky An - gels tell their joy a - loud!

2. Hark! the trumpet's aw - ful voice Sounds a-broad thro' sea and land; Let his peo - ple now re - joice! Their re - demp - tion is at hand

3. See! the Lord ap - pears in view; Heav'n and earth be - fore him fly! Rise, ye saints, he comes for you— Rise to meet him in the sky.

(5th P. M.) **VON WEBER.** 7s. Single. VON WEBER. 1825

Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He him - self in - vites thee near; Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

(5th P. M.) **HENDON.** 7s. Single. From Rev. Dr. MALAN 1830.

To thy pastures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare, Midst the springing grass prepare.

(5th P. M.) **HOLLEY.** 7s. Single. GEORGE HEWS. 1835.

Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

(5th P. M.) **PRAYER.** 7s. Single. ASAHEL ABBOT.

Glo- ry be to God on high, God, whose glory fills the sky; Peace on earth and man forgiven, Man, the well beloved of heaven.

(5th P. M.) **PLEYEL'S HYMN.** 7s. Single. I. PLEYEL.

Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me?

(7th or 6th P. M.) **AMERMAN.** 7s. Double, or 6 lines. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Fine. *D. C.*

Blessed Saviour, thee I love All my other joys a - bove; All my hopes in thee abide, Thou my hope, and naught beside:

Ev- er let my glo- ry be On- ly, on - ly, on - ly thee.

(9th P. M.) **RATHBUN.** 8s & 7s. ITHAMAR CONKEY. 1851.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and thy dear self re - vealing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath.

(6th P. M.)

CORNELE. 7s. 6 lines.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Sav - iour, hap-py should I be, Could I al - ways trust in thee; Trust thy wis - dom me to guide; Trust thy goodness to pro-vide:

2. Trust thee as the on - ly light In the dark - est hour of night; Trust in sickness, trust in health; Trust in pov - er - ty and wealth;

3. Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul; Trust thy grace to make me whole; Trust thee liv - ing, dy - ing too; Trust thee all my journey through;

(6th P. M.)

DAYSPRING. 7s. 6 lines.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Trust thy sav - ing love and power, Trust thee ev - ery day and hour.

Trust in joy, and trust in grief; Trust thy promise for re - lief.

Trust thee till my feet shall be Plant-ed on the crys tal sea.

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,

2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn, If thy light is hid from me;

3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

Sun of right-eous - ness a - rise, Triumph o'er the shades of night: Day-spring from on high be near; Day - star in my heart ap - pear.

Joy - less is the day's re - turn, Till thy mer - cy's beams I see,— Till they in - ward light im - part, Warmth and gladness to my heart.

Fill me, ra - diant Sun di - vine; Scat - ter all my un - be - lief; More and more thy - self dis - play, Shin - ing to the per - fect day.

(6th P. M.)

GREATOREX. 7s. 6 lines.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. From "Victory."

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal - ing flood,
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no languor know, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone;
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne,—

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Simp-ly to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!

(6th P. M.)

FRIEND. 7s. 6 lines.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Pit - y, Lord! the child of clay, Who can on - ly weep and pray—
2. From thy flock, a straying lamb, Tender Shepherd, though I am;
3. Oh, where stillest streams are poured, In green pastures lead me, Lord!

On - ly on thy love de - pend. Thou who art the sinner's Friend—Thou, the sin - ner's on - ly plea— Je - sus, Saviour, pit - y me!
Now, up - on the mountains cold, Lost, I long to gain thy fold. And with - in thine arms to be: Je - sus, Saviour, pit - y me!
Bring me back, where an - gels sound Joy to the poor wanderer found; Ev - er - more my Shepherd be: Je - sus, Saviour, pit - y me!

(7th P. M.)

HARVEST HOME. 7s. Double.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Come, ye thankful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home, All is safe - ly gathered in Ere the win - ter storms be- gin.
2. We our - selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to his praise to yield; Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown.
3. Then the church tri - umphant come, Raise the song of Harvest Home, All are safe - ly gathered in, Free from sor - row, free from sin.

God our ma - ker doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied, Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest Home.

First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear; Grant a Har - vest, Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
There, for - ev - er pur - i - fied, In God's gar - ner to a - bide; Come, ten thousand an - gels come, Raise the glorious Har - vest Home.

(5th P. M.)

FLORENCE. 7s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,—Glo - ry to the new- born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con - ciled
2. Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise,—Join the triumphs of the skies; With an - gel - ic hosts proclaim,—Christ is born in Beth - le - hem
3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of right - eousness! Light and life to all he brings,—Risen with heal-ing in his wings.

(7th P. M.)

JOYFUL MIND. 7s. Double.

A. F. SEWARD.

1. Let us with a joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind; For his mer-cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

3. All his crea - tures God doth feed, His full hand sup - plies their need. Let us therefore war - ble forth His high ma - jes - ty and worth.

Let us sound his name a - broad, For of gods he is the God, Who by wis - dom did cre - ate Heav'n's expanse and all its state.

He his man - sion hath on high, 'Bove the reach of mor - tal eye, And his mer - cies shall en - dure Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

(7th P. M.)

SOMERVILLE. 7s. Double.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

FINE. D. C.

1 { High in yon - der realms of light Dwell the raptured saints a - bove; }
{ Far be-yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man - uel's love. } Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low,

Gloom-y doubts, dis - tress-ing fears, Torturing pain and hea - vy woe.

(7th P. M.)

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. Double.

1. Pil - grim, bur - den'd with thy sin, Come a - way to Zi - on's gate; There, till mer - cy speaks with - in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:

2. Hark, it is the Saviour's voice! "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!" Now with - in the gate, re - joice, Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:

3. Ho - ly pil - grim, what for thee In a world like this re - mains? From thy guarded breast shall flee Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:

Knock—he knows the sinner's cry; Weep—he loves the mourner's tears; Watch, for sav- ing grace is nigh; Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

Safe, from all the lures of vice; Owned, by joys the con - trite know; Bought, by love, and life the price; Blest, the might-y debt to owe.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly, Shame, from glo - ry s view re - tire; Doubt, in full be - lief shall die, Pain, in end - less bliss ex - pire.

(5th P. M.)

COLEMAN. 7s. Single.

J. A. SIMPSON.

1. Haste, O sin - ner! now be wise; Stay not for the mor - row's sun: Wis - dom if you still des-pise, Hard - er is it to be won.

2. Haste, and mer - cy now im - plore; Stay not for the mor - row's sun, Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere the mor - row is be - gun.

3. Haste, O sin - ner! now re - turn; Stay not for the mor - row s sun, Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere sal - va - tion's work is done

(7th P. M.)

NORWOOD. 7s. Double.

T. J. COOK, by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

1. Safe - ly thro' a - noth - er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to - day:
2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem - er's name, Show thy re - con - cil - ing face— Take a - way our sin and shame;
3. Here we come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy pres - ence near; May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear:

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee, From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

(5th P. M.)

KINGDOM. 7s. Single.

WM. MASON.

1. With my substance I will hon - or My Re - deem - er and my Lord; Were ten thousand worlds my man - or, All were noth-ing to his word.
2. While the her - alds of sal - va - tion His a - bound-ing grace pro - claim, Let his friends of ev - ery sta - tion, Glad-ly join to spread his fame.
3. Be his kingdom now pro - mot - ed, Let the earth her mon-arch know; Be my all to him de - vot - ed; To my Lord my all I owe.

(7th P. M.)

HEART'S DESIRE. 7s. Double.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Light of life,—ser - aph - ic fire,— Love di- vine,—thy - self im - part; Ev - ery faint - ing soul inspire, Shine in ev - ery drooping heart:

2. Come in this ac - cept - ed hour; Bring thy heavenly king - dom in; Fill us with thy glo - rious power, Set us free from all our sin:

rit.

Ev - ery mournful sin - ner cheer, Scat - ter all our guilt - y gloom; Son of God, ap - pear! ap - pear!— To thy hu - man temples come.

Noth - ing more can we re - quire,— We will co - vet noth - ing less; Be thou all our hearts' de - sire,— All our joy, and all our peace,

(5th P. M.)

HUNT. 7s. Single.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thou, from whom we nev - er part, Thou, whose love is ev - ery-where, Thou, who se - est ev - ery heart, List - en to our evening prayer.

2. Fa - ther, fill our hearts with love, Love un - fail - ing, full and free; Love that no a - larm can move, Love that ev - er rests on thee.

3. Heavenly Fa - ther! thro' the night Keep us safe from ev - ery ill; Cheer-ful as the morning light, May we wake to do thy will.

(7th P. M.)

GREENWOOD. 7s. Double.

Arranged by E. IVES, JR. 1846.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap - py throng, Round the al - tar night and day, Hymn - ing one tri - umph - ant song?
2. These through fi - ery tri - als trod: These from great af - flic - tions came; Now, be - fore the throne of God, Sealed with his al - might - y name:

f "Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power, Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain. New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."
Clad in rai - ment pure and white, Vic - tor - palms in ev - ery hand: Thro' their great Re - deem - er's might, More than con - quer - ors they stand.

p

(7th P. M.)

NASSAU. 7s. Double.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1835.

(Light of life, se - raphic fire, – Love divine, – thy-self impart:
Ev - ery faint-ing soul inspire: Shine in ev-ery drooping heart.) Every mournful sinner cheer; Scatter all our guilt-y gloom: Son of God appear! appear!—To thy hu- man temples come.

(7th P. M.)

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

SIMEON B. MARSH. 1834.

(Je - sus lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly.
While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is nigh;) Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

(7th P. M.)

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

SAMUEL WEBBE. 1770

S. *Fine.* *D. S.*

While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast-ed thro' the for- mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here; Fixed in an e - ternal state, They have done with all below;

We a lit - tle lon- ger wait But how lit - tle none can know.

(8th P. M.)

PORTER. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 { Songs a - new of hon - or fram-ing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone; }
{ All his wond'rous works proclaiming,— Je-sus wond'rous works hast done. } Glorious vic - to - ry, glorious vic-to - ry, His right hand and arm have won.

2 { Shout a-lond, and hail the Sav - iour; Je - sus, Lord of all pro - claim; }
{ As ye tri - umph in his fav - or, All ye lands, de-clare his fame. } Loud re - joic - ing, loud re - joic - ing, Shout the hon-ors of his name.

(8th P. M.)

LETCHER. 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. An-gels! from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye, who sang cre-a-tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Messiah's birth:

2. Shepherds! in the fields a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night; God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yonder shines the heavenly light;

Come and wor-ship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King, Come and worship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Come and wor-ship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King, Come and worship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

(8th P. M.)

St. JOHN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Thou, O Lord, wilt nev - er leave me, Thou wilt nev - er me for - sake; Thou wilt keep, and thou wilt save me, While thy Word my guide I make:
2. When my soul is dark and clouded, Torn with doubt, and worn with care, Thro' the vail by which 'tis shrouded, Light from heav'n will soon ap - pear;
3. When my fee - ble flame is dy - ing, And my soul a - bout to soar To that land where pain and sigh - ing Shall be heard and known no more;

(8th P. M.)

ORCHARD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN

Save from e - vil, save from e - vil, For thy name and mercy's sake.

And thy presence, and thy presence Ban - ish ev - ery doubt and fear
Thou wilt fill me, thou wilt fill me With thy presence ev - er - more.

1. See, from Zi-on's sa - cred mountain, Streams of liv-ing wa - ter flow!
2. Thro' ten thousand channels, flowing, Streams of mer- cy find their way;
3. Trees of life, the banks a - dorn-ing, Yield their fruit to all a - round.

God has opened there a fountain That supplies the plains be - low: They are bles - sed, they are bles - sed, Who its sovereign vir - tues know.

Life, and health, and joy be-stow-ing, Mak - ing all a - round look gay: O ye na - tions! O ye na - tions! Hail the long - ex - pect - ed day.
Those who eat are saved from mourning, Pleasure comes, and hopes abound: Fair their por-tion!—fair their por-tion!—End - less life, with glo - ry crowned.

(8th P. M.)

ADELIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je'-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land: I am weak—but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy power-ful hand:

2. O-pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow; Let the fie-ry, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my jour-ney through,

3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side: Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Bread of hea-ven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.

Strong De-liv-'rer, Strong De-liv-'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to thee.

(8th P. M.)

ABBEVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Lo! he cometh—countless trumpets Wake to life the slumb'ring dead;

2. Full of joy-ful ex-pec-ta-tion, Saints be-hold the Judge appear!

3. Come, ye bles-sed of my Father, En-ter in-to life and joy;

Mid ten thousand saints and an-gels, See their great, ex-alt-ed Head; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Welcome, welcome Son of God!

Truth and jus-tice go be-fore him—Now the joy-ful sen-tence hear: Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Welcome, welcome Judge di-vine!

Ban-ish all your fears and sor-rows; End-less praise be your em-ploy; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Welcome, welcome to the skies!

(8th P. M.)

BENEDICTION. 8s, 7s & 4.

T. J. COOK.
By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

SOLO. CHORUS.

Fill our hearts with joy and peace ; Let us each, thy love pos-sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem - ing grace.

SOLO.

Lord dis-miss us with thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace ; Triumph in re - deem - ing grace.

O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness, O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

(8th P. M.)

HUBERT. 8s, 7s & 4.

Dr. W. J. PALMER.

1st. 2d.

1. { Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
{ Let us each thy love possess-ing, [OMIT.....] Triumph in redeeming grace : Oh, refresh us, Oh, re- fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wilderness !

2. { Thanks we give, and ado - ra - tion, For the Gospel's joyful sound ;
{ May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion, [OMIT.....] In our hearts and lives abound ; May thy presence, May thy presence With us evermore be found.

(9th P. M.)

COMFORT. 8s & 7s.

1. Cease ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain, and death, and night and an - guish En - ter not the world a - bove.

2. While our si-lent steps are straying, Lone-ly thro' night's deep'ning shade, Glory's bright-est beams are play - ing Round th'im-mor-tal spir - it's head.

3. Light and peace at once de - riv-ing, From the hand of God most high; In his glo-rious pres - ence liv - ing, They shall nev - er, nev - er die.

(9th P. M.)

LAMBILLOTTE. 8s & 7s. Single.

From "Lambillotte"
Harmonized by B. C. UNSELD.

1. Zi - on, drea-ry and in anguish, In the des-ert hast thou strayed! Oh, thou weary, cease to languish, Je - sus shall lift up thy head.

2. Still la - menting and be - moaning, 'Mid thy fol - lies and thy woes! Soon re-pent-ing, and re - turn-ing, All thy sol - i - tude shall close.

3. Tho' be - night-ed and for - sak - en, Tho' af - flict - ed and dis - tress'd; His al - might-y arm shall wak-en, Zi - on's King shall give thee rest.

(9th P. M.)

MACON. 8s & 7s Double.

T. J. COOK, by permission
of BIGLOW & MAIN.

Moderato. | 1st *time.* | 2d *time.* FINE. D. C.

1 { Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and fol - low thee; }
{ Naked, poor, despised, for-saken, Thou from hence my ..... } all shalt be. Per - ish ev - ery fond am-bi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;

D. C. Yet, how rich is my con - di - tion; God and heav'n are ..... still my own.

(9th P. M.)

HAPPY SOUL. 8s & 7s. Double.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

FINE. D. C.

1 { Hap - py soul, thy days are end - ing, All thy mourning days be - low; }
{ Go, — the an - gel guard at - tend - ing,—To the sight of Je - sus go. } Wait - ing to re - ceive thy spir - it, Lo! the Saviour stands a - bove;
D. C. Shows the pur - chase of his mer - it, Reach-es out the crown of love.

2 { Strug-gle through thy lat - est pas - sion, To thy great Re - deem-er's breast: }
{ To his ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, To his ev - er - last - ing rest. } For the joy he sets be - fore thee, Bear a mo-men - ta - ry pain;
D. C. Die, to live a life of glo - ry: Suf - fer, with the Lord to reign.

(9th P. M.)

AMPHIA. 8s & 7s. Double.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide; All the heavenly hosts a - dore thee, Seat - ed at thy Fa - ther's side:

2. Worship, honor, power, and blessing, Thou art wor - thy to re - ceive; Loudest praises, with-out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.

There for sinners thou art plead-ing; There thou dost our place pre - pare: Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

Help, ye bright an-gel - ic spir - its; Bring your sweetest, no - blest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's mer - its; Help to chant Im - manuel's praise.

THE PENITENT. 8s & 7s. Double.

:S: FINE.

1. Can my soul find rest from sor-row. Can my sins for-giv-en be, Must I wait un-til to-mor-row, Ere my Saviour speaks to me? Will he
D. S. Will he lift this vale of blindness, And re-move this deadly pain?

2. O the darkness, how it thickens. Like the brooding of des-pair! And my soul with-in me sickens— God, in mer-cy, hear my prayer! Give me
D. S. Help me, save me, or I per-ish, Take a-way this aw-ful night!

3. Now he hears me, he will save me, I be-hold his shining face, Hear him whis-per he will have me— O the mir-a-cle of grace! I will
D. S. Fills my soul, O, glo-ry, glo-ry! With the blessings of his love.

D. S. :S:

speak in words of kindness? Will he wash a-way my sin?

but a hope to cher-ish, Give me just one ray of light—
joy to tell the sto-ry How he com-eth from a-bove—

SUSIE. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Je-sus, I am nev-er wea-ry, When up-on the bed of pain,

2 Dearest Saviour! go not from me; Let thy pres-ence still a-bide;
3. Both mine arms I'll clasp a-round thee, And my head up-on thy breast;

If thy presence on-ly cheer me, All my loss I count but gain, Ev-er near me, ev-er near me, Ev-er near me, Lord, re-main.

Look in tenderest love up-on me— As I'm nest-ling by thy side; Dearest Saviour!—dearest Sav-iour!—Who for suff-ring sin-ners died.
For my wea-ry soul has found thee Such a per-fect, per-fect rest; Dearest Saviour!—dearest Sav-iour!—Now I know that I am blest!

(9th P. M.)

CALNEH. 8s & 7s. Double.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Take my heart, O Father, take it! Make and keep it all thine own; Let thy Spir - it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone.

2. Ev - er let thy grace surround it; Strengthen it with power di-vine, Till thy cords of love have bound it: Make it to be who - ly thine.

Father, make it pure and low - ly, Fond of peace, and far from strife; Turning from the paths un-ho - ly Of this vain and sin - ful life.

May the blood of Je - sus heal it, And its sins be all for - given; Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal it, Guide it in the path to heaven.

(9th P. M.)

TABERNACLE. 8s & 7s. Single.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - vation, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade; In his se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, nor ev - er be dismayed.

2. Since, with pure and firm af - fection, Thou on God hast set thy love, With the wings of his pro - tection He will shield thee from a - bove.

3. Thou shalt call on him in trouble, He will heark-en, he will save; Here, for grief, re-ward thee double, Crown with life be - yond the grave.

(9th P. M.)

FULL SALVATION. 8s & 7s. Double.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin and fear and eare; Joy to find in ev - ery sta - tion. Something still to do or bear:

2. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by prayer: Heaven's eter - nal day's be- fore thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think what Je - sus did to win thee: Child of heaven, canst thou re - pine?

Soon shall close thy earthly mission; Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days; Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

(9th P. M.)

VOICE OF MERCY. 8s & 7s.

WM. F. MEYER.

1. On the brink of fie - ry ru - in, Jus - tice with a flam - ing sword, Was my guilt - y soul pur - su - ing, When I first be - held my Lord.

2. "Sin - ner," he exclaimed, "I love thee With an ev - er - last - ing love; Jus - tice has in me approved thee: Thou shalt dwell with me a-bove."

(9th P. M.)

SWAN. 8s & 7s. Double.

E. MOORE.

1. Crown his head with endless bless-ings Who in God the Fa - ther's name, With com-pas - sion nev-er ceas - ing, Comes sal - va-tion to pro - claim.
2. Lo, Je - ho - vah, we a - dore thee; Thee our Saviour! Thee our God! From his throne his beams of glo - ry, Shine thro' all the world a - broad.
3. Je - sus, thee our Saviour hail - ing, Thee our God in praise we own; Highest hon - ors nev - er fail - ing, Rise e - ter - nal round thy throne.

Hail ye saints, who know his fa - vor, Who with-in his gates are found, Hail ye saints, th'exalt-ed Sav - iour, Let his courts with praise resound.
In his word his light a - ris - es, Brightest beam of truth and grace; Bind, oh bind your sac-ri - fi - ces, In his courts your offerings place.
Now ye saints, his power con-fess-ing, In your grate - ful strains a - dore; For his mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Flows and flows for ev - er more.

(9th P. M.)

MURRAY. 8s & 7s.

T. J. COOK.

1. Cease ye mourners, cease to lan - guish, O'er the grave of those you love: Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, En-ter not the world a - bove.
2. While our si - lent steps are stray-ing Lonely through night's deep'ning shade, Glory's brightest beams are play-ing, Round the hap-py christian's head.
3. Light and peace at once de - riv - ing, From the hand of God most high, In his glorious presence liv - ing, They shall nev - er, nev-er die.

(9th P. M.)

EVENING SONG. 8s & 7s. Single.

HENRY HARDING.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve-ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fessing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

(9th P. M.)

Mc NAUGHTON. 8s & 7s. Single.

Dr. M J. MUNGER.

1. Come, thou long ex-pect-ed Je - sus, Born to set..... thy peo-ple free; From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.

2. Is-rael's strength and con-sol - a - tion, Hope of all..... the earth thou art; Dear de - sire of ev-ery na - tion, Joy of ev - - ery longing heart.

(9th P. M.)

STEVENS. 8s & 7s. Double.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

FINE. D. C.

1 { Hark! the notes of an - gels, sing - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb! }
{ All in heaven their tri - bute bring-ing, Rais-ing high their Saviour's name. } Ye for whom his life was giv - en, Sa - cred themes to you be - long:
D. C. Come, as - sist the choir of hea - ven; Join the ev - er - last-ing song.

2 { Fill'd with ho - ly e - mo - tion, We u - nite with those a - bove: }
{ Sweet the theme a free sal - va - tion—Fruit of ev - er - last - ing love. } Endless life in him pos - sess - ing, Let us praise his gracious name:
D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r, and blessing. Be for - ev - er to the Lamb.

(9th P. M.)

EMPEROR'S HYMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

HAYDN

1. Je - sus! hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for ev - er to a - bide; All the heavenly host a - dore thee, Seat - ed at thy Fa-ther's side

2. Wor - ship, honor, power, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re - ceive: Loudest prais-es, with -out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.

There for sinners thou art pleading, There thou dost our place pre - pare; Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

Help, ye bright an-gel - ic spir - its! Bring your sweetest, no-blest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's mer - its,—Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

(9th P. M.)

CURTISS. 8s & 7s. Single.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain and death and night and anguish En - ter not the world a - bove.

2. While our si - lent steps are straying, Lone - ly through night's deep'ning shade, Glory's bright-est beams are playing Round the hap - py Christian's head.

3. Light and peace at once de - riv - ing From the hand of God most high, In his glo - rious presence liv - ing, They shall nev - er, nev - er die.

(9th P. M.)

LIGHT. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. M. PELTON, by per.

mf *cres.*

1. Light of those whose drea-ry dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thy-self re-veal-ing, Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

3. Still we wait for thine ap-pear-ing; Life and joy thy beams im-part; Chas-ing all our fears, and cheer-ing Eve-ry meek and con-trite heart.

m *cres.* *f*

2. Thou, of life and light Cre-a-tor! In our deep-est darkness rise; Scat-ter all the light of na-ture, Pour the day up-on our eyes.

4. Save us, in thy great com-pas-sion, Oh, thou Prince of peace and love! Give the knowledge of sal-va-tion, Fix our hearts on things a-bove.

(9th P. M.)

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

Dr. LOWELL MASON. 1840.

Animated. *Fine.* *D. C.*

{ Hark! ten thousand harps and voic-es Sound the notes of praise a-bove; } See! he sits Je-sus rules
{ Je-sus reigns, and heaven re joic-es; Je-sus reigns, the God of love: } See! he sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.

D. C. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

(10th P. M.)

FULLNESS. 8s. Double.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no longer I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me:—
2. His name yields the rich-est per - fume, And sweeter than mu - sic his voice; His presence dispers - es my gloom, And makes all within me re - joice;
3. Content with be - hold - ing his face, My all to his pleas-ure resign'd, No changes of sea - son or place Would make any change in my mind:

The midsummer's sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cember's as pleas - ant as May.

I should, were he al - ways thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mortal so hap - py as I,— My summer would last all the year.
While blest with a sense of his love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear; And prisons would pal - a - ces prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there

(10th P. M.)

NORWALK. 8s. Single.

SYLVESTER MAIN.

1. A fountain of life and of grace In Christ, our Redeem - er, we see: For us, who his of - fers embrace, For all, it is o - pen and free.
2. Je - ho - vah himself, doth in - vite To drink of his pleasures unknown; The streams of im-mor - tal de - light, That flow from his heaven - ly throne.
3. We gain a pure drop of his love; The life of e - ter - ni - ty know; An - gel - i - cal hap - pi - ness prove, And witness a heaven be - low.

(10th P. M.)

DOMINION. 8s. Double.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. A - way with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall re - cov - er our home; The ci - ty of saints shall ap-pear,—The day of e - ter - ni - ty come.

2. Our mourn-ing is all at an end, When, raised by the life - giv - ing Word, We see the new ci - ty de - scend, A-dorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
3. By faith we al - read - y be - hold That love - ly Je - ru - sa - lem here: Her walls are of jas - per and gold; As crys-tal her buildings are clear.

From earth we shall quick-ly re - move, And mount to our na - tive a - bode; The house of our Fa - ther a - bove,— The pal - ace of an-gels and God.

The ci - ty so ho - ly and clean, No sor - row can breathe in the air: No gloom of af - flic -tion or sin; No sha-dow of e - vil is there.
Im - mov - a - bly founded in grace, She stands as she ev - er hath stood, And bright-ly her Build-er dis - plays, And flames with the glory of God.

(10th P. M.)

LONGLEY. 8s. Single.

WM F. SHERWIN.

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh! bear me, ye che - ru-bim up! And waft me a - way to his throne.

2. My Sav-iour! whom ab-sent I love, Whom not hav-ing seen, I a - dore; Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo-ry, do-min-ion and pow'r; -
3. Dis-solve thou these bonds, that detain My soul from her por - tion in thee; Oh! strike off this ad - a - mant chain, And make me e - ter-nal-ly free.

(11th P. M.)

TIME. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

J. H. LESLIE.
By permission.

1. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; Life is but a win - ter's day,— A jour - ney to the tomb:

2. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; Life is but a win - ter's day,— A jour - ney to the tomb;

Youth and vig - or soon will flee, Bloom - ing beau - ty lose its charms; All that's mor - tal soon shall be En - closed in death's cold arms.

But the Christian shall en - joy Health and beau - ty soon a - bove, Where no world - ly griefs an - noy, Se - cure in Je - sus' love.

(11th P. M.)

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

DR. JAMES NARES. 1760.

1. { Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; } [prepared above.
{ Rise from transitory things T'wards heaven thy native place; { Sun and moon and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats

2. { Riv - ers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; } [embrace.
{ Fire ascending seeks the sun,—Both speed them to their source; { So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glorious face, Upward tends to his abode, To rest in his

(11th P. M.) **HENDRIX.** 7s & 6s. Peculiar. CHESTER G. ALLEN. From "Victory."

:S: *Fine.*

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rd heaven. thy na - tive place:
D. S. Rise my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, as - cend - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
D. S. Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

(11th P. M.) **MILFORD.** 7s & 6s. Peculiar. HUBERT P. MAIN.

D. S.

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face;

1. To the hills I lift mine eyes, The ev - er - last - ing hills;

2. Christ shall bless thy go - ing out, Shall bless thy com-ing in;

:S: *Fine.* *D. S.*

Streaming thence in fresh supplies, My soul the Spir - it feels: Will he not his help af - ford? Help, while yet I ask, is given:
D. S. God comes down, the God and Lord Who made both earth and heaven.

Kind - ly compass thee a - bout, Till thou art saved from sin; Like thy spot-less Mas-ter, thou, Fill'd with wis - dom, love, and power;
D. S. Ho - ly, pure, and per - fect now, Henceforth, and ev - er - more.

(12th P. M.)

ADELSBURG. 7s, 6s & 8s.

THEO. F. SEWARD

1. Thou, O Lord, in ten - der love, Dost all my bur - dens bear;..... Lift my heart to things a - bove, And fix it ev - er there!

2. Care - ful with - out care I am, Nor feel my hap - py toil;..... Kept in peace by Je - sus' name, Sup-port - ed by his smile.

Calm in tumult's whirl I sit, 'Midst bu - sy mul - ti - tudes a - lone; Sweet-ly wait - ing at thy feet, Till all thy will be done.

Joy - ful thus my faith to show, I find his ser - vice my re-ward; Ev - ery work I do be - low, I do it to the Lord.

(12th P. M.)

SURRENDER. 7s, 6s & 8s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

FINE. D. C.

1 { Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea-ture good: } All thy pleasures I fore - go; I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride;
{ On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood: }
D. C. On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

2 { Oth - er knowledge I dis - dain; 'Tis all but van - i - ty: } Me to save from end - less woe The sin - a - ton - ing Vic - tim died:
{ Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain, He tast - ed death for me. }
D. C. On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied

(12th P. M.)

CARRIE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

FINE. D. C.

1 { Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea-ture good: } All thy plea - sures I fore-go; I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride;
{ On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood: }

D. C. On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

(12th P. M.)

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

W. H. OAKLEY.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity-ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep: False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe-ter weep. Let me be by grace restored:
D. S. Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

IRVING. 7s, 6s & 8s.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

D. S.

On me be all long suff'ring shown.

1. Brother thou art gone to rest, We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft in earth Thy spirit long'd to be.

2. Brother thou art gone to rest, Thine is an early tomb, But Jesus summon'd thee away, Thy Saviour's call'd thee home.

228 (13th P. M.) EXPECTATION. 10s & 11s.

Words by R. HUTCHINSON. THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. I long, dearest Lord, thy glad coming to see, And en - ter the man-sion pre - par - ing for me; To gaze on thy beauties in bliss without end,
2. This world is a val - ley of gloom and of tears, And slow-ly we pass thro' its sor - rowful years; Cre - a - tion is destined to tra - vail in pain,
3. Then come in thy brightness, Oh! make no delay, Dis - pel the dark night, and begin the bright day; Come, reign on the throne, as by prophets foretold:

(13th P. M.) ADORATION. 5s & 6s, or 10s & 11s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN

And dwell un - disturbed with my Sav - iour and Friend.
Till thou with thy pres - ence shall bless her a - gain.
Thine in - fi - nite glo - ry be - fore us un - fold.

1. Ye ser - vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a - broad his won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - torious of Je - sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious; he rules o - ver all.
2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still he is nigh; His pres - ence we have: The great con - gre - ga - tion his tri - umph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.
3. Sal - va - tion to God who sits on the throne: Let all cry a - loud, and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fa - ces, and wor - ship the Lamb

(13th P. M.)

LYONS. 5s & 6s. Or 10s & 11s.

1 Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name, And meekly agree to follow the Lamb; To trace thy example, the world to disdain, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain

2. O what shall we do our Saviour to love? To make us anew, come, Lord, from above: The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness, give; Give us the salvation of all that believe

(14th P. M.)

ST. MICHAEL'S. 10s & 11s.

HANDEL.

1. All praise to the Lamb! accepted I am, Thro' faith in the Saviour's adorable name: In him I confide, his blood is applied; For me he hath suffer'd, for me he hath died.

2. Not a doubt doth arise to darken the skies, Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes: In him I am blest, I lean on his breast, And lo! in his wound I continue to rest

(9th P. M.)

LOUISE. 8s & 7s. Single.

HUBERT P. MAIN

Andante. *p* *f crs.*

1. Zi - on, drea - ry and in an - guish, In the des - ert hast thou strayed! Oh, thou wea - ry, cease to languish; Je - sus shall lift up thy head.

2. Still la - ment ing and be - moan-ing, 'Mid thy fol - lies and thy woes! Soon re - pent - ing and re - turn - ing, All thy sol - i - tude shall close.

3. Tho' be - night-ed and for - sak - en, Tho' af - flict - ed and dis - tressed; His al - might - y arm shall wak - en; Zi - on's King shall give thee rest.

(15th P. M.)

ALGERIA. 6s & 9s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Come a-way to the skies, My be - lov - ed a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born ; On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex-ult - ing a - way,
2. We have laid up our love, And our treasure a - bove, Tho' our bo - dies con-tin - ue be - low ; The redeemed of our Lord, We re-mem-ber his word,
3. With sing-ing we praise The o - rig - in - al grace, By our hea-ven - ly Fa-ther be-stowed; Our be - ing re - ceive From his bounty, and live

And with singing to Zi - on re - turn, And with singing to Zi - on re - turn.
And with singing to par - a - dise go, And with singing to par - a - dise go.
To the hon - or and glo - ry of God, To the hon - or and glo - ry of God.

(15th P. M.)

CALLING. 6s & 9s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed a - rise, And re -
2. We have laid up our love, And our treasure a - bove, Tho' our
3. With sing-ing we praise The o - rig - in - al grace, By our

joice in the day thou wast born; On this fes-ti - val day, Come ex-ult - ing a - way, And with singing to Zi-on re - turn, And with singing to Zi - on re - turn.
bodies con-tin - ue be - low; The redeem'd of our Lord, We remem - ber his word, And with singing to par-a-dise go, And with singing to par - a - dise go
heaven-ly Father bestowed; Our be-ing re - ceive From his bounty, and live To the honor and glo - ry of God, To the hon - or and glo - ry of God

(15th P. M.) **VICTORY.** 5s, 6s & 9s. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Come, let us as - cend, My com - pan - ion and friend, To a taste of the ban - quet a - bove: If thy heart be as mine,
2. Who in Je - sus con - fide, We are bold to out - ride The storms of af - flic - tion be - neath; With the proph-et we soar,
3. By faith we are come, To our per - ma - nent home; By hope we the rap - ture im - prove; By love we still rise,

If for Je - sus it pine, Come up in - to the char - iot of love.
To the hea - ven - ly shore, And out - fly all the ar - rows of death.
And look down on the skies, For the hea - ven of hea - vens is love.

(15th P. M.) **GAGE.** 6s & 9s. THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. O how hap - py are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey,
2. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song,
3. O the rap - tur - ous height Of that ho - ly de - light

And have laid up their treasures a - bove; Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
O that all his sal - va - tion might see; He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suf - fer'd and died. To re - deem e - ven reb - els like me.
Which I felt in the life - giv - ing blood; Of my Sav - iour possess'd, I was per - fect - ly blest, As if fill'd with the ful - ness of God.

(6th P. M.)

SMITH. 7s. 6 lines.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Sav-iour, Prince, of Israel's race, Save me;—from thy loft - y throne Give the sweet re - lent - iug grace; Soft - en this ob - du - rate stone;—

2. Je - sus, seek thy wand'ring sheep; Make me rest - less to re - turn; Bid me look on thee, and weep, Bit - ter - ly as Pe - ter mourn:

(6th P. M.)

ALETTA. 7s. 6 lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Stone to flesh, O God con - vert; Cast a look and break my heart.

Till I say, by grace restored,—Now, thou know'st, I love thee Lord.

1. Wea - ry sin - ners, keep thine eyes On th'a - ton - ing sac - ri - fice.

2. Cast thy guilt - y soul on him; Find him m'ghty to re - deem.

View him bleeding on the tree, Pour-ing out his life for thee: There the dread-ful curse he bore; Weeping soul, la - ment no more.

At his feet thy bur - den lay; Look thy doubts and care a - way; Now by faith the Son em - brace; Plead his prom-ise, trust his grace.

MERTHIVALE. 11s & 12s.

1. My God, I am thine: what a com-fort di-vine, What a bless-ing to know that my Je - sus is mine! In the hea-ven - ly Lamb thrice hap-py I am;
2. True pleasures abound in the rap - tur - ous sound. And whoev - er hath found it, hath par - a - dise found: My Re-deem-er to know, to feel his blood flow,
3. Yet on - ward I haste to the hea-ven - ly feast; That in - deed is the ful - ness, but this is the taste; And this I shall prove, till with joy I re - move,

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, by per. 1859.

And my heart doth re - joice at the sound of his name.
This is life ev - er - last - ing—'tis hea - ven be - low.
To the hea - ven of hea - vens in Je - sus' dear love.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee: E'en though it
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that thou

be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
send - est me In mer-cy given, An - gels to beck on me, Near - er, &c.

(17th P. M.)

GREETING. 10s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Hail, hap - py! day thou day of ho - ly rest! What heavenly peace and transport fill the breast, When Christ, the God of grace in love descends, And kind- ly holds com- munion with his friends!

2. Let earth and all its van - i - ties be gone, Move from my sight, and leave my soul a - lone; Its flat - t'ring, fad - ing glo - ries I des - pise, And to im - mor - tal beauties turn my eyes.

3. Fain would I mount and pen - e - trate the skies, And on my Sav - iour's glo - ries fix my eyes; Oh! meet my ris - ing soul, thou God of love, And waft it to the bliss-ful realms a - bove!

(17th P. M.)

MERCY. 10s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Oft - en at evening comes the glowing thought Of that which lies be - yond our pres - ent sense; Of those high scenes whose glories all are wrought By God's pure love, and his om - nip - o - tence.

2. The gold- en bars that shine be - hind the sun, The glo - rious seas that seem be - neath him poured, The splendid hues, all melt- ing in - to one,—These look thy outworks, pal - ace of the Lord!

3. O Son of God! ex - alt - ed on thy throne, By whom our par - don, light, and peace are given, Im - part the grace that comes from thee a - lone, And makes us feel, that we may see, thy heaven.

(18th P. M.)

NEW YEAR. 8s, 5s, 6s & 12s.

THEO F. SEWARD.

Moderato.

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.
2. Our life is a dream : our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fus - es to stay.
3. O that each, in the day of his coming may say, I have fought my way thro'; I have fin - ish'd the work thou did'st give me to do.

His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

The ar - row is flown,— the moment is gone ; The mil - len - i - al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.
O that each from his Lord may re - ceive the glad word,—Well and faithful - ly done! En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne.

(19th P. M.)*

SUPPLIANT. 6s & 4s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

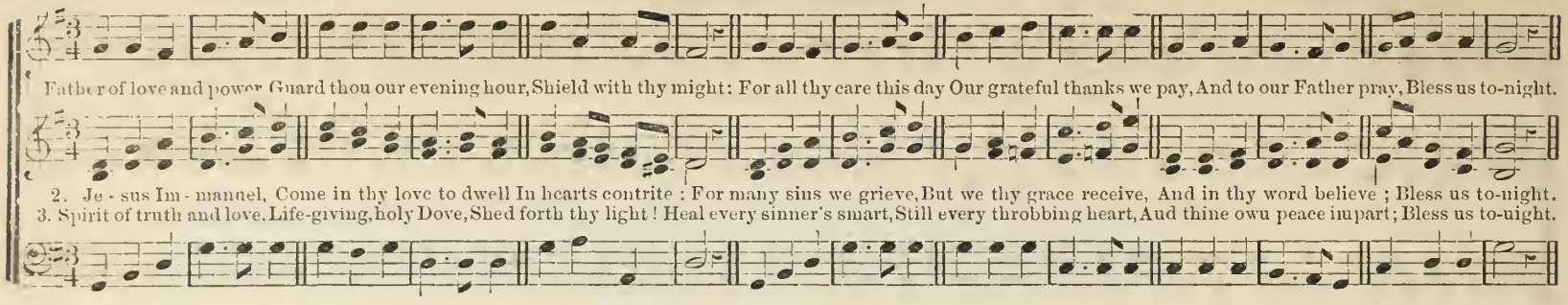
1. Low - ly and solemn be Thy children's cry to thee, Fa - ther di - vine, A hy n of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death A - like are thine.
2. O Father, in that hour, When earth all helping power Shall disa - vow, When spear, and shield, and crown, In faintness are cast down, Sustain us, thou!
3. By him who bowed to take The death-cup for our sake, The thorn, the rod.—From whom the last dismay Was not to pass a - way, Aid us, O God!

* By using repeat.

(19th P. M.)

JUSTIN. 6s & 4s.

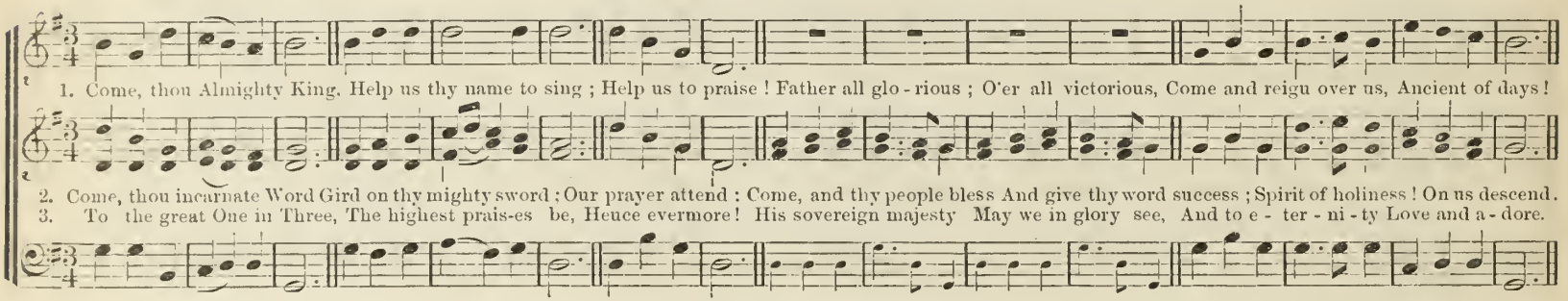
THEO. F. SEWARD



(19th P. M.)

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

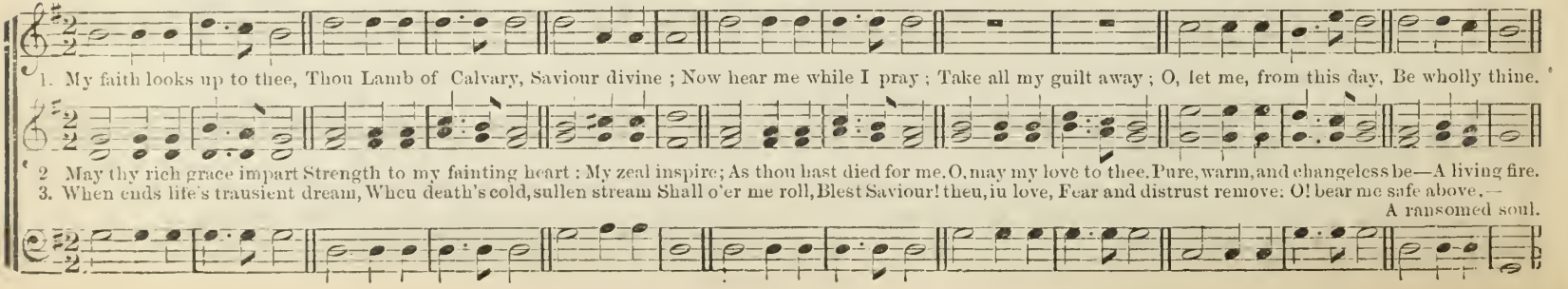
F. GIARDINI. 1760.



(19th P. M.)

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

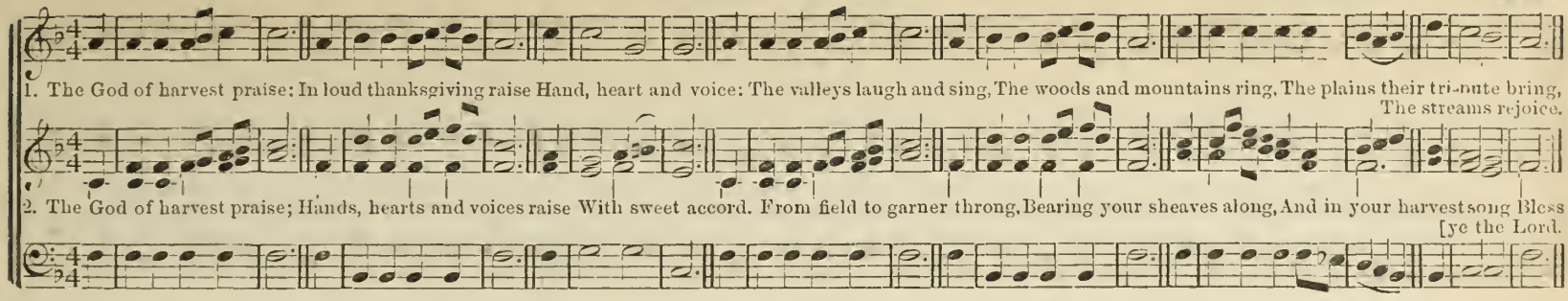
Dr. THOS. HASTINGS. 1833.



(19th P. M.)

WAIN. 6s & 4s.

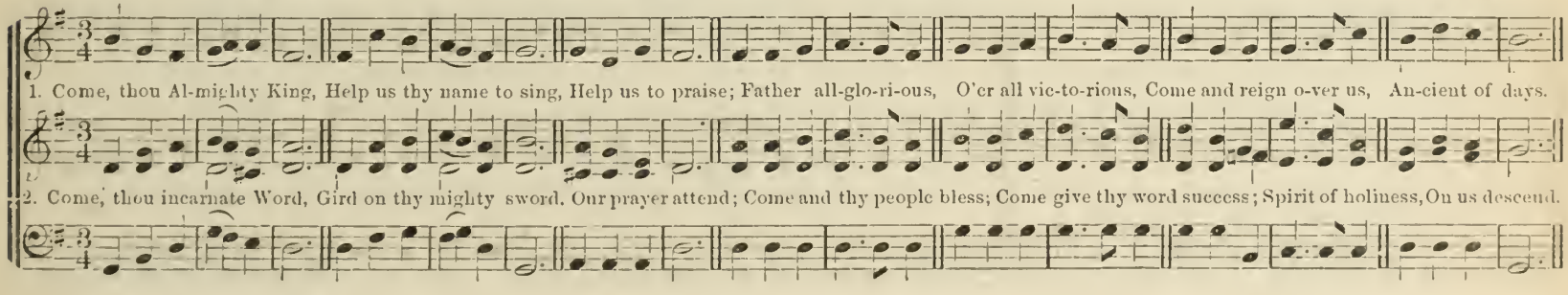
THEO. F. SEWARD.



(19th P. M.)

CLEVELAND. 6s & 4s.

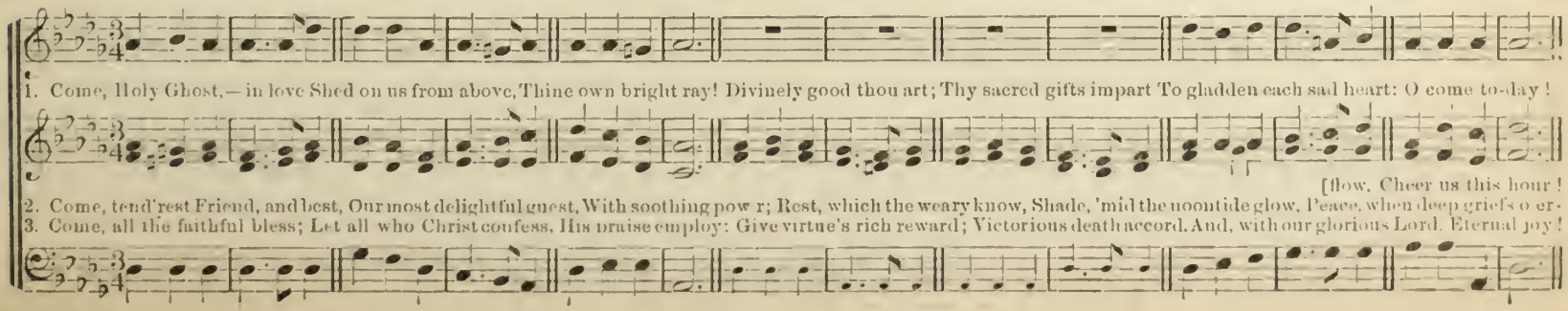
T. J. COOK.
By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.



(19th P. M.)

LULL. 6s & 4s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



(20th P. M.)

HELPER. 6s & 7s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Je - sus thou art our King, To me thy snc - cor bring; Christ the mighty one art thou; Help for all on thee is laid: This the word; I claim it now; Send me now the promised aid.

2. High on thy Father's throne, O look with pit - y down! Help, O help, at - tend my call; Cap- tive lead cap - tiv - i - ty: King of glo - ry, Lord of all, Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

3. Triumph and reign in me, And spread thy vic - to - ry; Hell, and death, and sin con- trol; Pride, and wrath, and ev - ery foe, All snbdue; thro' all my soul, Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

(21st P. M.)

THE GOODLY LAND. 6s, 8s & 4s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. The good - ly land I see, With peace and plen-ty blest; A land of sa - cred lib - er - ty, And end- less rest: There milk and honey flow, And oil and wine a - bonnd; And trees of life for ev - er grow With mercy crowned.

2. There dwells the Lord, onr King, The Lord of right-eous-ness: Tri-nmphant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of peace, On Zi - on's sa - cred height, His kingdom still maintains, And glorious, with his saints in light, forev - er reigns.

3. The whole triumph - ant host Give thanks to God on high: "Hail, Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!" They ev- er cry. Hail, Abrah'm's God and mine! I join the heavenly lays; All might and ma - jes - ty are thine, And endless praise?

(21st P. M.) **JACKSON.** 6s, 8s & 4s. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My Shepherd's mighty aid, His dear redeeming love, His all protecting power display'd, I joy to prove. Led onward by my guide, I view the verdant

2. His goodness ev-er nigh, His mercy ev-er free, Shall, while I live, shall, when I die, Still fol-low me. For-ever shall my soul His boundless blessings

(21st P. M.) **MOUNT VISION.** 6s, 8s & 4s. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

scene, Where limpid wa-ters gent-ly glide Thro' pastures green.

prove: And while e-ter-nal a-ges roll, A-dore and love.

1. Pro-claim the loft-y praise Of Him who once was slain, But now is ris'n, thro'

2. All hon-or, power, and praise, To Jesus' Name belong; With hosts seraph-ic,

endless days To live and reign; He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood,—Enthroned above the farthest sky, Our Sav-iour God.

glad we raise The sa-cred song: Worthy the Lamb, they cry, That on the cross was slain, But now, as-cend-ed up on high, He lives to reign.

SPEED WELL. 8s & 4s. Peculiar.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Haste, trav'ler, haste the night comes on. And many a shin - ing hour is gone; The storm is gathering in the west, And thou art far from
2. The ris - ing tem - pest sweeps the sky, The rains de - scend, the winds are high; The wa - ters swell, and death and fear Be-set thy path, no
3. Haste, while a shel - ter you may gain, A cov - ert from the wind and rain; A hid - ing - place, a rest, a home, A re - fuge from the

home and rest. Haste, trav'ler, haste, Haste, trav'ler, haste.
help is near. Haste, trav'ler, haste, Haste, trav'ler, haste.
wrath to come. Haste, trav'ler, haste, Haste, trav'ler, haste.

(22nd P. M.)

TRUMPET. 8s & 4s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trum-pet sounds, As through the world the ech - o bounds.
2. Hail, Je - sus! all vic - to - rious Lord! Be thou by all mankind a - dored!
3. Then, in thy presence, heav'n-ly King, In loft - ier strains thy praise we'll sing.

Pro claim - ing to a ru - in'd race, That thro' the rich - es of his grace, Sin-ners may see the Saviour's face In end - less day.
For us didst thou the fight main - tain, And o'er our foes the vict - ry gain, That we, with thee, might ev - er reign In end - less day.
When with the blood-bought hosts we meet, Tri - umphant there, in bliss com - plete, And cast our crowns be - fore thy feet, In end - less day.

1. Saviour! I fol - low on, Guid-ed by thee, See - ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me; Hush'd be my heart and still; Fear I no

2. Riv - en the rock for me, Thirst to re - lieve; Man - na from hea - ven falls Fresh ev-ery eve; Nev - er a want se-vere Causeth my

3. Saviour! I long to walk Clos - er with thee; Led by thy guid-ing hand, Ev - er to be; Constant - ly near thy side, Quicken'd and

fur - ther ill; On - ly to meet thy will, My will shall be.

eye a tear, But thou dost whis-per near, "On - ly be - lieve."

pu - ri - fied, Liv - ing for him who died Free - ly for me!

(23d P. M.) GARDINER. 6s & 4s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Now I have found a friend, Je - sus is mine; Whose love shall

2. Tho' I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; He will my

3. When earth shall pass a - way, Je - sus is mine; In the great

nev - er end, Je - sus is mine; Tho' earth-ly joys decrease, Tho' hu-man friendship cease, Now I have last ing peace; Je - sus is mine.

faith up - hold; Je - sus is mine; He shall my wants supply; His precious blood is nigh; Naught can my hopes destroy; Je - sus is mine.

judgment day, Je - sus is mine; Oh, what a glorious thing, Then to be - hold my King, On tune-ful harps to sing, Je - sus is mine.

(24th P. M.)

BURKE. 6s & 8s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1 { Ye sin-ful ones that stray Far from the path of peace, }
{ That un-fre-quent-ed way To life and hap - pi - ness : } How long will ye your fol-ly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wis - dom

2 { Rich - es no tongue can tell ; In Je - sus' love we know, }
{ And pleasures from the well Of life our souls o'er - flow ; } From him the spir-it we re - ceive Of wis-dom, grace and power, And al - ways sor - row -

(24th P. M.)

GUARDIAN. 6s & 8s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?

ful we live, Re - joic - ing ev - er - more.

1. Ye sim - ple souls, that stray Far from the path of peace, That un - fre - quent - ed way,

2. An-gels our ser - vants are, And keep in all our ways, And in their hands they bear

To life and happi - ness: How long will ye your folly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wisdom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?

The sa-cred sons of grace: Our guardians to that heavenly bliss, They all our steps attend ; And God himself our Father is, And Je - sus is our friend.

ANTICIPATION. 7s, 8s & 7s.

1. Head of the church tri - umphant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee: Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glo - ry:

2. Thou dost conduct thy peo - ple, Thro' torrents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion:

We lift our hearts and voic - es With blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion; And cry a - loud and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.

The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our march op - pos - es; By thee we shall break thro' them all And sing the song of Mos - es.

BROWER. L. M.

Words and Music by Rev. Dr. BETHUNE.

1. Keep me from fainting in my prayers, When to thy footstool, Lord, I come; My soul with God would leave her cares, And hope for mercy from his throne.

2. My spirit looks to God a - lone, My rock and refuge is his throne; In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul for his sal - va-tion waits.

244 (25th P. M.) HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. 7s, 8s & 7s.

May be used as a short Anthem.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN, by W. F. SHERWIN
From "Victory," by per.

1. Head of the Church triumphant, We joy-ful - ly a - dore thee; Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glory: We lift our hearts and voic-es

2. Thou dost conduct thy peo-ple Thro' torrents of temp-ta - tion; Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of trib-u - la - tion: The world, with sin and Satan,

With blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion; And cry a - loud, and give to God, And cry a-loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
And cry a - loud, and give to God,

In vain our march op-pos-es; By thee we shall break through them all, By thee we shall break thro' them all, And sing the song of Mo-ses.
By thee we shall break thro' them all,

MEDITATION. 7, 6, 7, 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

With dignity.

1. Gent - ly fades the Sab - bath day, In the west de - clin - ing; Soft the part - ing moments say, We, like them, must pass a - way.

2. As we leave thy tem - ple, Lord, Grant us each thy bless - ing; May thy pure and pre - cious Word, Joy to ev - ery heart af - ford.

3. Guard us from thy throne a - bove, In thy care for - ev - er: Gen - tle Spir - it,— Ho - ly Dove;—Keep us in the bonds of love.

1. God is my strong sal-va - tion, What foe have I to fear? In darkness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my help is near; Tho' hosts encamp a -

2. Place on the Lord re - li - ance, My soul! with courage wait; His truth be thine af - fi - ance, When faint and deso - late: His might thy heart shall

round me, Firm to the fight I stand; What terror can confound me, With God at my right hand.

strengthen, His love thy joy increase; Mercy thy days shall lengthen, The Lord will give thee peace.

(26th P. M.) HEAVENLY LOVE. 7s & 6s. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. In heavenly love abiding, No change my heart shall fear, And

2. Wherever he may guide me. No want shall turn me back, My

3. Green pastures are before me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright

safe in such confiding, For nothing changes here; The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?

Shepherd is be-side me, And nothing can I lack: His wisdom ev-er wak-eth, His sight is nev-er dim; He knows the way he taketh, And I will walk with him.

skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been: My hope I cannot measure, My path to life is free; My Saviour has my treasure, And he will walk with me.

(26th P. M.)

MILLENIUM. 7s & 6s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Spirited.

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully along? When hill and valley ringing With one triumphant song, Proclaim the contest ended, And Him who once was slain,

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly; And shady vales and fountains Shall echo the reply. High tow'r and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus round,

A - gain to earth descended, In righteousness to reign.

All hal - le - lu-jahs swelling In one e - ter-nal sound!

(26th P. M.)

MERSERAU. 7s & 6s.

THEO. F. SEWARD

1. O Lamb of God! still keep me Near to thy wounded side; 'Tis on - ly there in safe-ty

2. 'Tis on - ly in thee hid-ing, I feel my life se - cure— On - ly in thee a - bid - ing

3. Soon shall my eyes be-hold thee With rapture, face to face; One half hath not been told me

And peace I can a - bide! What foes and snares surround me, What doubts and fears within! The grace that sought and found me, Alone can keep me clean.

The con - flict can en - dure; Thine arm the victory gain-eth O'er ev - ery hate-ful foe; Thy love my heart sustain-eth In all its care and woe.

Of all thy power and grace; Thy beau-ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The wonders of thy love, Shall be the endless sto - ry Of all thy saints a-bove.

(26th P. M.)

RELIANCE. 7s & 6s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

FINE.

1. O Je - sus! Friend un-fail - ing, How dear thou art to me! Are cares or fears as - sail - ing? I find my strength in thee!

2. Why should I droop in sor - row? Thou'rt ev - er by my side! Why, trembling, dread the mor - row, What ill can e'er be - tide?

3. For ev - ery trib - u - la - tion, For ev - ery sore dis - tress, In Christ I've full sal - va - tion, Sure help and qui - et ness.

D. C. *O Jesus! Friend un-fail - ing, How dear thou art to me! Are cares or fears as - sail - ing? I find my strength in thee!*

D. C.

Why should my feet grow wea - ry Of this my pil - grim way? Tho' rough the path and drea - ry, It ends in per - fect day!

If I my cross have tak - en, 'Tis but to fol - low thee; If scorn'd, despised, for - sak - en, Naught sev - ers thee from me!
No fear of foes pre - vail - ing! I tri - umph, Lord, in thee! O Je - sus! Friend un - fail - ing, How dear thou art to me!

(F. J. C.) (26th P. M.)

PARDEE. 7s & 6s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE. D. C.

1. The Lord, our God, is faithful, His ways are just and true; His tender love is boundless, His mercy ever new; By cool, refreshing waters, The weary soul he leads.
D. C. And, like a gentle shepherd, His flock he kindly feeds.

2. We'll praise him for his goodness, And trust him for his grace; He will not always chide us, Nor hide his smiling face; For while in deep contrition Our hearts to him return,
D. C. He gives the cheerful promise, To comfort those that mourn.

3. We'll trust for every blessing Our Father, and our Guide; We'll trust him in our weakness, Still walking by his side; We'll trust him on the billow; We'll trust him on the [shore,
D. C. And thro' e - ter - nal a - ges, We'll trust him ever more.

(27th P. M.)

BOND STREET. 11s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold- ed I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
2. In the midst of af - fliction my ta - ble is spread; With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er; With oil and perfume thou anoint - est my head;
3. Let goodness and mer - cy, my boun- ti - ful God, Still fol- low my steps till I meet thee a - bove; I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod.

(27th P. M.)

BERKLEY. 11s.

T. J. COOK.

Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
O what shall I ask of thy pro - vidence more?
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

1. I would not live al - way, I ask not to stay, Where storm af - ter storm ris - es
2. I would not live al - way; no, welcome the tomb! Since Je - sus hath lain there I
3. Who, who would live al- way, a - way from his God, A - way from yon hea - ven, that

dark o'er the way; The few lur - id mornings that dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.
bliss - ful a - bode, Where the riv - ers of pleas- ure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon- tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns.

(27th P. M.) **KEDRON. 11s.** THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Thou sweet gliding Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver stream, Our Sav - iour would linger in moonlight's soft beam ; And by thy bright wa - ters till midnight would stay, And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2. How damp were the va - pors that fell on his head! How hard was his pil - low, how hum - ble his bed! The an - gels, be - hold - ing, a - mazed at the sight, At - tend - ed their Mas - ter with sol - emn delight ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that gladdens the skies.

3. Come, saints, and a - dore him ; come, bow at his feet : O, give him the glo - ry, the praise that is meet ; Let joy - ful ho - sannas un -

(27th P. M.) **FREDERICK. 11s.** GEO. KINGSLEY. 1838.

1. I would not live al - way, I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm ris - es dark o'er the way ; The few lur - id mornings that dawn on us here, Are followed by gloom, or be - clouded by fear.

2. I would not live al - way, no—welcome the tomb ; Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ; There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri - umph descend - ing the skies.

3. Who, who would live alway, a - way from his God : A - way from yon heav'n, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns ?

(27th P. M.)

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

J. READING. 1760.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said,— To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus hath fled? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus hath fled?

2. Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand.

3. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-sert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-dea-vor to shake, I'll nev-er—no nev-er—no nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er—no nev-er—no nev-er for-sake!

(27th P. M.)

KEDRON'S BROOK. 11s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.
From "Victory."

Smooth and Flowing.

1. Thou sweet gliding Ke-dron, by thy sil-ver stream; Our Saviour would lin-ger in moonlight's soft beam; And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2. O gar-den of Oli-vet, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be for-got; The theme most transporting to seraphs a-bove; The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

MAGNIFICAT. 10s, 11s & 12s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Victory," by per.

With great vigor, but not too fast.

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter - rors that gathered a -

2. Glo - ry to God in full an - thems of joy; The be - ing he gave us, death can - not de - stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to -

round him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave: He burst from the fet - ters of dark - ness that bound him. Re - splendent in

mor - row, If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheer'd the dark val - ley of sor - row, And bade us im -

ff

glo - ry, to live and to save: Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high,—The Sav - iour hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

mor - tal to hea - ven as - cend: Lift then your voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

(29th P. M.)

WEARY OF STRAYING. 12s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. I am wea-ry of straying, O fain would I rest In the far distant land of the pure and the blest, Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread, And

2. I am wea-ry of hoping, where hope is un - true, As fair but as fleet-ing as morning's bright dew ; I long for the land whose blest promise alone, Is

3. I am wea-ry of lov-ing what pass-es a - way, The sweetest and dearest, a - las ! may not stay ; I long for the land where the partings are o'er, And

(29th P. M.)

SCOTLAND. 12s.

Dr. JER. CLARKE. 1800.

fear and temp-ta-tion for - ev - er have fled.

changeless and sure as e - ter - ni-ty's throne.

death and the tomb can di-vide hearts no more.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;" For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain;

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee; Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;

From sin and un - cleanness, and eve-ry transgression, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

The Saviour has passed thro' its por-tals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro', &c.

* Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon; We'll praise him a-gain when we pass over Jordan, We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

* Chorus for first hymn.

(30th P. M.)

ADVENT. 11s & 10s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

:S:

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid: Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorning,
D. S. An-gels a - dore him, in slumber re - clining.—

2. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion O - dors of E - den and off'rings di - vine? Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the o - cean,
D. S. Richer by far is the heart's ado - ra - tion;

Fine. *D. S.*

Guide where the in - fant Re - deem-er is laid. Cold, on his cra - dle, the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine? Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - lation; Vain - ly with gifts would his fa - vor se - cure;
Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.

(30th P. M.)

ECSTACY.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Fine. *D. C.*

1. { Wake thee, O Zion, thy mourning is ended, God, thine own God, hath regarded thy prayer; }
{ Wake thee, and hail him, in glory descended, Thy darkness to scatter, thy wastes to repair. } Wake thee, O Zion, his spirit of power To newness of life is awaking the dead;

D. C. Array thee in beauty, and greet the glad hour That brings thee salvation, thro Jesus who bled.

254 (31st P. M.) **MATIE.** 8s & 4s. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Smoothly, and with expression.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pil - grims found; They soft - ly lie and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

2. The storms that sweep the win - t'ry sky No more dis - turb their deep re - pose, Than sum - mer eve - ning's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.

3. I long to lay this pain - ful head And ach - ing heart be - neath the soil; To slum - ber in that dream - less bed, From all my toil, From all my toil.

(8th P. M.) **CHATHAM.** 8, 7, 4. C. A. MARSHALL.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick, and sore; Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power: He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

2. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream; All the fitness he re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of him: This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam. Ven - ture on him, venture whol - ly; Let no oth - er trust in - trude: None but Je - sus, None but Je - sus Can do help - less sin - ners good.

3. Lo! th'in-car - nate God, as-cend - ed, Pleads the mer - it of his blood:

(32d P. M.)

TRIBUTE. 8s & 4s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Fa - ther of spir - its! hear our prayer; Our life, our hope, our com-for-ter, Our strong a - bode: To thee our thankful hearts we raise,

2. Thy gen - tle hand hath smoothed our way, Fed and sustain'd us day by day; In thee we move: O may thy mercies, Lord, in - spire

And hum - bly, glad - ly hymn thy praise, Pre - serv - er, God!

Our hearts with grat - i - tude, and fire Our souls with love.

(29th P. M.)

HOPEWELL. 12s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. I am wea - ry of stray - ing, O fain would I rest In the far distant land of the pure and the blest, Where sin can no long - er her blandishments spread, And fear and tempta - tion for - ev - er have fled.

2. I am wea - ry of ho - ping, where hope is un - true, As fair but as fleet - ing as morning's bright dew; I long for the land whose blest promise alone, Is changeless and sure as e - ter - ni - ty's throne.

3. I am wea - ry of lov - ing what pass - es a - way; The sweetest and dear-est, a - las! may not stay I long for the land where the partings are o'er, And death and the tomb can di - vide hearts no more

(33rd P. M.)

EMANCIPATION. 6s. Double.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re - deem - er lay; Sing of our bonds de - stroy'd, Our dark - ness turn'd to day.

2. He who so pa - tient - ly, The crown of thorns did wear,— He hath gone up on high; Our hope is with him there.

3. He who for men did weep; Suf - fer, and bleed, and die,— First - fruits of them that sleep,— Christ has gone up on high.

Weep for your dead no more; Friends, be of joy - ful cheer; Our Star moves on be - fore, Our nar - row path shines clear.

Now is his trust re - veal'd, His ma - jes - ty, and might; The grave has been un - seal'd; Christ is our life and light.

His vict - 'ry has de - stroyed The shafts that once could slay: Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re - deem - er lay.

(33rd P. M.)

SWANTON. 6s.

T. J. COOK.
By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

1. Cheer up, de - spond - ing soul! Thy long - ing, pleased I see; 'Tis part of that great whole Where-with I longed for thee.

2. Where-with I longed for thee, And left my Fa - ther's throne; From death to set thee free, And claim thee for my own.

(34th P. M.)

GRAMMERCY. 7s & 5s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light, Ma - ker, Teach-er, In - fin - ite,— Je - sus! hear and save.
2. Strong Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour mild, Hum-bled to a lit - tle child, Cap-tive, bea - ten, bound, re-viled,—Je - sus! hear and save.
3. Soon to come to earth a - gain, Judge of an - gels and of men, Hear us now, and hear us then,—Je - sus! hear and save.

(34th P. M.)

WOOLSEY. 7s & 5s.

LEONARD W. BACON.

1. In the dark and cloud - y day, When earth's rich - es flee a - way, And the last hope will not stay, Sav iour, com - fort me!
2. Thou, who wast so sore - ly tried, In the dark-ness cru - ci - fied, Bid me in thy love con - fide; Sav - iour, com - fort me!
3. So it shall be good for me Much af - flict - ed now to be, If thou wilt but tend - er - ly, Sav - iour, com - fort me!

(5th P. M.)

GRAVES. 7s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Je - sus, full of truth and love, We thy kind - est word o - bey; Faith-ful let thy mer - cies prove, Take our load of guilt a - way.
2. Wea - ry of this war with-out, Wea - ry of this end - less strife, Wea - ry of our - selves and sin, Wea - ry of a wretch - ed life.
3. Lo! we come to thee for ease, True and gra - cious as thou art; Now our wea - ry souls re - lease, Write for - give-ness on each heart.

(35th P. M.)

CONFESSION. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

Words and Music by
AGNES BURNEY.

1. I am sin - ful, I am wea - ry, Heav-y lad - en and cast down, I am vile, un-clean, un - ho - ly, All my guilt to thee is known, Yet I
2. Give the rest that thou hast promised, Lift the bur - den from my soul, To my sins ap - ply the cleansing Of thy blood, and make me whole. Yet I
3. All my strength is on - ly weakness, Thou and thou a - lone art strong, Then to thee be all the glo - ry, All the praise of heart and song, For I

(35th P. M.)

GRANTVILLE. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

know thou call - est me, Yet I know thou call est me, Help me, Lord, to come to thee.
know thou call - est me, Yet I know thou call-est me, Help me, Lord, to come to thee.
know thou call - est me, For I know thou call-est me, Lord, I come, I come to thee.

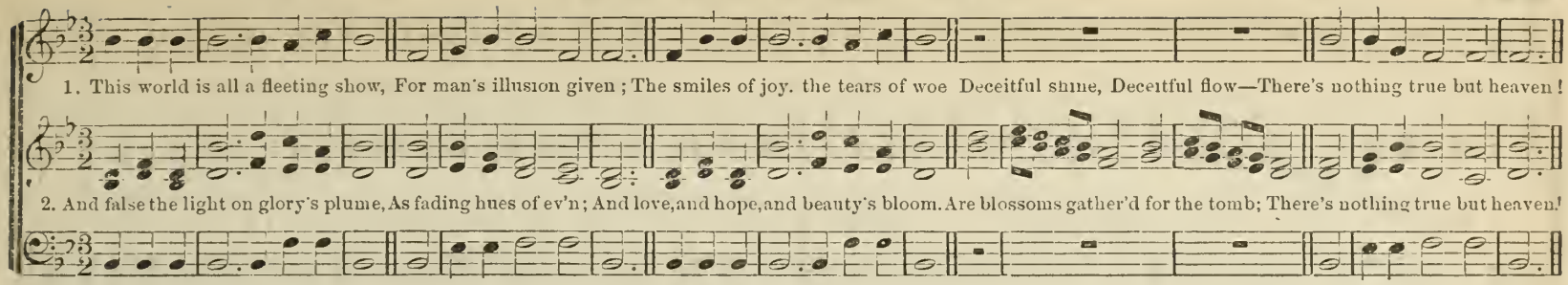
1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voices Sound the
2. King of glo - - ry, reign for - ev - er; Thine an

note of praise above; Jesus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es; Je-sus reigns, the God of love; See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone.
ev - - - er-last-ing crown: Nothing from thy love shall sever Those whom thou hast made thine own; Happy objects of thy grace, Destined to behold thy face.

(36th P. M.)

ILLUSION. 8s & 6s or C. M.

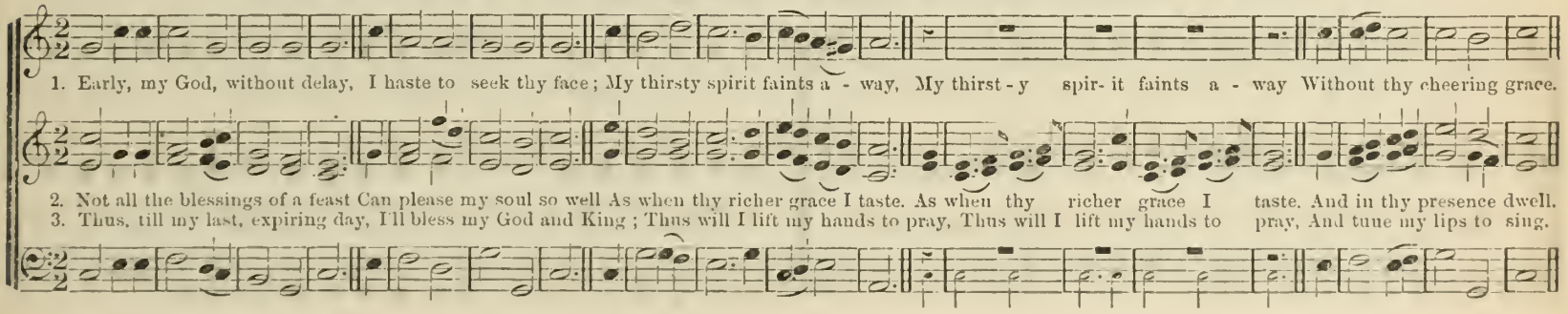
THEO F. SEWARD



(36th P. M.)

LANESBORO'. 8s & 6s or C. M.

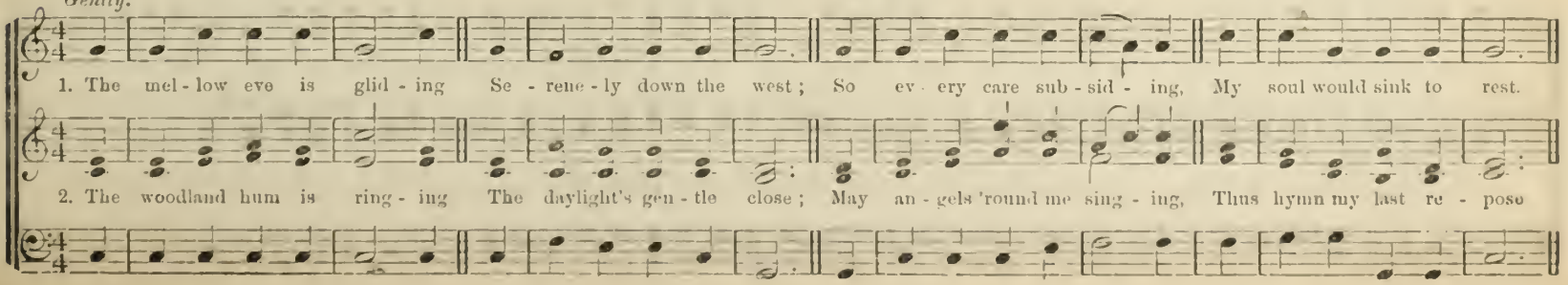
ENGLISH.



(26th P. M.)

AUGUSTA. 7s & 6s.

T. J. COOK.
By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.



(37th P. M.)

PETTIT. 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. S. H. M.

CHESTER G ALLEN.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no un - ion here of hearts That finds not here an end: Were this frail

2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond this vale of death, There surely is some bless-ed clime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's af -

3. There is a world a - bove, Where parting is un - known; A whole e - ter - ni - ty of love, Form'd for the good a - lone: And faith be -

(37th P. M.)

FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS. 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. S. H. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

world our on - ly rest, Liv-ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

fec - tion transient fire, Whose sparks fly up-ward to ex - pire.

holds the dy - ing here Transla - ted to that hap-pier sphere.

1. Friend after friend de-parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union

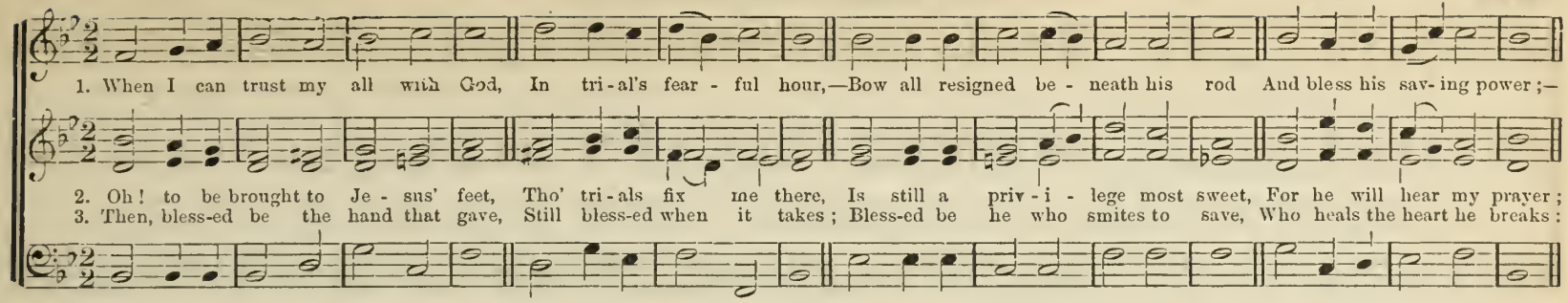
2. Be-yond the flight of time, Beyond this vale of death, There surely is some

3. There is a world a - bove, Where parting is unknown; A whole e-ter - ni -

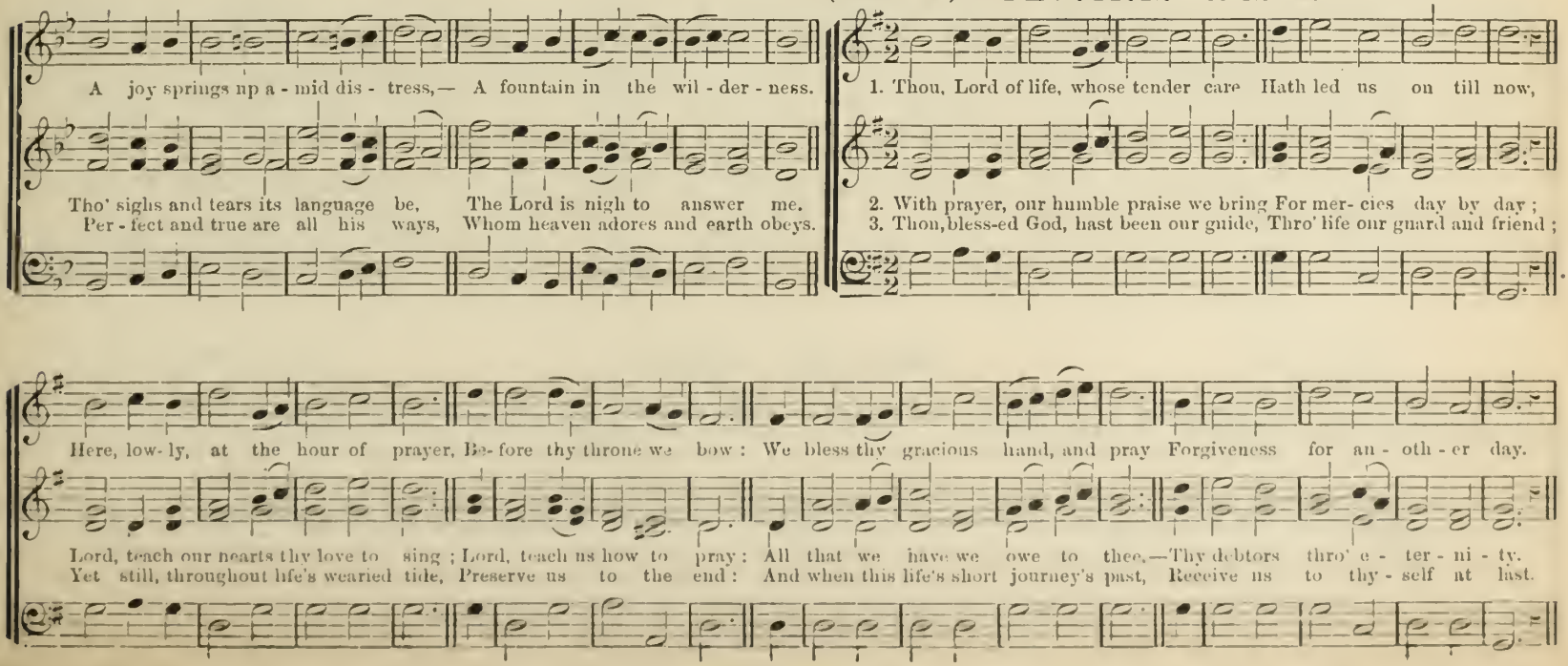
here of hearts That finds not here an end: Were this frail world our on-ly rest, Liv-ing or dy-ing, none were blest, Liv-ing or dy-ing, none were blest.

blessed clime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's af-fec - tion transient fire, Whose sparks fly upward to ex - pire, Whose sparks fly upward to ex - pire

ty of love, Form'd for the good a - lone: And faith beholds the dy - ing here Transla-ted to that happier sphere, Translated to that hap - pier sphere.



(38th P. M.) DEVOTION. C. L. M. CHESTER G. ALLEN.



262 (9th P. M.)

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

LUDOVICK NICHOLSON.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year, thy hand has brought me On thro' dangers oft unknown.

2. In the world will foes as - sail me, Craf- tier, stronger far than I; And the strife may nev - er fail me, Well I know, be- fore I die.

3. I would trust in thy pro - tect-ing, Whol- ly rest up - on thine arm; Fol - low whol - ly thy di - rect-ing, Thou, my on - ly guard from harm!

When I wan - der'd, thou hast found me: When I doubt - ed, sent me light; Still thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in thy sight.

Therefore, Lord, I come, be - liev - ing Thou canst give the power I need; Thro' the prayer of faith re-ceiving Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.

Keep me from mine own un - do - ing, Help me turn to thee when tried; Still my footsteps, Fa - ther, view-ing, Keep me ev - er at thy side!

(15th P. M.)

BELOVED. 11s & 8s.

FREEMAN LEWIS, 1813. arr.

1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom, in affliction I call; My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all.

2. Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep, To feed in the pasture of love? For why in the valley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in the wilderness rove?

3. O, why should I wander, an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

FAITH. 6s & 4s.

1. Saviour! I fol - low on Guided by thee, See - ing not yet the hand That leadeth me; Hush'd be my heart and still, Fear I no fur - ther ill,

2. Riv - en the rock for me. Thirst to re - lieve, Man - na from heaven falls Fresh ev-ery eve; Nev - er a want severe Causeth my eye a tear,
3. Saviour! I long to walk Clos - er with thee; Led by thy guiding hand Ev - er to be; Constant - ly near thy side, Quicken'd and pu - ri - fied,

CONSECRATION. 6s & 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

On - ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

But thou art whisp'ring near, "On - ly be - lieve!"
Liv - ing for Him who died Free - ly for me.

1. Saviour, who died for me. I give my - self to thee; Thy love, so full, so free,

2. But, Lord, the flesh is weak; Thy gracious aid I seek, For thou the word must speak
3. Saviour, with me a - bide; Be ev - er near my side; Support, defend and guide—

Claims all my powers, Be this my pur-pose high, To serve thee till I die, Whether my path shall lie Mid thorns or flowers.

That makes me strong. Then let me hear thy voice, Thou art my on - ly choice; Oh! bid my heart re - joice; Be thou my song.
I look to thee. I lay my hand in thine And fleet - ing joys resign. If I can call thee mine E - ter - nal - ly.

LEONARD. S. P. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi - on's hill,

2. May peace attend thy gate, And joy with-in thee wait, To bless the soul of ev - ery guest; The man who seeks thy peace, And wishes thine in-crease,

3. My tongue repeats her vows, "Peace to this sa-cred house!" For here my friends and kindred dwell; And, since my glorious God Makes thee his blest a - bode,

ALBA. 12s & 11s.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

And there our vows and hon - ors pay.

A thousand blessings on him rest.
My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de-plore thee, Tho' sor - row and dark-ness en -

2. Thou art gone to the grave, we no long - er be-hold thee, Nor tread the rough path of the

com-pass the tomb; The Sav - iour has pass'd thro' its por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

world by thy side, But the wide arms of mer - cy are spread to en - fold thee, And sin - ners may hope since the sin - less hath died.

BRETBY. 11s, 10s & 8s.

ALEX. LWOFF. 1830.

1. God, the all ter - rible ! thou who or - dainest Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy sword ; Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2. God, the Omnipotent ! might-y Avenger, Watching invisible, judging unheard; Save us in mercy, O save us from danger, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3. God, the all-merci-ful ! earth hath forsaken Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy word; Let not thy wrath in ter - ror a - waken, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

HATFIELD. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

Arr. from DONIZETTI.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah !—Praise the Lord In the heights of glo - ry ; Hosts of heaven ! with one ac - cord, Shout the joy - ful sto - ry ;

2. Praise him with the trumpet's tongue, Far and wide re - sound - ing; Praise him with the harp well-strung, While your hearts are bound - ing;

3. Praise him with the vi - ol's strings, Wak-ing joy - ous feel - ing; While the vault of glo - ry rings With the or - gan's peal - ing:

Praise him for his might-y deeds Praise ye him whose grace ex - ceeds All that heaven in song concedes; Worlds of bliss! his praise re - cord.

Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre; Let his praise the lute in - spire; Praise him in a might-y choir;— Let his praise be loud - ly sung.

Let the cym-bals ring his praise, Wake the clarion's grand-est lays, Praise the Lord thro' end - less days:— Lo! his praise cre - a - tion sings

GREASON. 6s & 5s.

B. C. UNSELD

1. Mourner, cease thy weeping, Wipe the falling tear; God his watch is keeping, Tho' none else is near. He will nev - er leave thee, All thy wants he knows,

2. Raise thine eyes to heaven When thy spir-its quail; When by tempests driven, Heart and courage fail. He will ev - er hold thee, All thy burdens share

Feels the pain that grieves thee, Sees thy cares and woes.

In his arms he'll fold thee, Safe from ev - ery snare.

RAYMOND. 6s & 5s.

T. J. COOK.
By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and

2. Calm - er yet and calm - er, Tri - al bear, and pain, Sur - er yet and

3. High - er yet and high - er, Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and

dear - er Ev - ery du - ty find; Ho - ping still and trusting God with-out a fear, Pa - tiently be - liev - ing He will make all clear.

sur - er Peace at last to gain; Suf - f'ring still and do - ing, To his will re - signed, And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.

near - er Ris - ing to the light-- Light se-rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest, Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti-fied and blest.

FREEMAN. 8s, 7s & 6s.

T. J. COOK, by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN

1. Watchmen! on - ward to your sta - tions; Blow the trum - pet long and loud; Preach the gos - pel to the na - tions, Speak to ev - ery

2. Watchmen! hail the ris - ing glo - ry Of the great Mes - si - ah's reign; Tell the Sav - iour's bleeding sto - ry, Tell it to the

gath -'ring crowd; See, the day is break - ing, See the saints a - wak - ing, No more in sad - ness bowed, No more in sad - ness bowed.

list - 'ning train; See his love re - veal - ing; See the spir - it steal - ing; 'Tis life a - mong the slain, 'Tis life a - mong the slain.

HALLIDAY. 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. No, no, it is not dy - ing, To go un - to our God; This gloomy earth for-sak-ing, Our journey homeward taking, A - long the star-ry road.

2. No, no, it is not dy - ing, The Shepherd's voice to know; His sheep he ev - er lead-eth, His peaceful flock he feedeth, Where liv - ing pastures grow.

3. No, no, it is not dy - ing, To wear a heavenly crown; A-mong God's people dwelling, The glorious triumph swelling Of him whose sway we own.

Words by F. C.

FADING AWAY. (For Sabbath Evening.)

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Gently.

1. Fading a - way, soft-ly a-way, The beauti-ful, beauti-ful Sabbath day, Call-ing its quiv'ring beams to rest, Closing its eye in the gold - en west;

2. Dy-ing a - way, quickly away, The moments that hallow this sacred day; Have we improved them in works of love? What have we done for our God a - bove?

3. Gliding a - way, swiftly a-way, The sun that illumines our life's young day; Help us, our Saviour, to love thee here, Help us to cling to thy cross so dear;

Bearing our songs in its on-ward flight Up to the courts of e - ter - nal light, Passing in glo - ry, O God, to thee, What will its re - cord be?

Bearing our tho'ts in their on-ward flight Up to the courts of e - ter - nal light, Passing in glo - ry, O God, to thee, What will their re - cord be?
Then as we joy - ful - ly wing our flight Up to the courts of e - ter - nal light, When the fair volume of life we see, There shall our re - cord be.

OWENS. 8, 8, 7, 7.

Words and Music by
Mrs. T. J. COOK

1. Saviour, hear our sup - pli - ca - tion! Friend of all in trib - u - la - tion! Bending 'neath the weight of sin, We, in sor - row, cry, "un-clean!"

2. Thou who hast our na-ture ta - ken, Now in us new life a - wak - en; In these hearts thy radiance shed, Feed us with the liv - ing bread.

3. Ev - ery hu - man frail - ty knowing, Day by day thy mer - cy show-ing, Keep us, Lord, from e - vil free, Till we lose our - selves in thee.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy contem - plation Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not, Oh! I know not What
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All ju - bi-lant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And
3. And they, who with their Leader, Have conquer'd in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er, Are clad in robes of white. Oh, land that seest no sor - row! Oh,
4. Oh, sweet, and blessed country, The home of God's e - lect! Oh, sweet and blessed country, That eager hearts ex-pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

For last verse.

joys await me there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
there, from toil released, The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.
state that fear'st no strife! Oh, roy-al land of flow-ers! Oh, realms and home of life.
that dear land of rest, Who art, with God the Fa-ther And Spir-it ev - er blest. A - men.

PASS ME NOT.

W. H. DOANE

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by. Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry, While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneeling there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be - lief.
3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
4. Thou the spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth beside thee? Whom in heav'n but thee!

CHORUS.

BY THE GATE THEY'LL MEET US.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. In the fade- less spring-time, on the heavenly shore, Kindred spir- its wait us, who have gone be- fore ; There no flowers with-er, and no pleasures cloy,
2. In the mist - y gloaming, death a - waits us all. Si - lent is his com - ing, sure the Master's call. And the an - gel foot-steps light the up- ward way
3. Trusting in the Sav - iour, may we humbly wait 'Till the ho - ly an - gels ope the pearl-y gate, And the lov- ing Father, from his gracious throne,

Chorus.

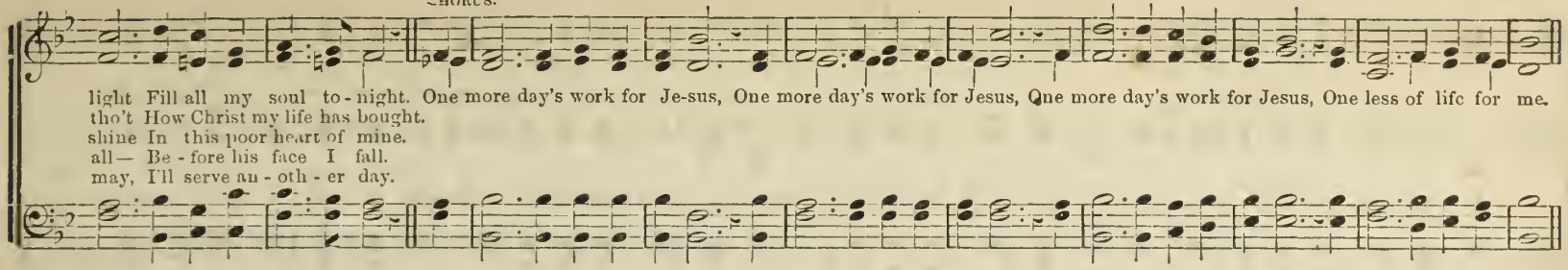
In that land of beau - ty, in that home of joy. By the gate they'll meet us, 'neath that golden sky, Meet us at the por - tal—meet us by - and - by.
Till the twilight merg - es in - to heavenly day. By the gate they'll meet us, 'neath that golden sky, Meet us at the por - tal—meet us by - and - by.
Smil- ing bids us wel - come to our heavenly home.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

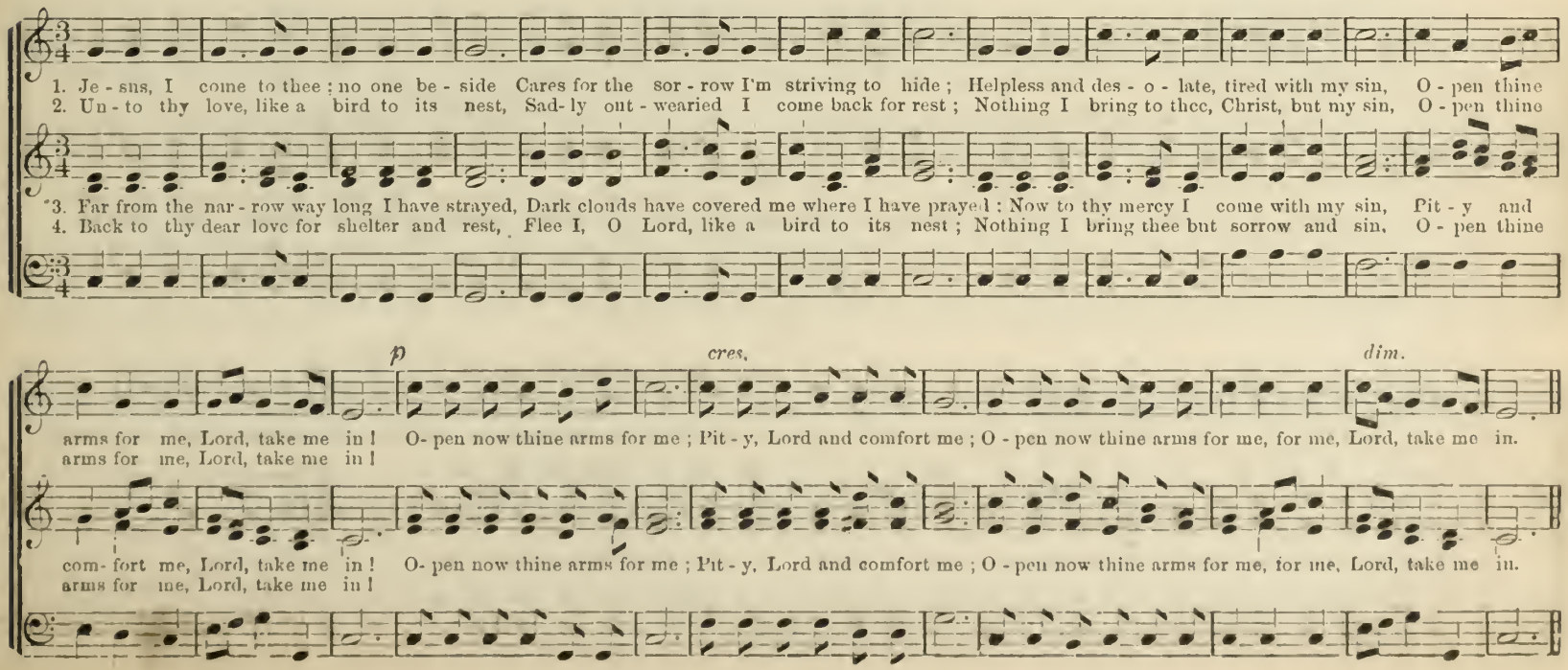
1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me ! But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is dear-er Than yes - ter- day, to me ; His love and
2. One more day's work for Je - sus : How glo - rious is my King ! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak his beau-ty ; My soul mounts on the wing, At the mere
3. One more day's work for Je - sus ; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry Where Christ's flock enter in ! How it did
4. One more day's work for Je - sus—O, yes, a wear - y day : But heaven shines clearer And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way ; And Christ in
5. O, bless - ed work for Je - sus ! O, rest at Je - sus' feet ! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet, Lord, if I

CHORUS.



COMING TO JESUS.

THEO. F. SEWARD. by per



FANNY CROSBY.

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

HUBERT P. MAIN by per.

With expression.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gath-er O'er the christian's na - tal skies, Dis-tant beams like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad sur - prise;

2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end: Yet a lit - tle while to la - bor, Ere the evening shades de - scend.

3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un-brok-en rest! In the gold - en fields of pleasure, In the re - gion of the blest;

And we al - most hear the ech-o Of the pure and ho - ly throng; In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the sum-mer - land of song.

Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er; In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, We shall wake to sleep no more.

But to see our dear Re-deem - er, And be-fore his throne to fall, There to hear his gracious welcome—Will be sweet-er far than all.

CHORUS.

p *f* *pp ritard.*

On the banks beyond the riv-er, We shall meet no more to sev-er; In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the summer - land of song.

On the banks beyond the riv-er, We shall meet no more to sev-er; In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the summer - land of song.

THE PRAISE OF JESUS' NAME.

1. Loud swell in cho-ral numbers The praise of Je - sus' name; His goodness, truth and mer - cy Let young and old pro-claim. Ex -
2. We blend our hap - py voi - ces, We lift our hearts a-bove; We thank our kind Pro - tec - tor For all his ten-der love. How
3. Ho - san - na in the high - est, Our grateful songs shall be; Ho - san - na in the high - est, Our Saviour God, to thee: And

alt him, O ye na-tions, And crown him while ye sing: The Lord of life e - ter - nal, Cre - a - tor, Sav-iour, King.
bright the year de - part - ed With blessings pass'd a - way; Loud swell our cho-ral num - bers On this glad fes - tive day.
when, with all the ransomed, A - round thy throne we meet, We'll cast our crowns be-fore thee, And wor - ship at thy feet.

CHORUS.

"How bless-ed are the peo - ple That know the joyful sound," Whose strains shall yet be waft - ed To earth's remot - est bound.
"How bless-ed are the peo - ple That know the joyful sound," Whose strains shall yet be waft - ed To earth's remot - est bound.

KEEP ME FROM SINKING DOWN.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. I love thee, O my Sav - iour, And yet my heart is frail, My faith so of - ten fal - ters, And gloom - y fears pre - vail; My way is hedged with tri - als, Dark clouds a - bove me frown, Keep me from sink-ing down, Lord, Keep me from sink - ing down.

2. For - give these vain re - pin - ings, This want of trust in thee, For thou hast known tempta - tion, And borne the cross for me; Thy pa - tience un - der suff - 'ring Ob - tained for thee the crown, Keep me from sink-ing down, Lord, Keep me from sink - ing down.

3. How can I doubt thy good-ness, My Sav - iour and my God, It is thy love that calls me To pass beneath thy rod; O may the hope of glo - ry And my e - ter - nal crown, Keep me from sink-ing down, Lord, Keep me from sink - ing down.

(9th P. M.)

MILWAUKEE. 8s & 7s.

JOHN ZUNDEL, by per.

Rather slow and gentle.

f

1. Sav - iour, who thy flock art feeding With the shepherd's kindest care, All the fee - ble gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share.

2. Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiving, Fold them in thy gracious arm; There, we know, thy word be - liev - ing, On - ly there, se - cure from harm.

3. Nev - er, from thy pas-ture rov-ing, Let them be the li - on's prey; Let thy ten - der - ness, so lov - ing, Keep them thro' life's dangerous way.

4. Then with - in thy fold e - ter - nal, Let them find a rest-ing place, Feed in pastures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of thy grace.

Written for HUBERT P. MAIN at Geneva, New York July 1st, 1866.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Words and Music by Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. What shall we do, What course pursue In service of the Lord? Who died that we From sin, might be To ho-liness restored, To ho-li-ness re - stored.
2. We cannot bear Such bliss to share For in - do - lence su-pine; The path is giv'n The pledge of heav'n, Where endless glories shine, Where endless glories shine.
3. Our heavenly friend His aid will lend To those who do his will, And hearts of love should ever prove Abundant in their zeal, A-bundant in their zeal.
4. What shall we do, What course pursue? Our public pow'rs we'll try; 'Mid shades of night To spread the light, That leads to realms on high, That leads to realms, &c.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

rit. END.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast, There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the world's temp-ta - tion, Sin can - not harm me there.
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear re - fuge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast, There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.*

D.C. CHORUS.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song for me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.....

Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears, On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore

Words by Rev. T. A. T. HANNA.

BEHOLD THE LAMB.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. See him, from Jordan's bright wa-ters as-cending, Lift-ing his meek eyes in prayer, to the sky; Fa-ther and Spir-it their witness are blending,
2. Wander-ing, homeless, and fed by the stranger, Wea-ry at noon by Sa-ma-ri-a's well; Nights full of weeping and days full of dan-ger,
3. Si-lent-ly led as a lamb to the slaughter; Pa-tient, as sheep to the shearers are dumb; Pour-ing his life out, in blood and in wa-ter,
4. Now in the midst of the throne, inter-ced-ing, Marked with the wounds of the cross, he appears; Slain as our Pass-o-ver, ris-en and pleading,

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

W. H. DOANE.
by per.

Words by Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee;
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain;
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whisper thy praise;

Sealing the Lamb who for sinners must die, Sealing the Lamb who for sinners must die.
Who the re-port of his sorrows can tell? Who the re-port of his sorrows can tell?

Numbered with sinners, and sealed in the tomb, Numbered with sinners, and sealed in the tomb.
Offering his incense, perfum-ing our prayers, Offering his incense, perfum-ing our prayers.

Hear thou the prayer I make On bended knee; This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!
Now thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

Sweet are thy mes-sengers, Sweet their re-frain When they can sing with me,—More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!
This be the part-ing cry My heart shall raise This still its prayer shall be: More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

SILENT TOME.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Slow and soft.

1. Silent tomb! silent tomb! In thy depth there is no gloom! Whom thou hidest, sorrows not, They have every care forgot, Now in peace their spirits rove. Far above, far above.

p *pp*

2. Light of faith! light of faith! Brightly shine upon our path; Then when death is hov'ring near, Thou wilt save our souls from fear, So in holy peace and trust. |:We may rest.:|
3. Star of hope! star of hope! When we feel our spirits droop, Quickly send the cheering ray, Let the darkness turn to day, For when fades all other light, |:Thou art bright.:|

HAS EARTHLY LOVE DECEIVED THEE?

(E.)

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Has earth - ly love de - ceived thee? Has ear - ly friendship grieved thee? Has death's strong hand bereaved thee! Of all most dear be - low?

2. In vain have men as - sert - ed, To cheat the wea - ry - heart - ed, That pow'rs by sin per - vert - ed Themselves can calm the breast.

A love which nev - er chang - es, A friend no time es - trang - es, A land death's shaft ne'er ran - ges, It may be thine to know.

One hand a - lone un - fail - ing, The pow'r of sin as - sail - ing, O'er all with - in pre - vail - ing, Can give the wea - ry rest.

MOTETT. "Sing unto God."

The Old Hundreth Psalm Tune, by Rev. W. H HAVERGAL, A. M., author of the "History of the Old Hundreth."

Sing, sing un-to God, sing psalms un-to him, Sing psalms un-to him, sing psalms, Call

Sing, sing un-to God, sing psalms un-to him, Sing psalms un-to him, un-to him, Sing psalms unto him,

Sing, sing un-to God, sing psalms un-to him, Sing psalms un-to him, sing psalms unto him.

Sing, un-to God, sing psalms to him, Sing un-to God, sing psalms to him, call,

..... ye up-on his ho-ly name, Call ye up-on his name, Talk ye of

Call,..... ..... call ye up-on his ho-ly name, his ho - - ly name.

Call ye up-on his ho-ly name, his ho - - ly name.

ye up-on his ho-ly name. Call ye up-on his ho-ly name.

all his wondrous works, his wondrous works, Talk ye... of all. Talk ye of all his

Talk ye of all his wondrous works, his wondrous works, Talk ye.... of all his won - drous works Talk

Talk ye of all his wondrous works, all.... of all, Talk ye of all, of all his wondrous works, of all his wondrous

won - drous works, of all ... his wondrous works, Talk ye of all, of all his works. Sing un - to God, sing psalms to

ye of all his wondrous works, of all.... his wondrous works, of all his works. Sing un - to God, sing psalms to

works, of all his works, his wondrous, wondrous works, Talk ye of all his works. Sing un - to God, sing psalms to

MOTETT. "Sing unto God." Concluded.

him, Call ye up - on his ho - ly name, Sing un - to God, sing psalms to him, Talk ye of all his wondrous works.

him, Call ye up - on his ho - ly name, Sing un - to God, sing psalms to him, Talk ye of all his wondrous works.

him, Call ye up - on his ho - ly name, Sing un - to God, sing psalms to him, Talk ye of all his wondrous works.

(5th P. M.)

WORTHINGTON. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, sov'reign Lord, Be thy glo - rious name adored, Lord, thy mercies nev-er fail; Hail, ce - les - tial Goodness, hail!

2. Tho' un - wor - thy of thine ear, Deign our hum - ble songs to hear; Purer praise we hope to bring, When a - round thy throne we sing.

3. While on earth or - dained to stay, Guide our foot - steps in thy way, Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we an..... thy glo-ry see.

O, FATHER, HEAR US. (Sentence.)

HUBERT P. MAIN.
April 21, 1872.

O Fa - ther, hear us, O Fa-ther, hear us, Hear thou in mer - cy the prayer of thy children. Grant us thy

O Fa - ther, hear us, O Fa-ther, hear us, Hear thou in mer - cy the prayer of thy children. Grant us thy

spir - it Still to watch o'er us, Guide and de-fend us thro' Christ our Saviour, Guide and de - fend us thro' Christ our Lord.

spir - it Still to watch o'er us, Guide and de-fend us thro' Christ our Saviour, Guide and de - fend us thro' Christ our Lord.

ERE I SLEEP. 8, 3, 3, 6.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Ere I sleep, for ev - ery fa - vor This day showed By my God, I do bless my Sav-iour.

2. And when - e'er in death I slum - ber, Let me rise With the wise, Count - ed in their num-ber.

PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

LINLEY.

f Vivace. *Pia.* *f*

Praise the Lord, O my soul, While I live will I praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O my soul, While I live will I praise the Lord,

Praise the Lord, O my soul, While I live will I praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O my soul, While I live will I praise the Lord,

Yea, as long as I have a - ny be - ing, will I sing prais - - - - - - - es, will I sing prais-es un -

Yea, as long as I have a - ny be - ing, will I sing prais-es, will I sing prais - es, will I sing prais-es un -

Pia. *cres.* *f*

to my God, Yea, as long as I have a - ny be - ing, will I sing prais - - - - - - - -es, will I sing

will I sing prais-es, will I sing prais-es,

Pia. *cres.*

to my God, Yea, as long as I have a - ny be - ing, will I sing prais - - - - - - - es, will I sing

will I sing prais-es, will I sing prais-es,

pp *f*

prais - es un - to my God, Will I sing prais - - - - - es, will I sing prais-es un - to my God. A - men.
Will I sing prais-es, will I sing prais-es,

prais - es un - to my God, Will I sing prais - - - - - es, will I sing prais-es un - to my God. A - men.

Will I sing prais-es, will I sing prais-es.

OH! FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Oh! for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame: A light, to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his Word?

3. What peaceful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!—But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev - er fill.
4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove! re - turn—Sweet messen - ger of rest! I hate the sins that make thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.

A light, a light, to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

A light, a light, to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

LORD, I HAVE COME.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN, by THEO. F. SEWARD

Affettuoso. *p* *cres.* *p*

Lord, I have come, thy promise is my plea, But for thy word I durst not venture nigh, Yet thou hast called the burdened soul to thee, A weary, burdened

Lord, I have come, thy promise is my plea, But for thy word I durst not venture nigh, Yet thou hast called the burdened soul to thee, A weary, burdened

p *cres.* *dim.* *p*

soul, O Lord, am I. Bowed down beneath a hea-vy load of sin, By Sa - tan's fierce temp - ta - tions sore-ly pressed. Pressed from without, and

soul, O Lord, am I. Bowed down beneath a hea-vy load of sin, By Sa - tan's fierce temp - ta - tions sore-ly pressed. Pressed from without, and

p *m* *pp* *pp* *rit.*

full of fears with-in, Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest, Trembling and faint, Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest.

full of fears with-in, Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest, Trembling and faint, Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK. (Psalm lxi: 1, 2.)

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Adagio.

Hear my cry, O God; at - tend un - to my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry un - to thee, from the end of the earth will I

Hear my cry, O God; at - tend un - to my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry un - to thee, from the end of the earth will I

cry un - to thee, from the end of the earth will I cry un - to thee, when my heart is o - ver-whelm'd: Lead me to the rock, lead me

faster.

cry un - to thee, from the end of the earth will I cry un - to thee, when my heart is o - ver-whelm'd: Lead me to the rock, lead me to the

Lead me to the rock, lead me

to the rock, lead me to the rock that is high - er than I, high-er than I, high-er than I, Lead me to the rock that is high - er than I.

rock. lead me to the rock..... that is high - er than I, high-er than I, high-er than I, Lead me to the rock that is high - er than I.

to the rock, lead me to the rock, &c.

SENTENCE. "O love the Lord.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Andante.

O love the Lord, O love, O love the Lord, He

O love the Lord, O love the Lord, O love the Lord, O love the Lord; He keep-eth his faith-ful children, He

keep-eth his faith-ful children, He keep-eth his faith-ful chil-dren, His chil-dren for-ev-er-more. For-ev - - - er-more.

CODA. *To be sung after the D.C.*

Ritard.

keep-eth his faith-ful children, He keep-eth his faith-ful chil-dren, His chil-dren for-ev-er-more. For-ev - - - er-more.

Much faster.

Be strong in the Lord, Be strong in the Lord, And He shall es-tab-lish, and He shall es-tab-lish your heart.

f

Be strong in the Lord. Be strong in the Lord, And He shall es-tab-lish, And He shall es-tab-lish your heart. Be

SENTENCE. "O love the Lord." Concluded.

D.C. a tempo

Be strong in the Lord, Be strong in the Lord, Be strong, be ye strong in the Lord, And he shall es - tab - lish your heart.

Be strong in the Lord,

strong in the Lord, be strong, Be strong in the Lord, Be strong, be ye strong in the Lord, And he shall es - tab - lish your heart.

THE SOUND OF SALVATION. (Missionary.)

Words and Music by
THOS. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.

1. Go forth ye glad heralds with tidings of joy. A Saviour is given for our race; O bid all the heathen their i - dols des - troy, And
2. O tell of his wisdom, his pow'r and his love, How he labored and languished and bled, How he rose from the tomb and as - cend-ed a - bove, Rich
3. Bid the heathen re - pent of their sin and be - lieve, And trust in Im-ma - nu-el's word; O tell them his promise can nev - er de - ceive, For
4. O tell of his pu - ri - ty, gen - tle - ness, grace, His ho - li - ness, kindness and care; And bid them his of - fers of par-don embrace, And u -
5. Go forth ye glad heralds, and publish a - far That sinners may now be for-given; Go, show them the brightness of Bethle-hem's Star To

Chorus.

trust in his fulness of grace. Let the sound of sal - va-tion be ech - oed a - broad, Till the world shall ac-knowledge her Sav - iour and God.
blessings a-round us to shed.

righteousness dwells with the Lord Let the sound of sal - va-tion be ech - oed a - broad, Till the world shall ac-knowledge her Sav - iour and God.
nite in thanksgiving and prayer.
lead in the pathway to heaven.

AND THE RANSOMED OF THE LORD.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall re - turn and come to Zi - on with songs, with songs, with songs and ev - er -
Zi - on with songs, with songs,

And the ransomed of the Lord shall re - turn and come to Zi - on with songs, with songs, with songs, with songs and ev - er -
Zi - on with songs, with songs,

- lasting joy, with songs and ev - er-last-ing joy, with songs, with songs, with songs and ever - last - ing joy, with songs and ever-lasting joy, with
- lasting joy, with songs and ev - er-last-ing joy, with songs, with songs, with songs and ever - last - ing joy, with songs and ever-lasting joy, with

with songs, with songs, with songs and ev - er - last-ing joy up - on their heads, with songs and ev-er -
songs and ev - er - last-ing joy, with songs, with songs, with songs and ev - er - last-ing joy up - on their heads, with songs and ev-er-
with songs, with songs,

- last-ing joy up-on their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, they shall ob-tain joy and glad-ness, they shall ob-tain

- last-ing joy up-on their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, they shall ob-tain joy and glad-ness, they shall ob-tain

joy and gladness, they shall obtain joy and gladness, joy and gladness, joy and gladness. And sorrow and sighing shall flee a - way.

joy and gladness, they shall obtain joy and gladness, joy and gladness, joy and gladness. And sorrow and sighing shall flee.... a - way.

FUNERAL HYMN.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anxious brow, Rest for the weary, way-worn feet, Rest from all la-bor now, Rest from all la - bor now.

2. Rest for the fev-ered brain, Rest for the throbbing eye. O'er these parched lips of thine no more Passeth the moan or sigh, Passeth the moan or sigh.

3. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the welcome sound, Shaking thy silent chamber walls, Breaking the turf-seal'd ground, Breaking the turf-seal'd ground.

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE AND SING. (National Hymn.)

F. J. COOK
By per. of F. J. HUNTINGTON

f *Moderato maestoso.*

Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice and sing, Let cho - ral an - thems rise;
Ye rev - 'rend men and chil - dren bring To God your sa - cri - fice.

For he is good, the Lord is good,
For he is good, the

Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice and sing, Let cho - ral an - thems rise;
Ye rev - 'rend men and chil - dren bring To God your sa - cri - fice.

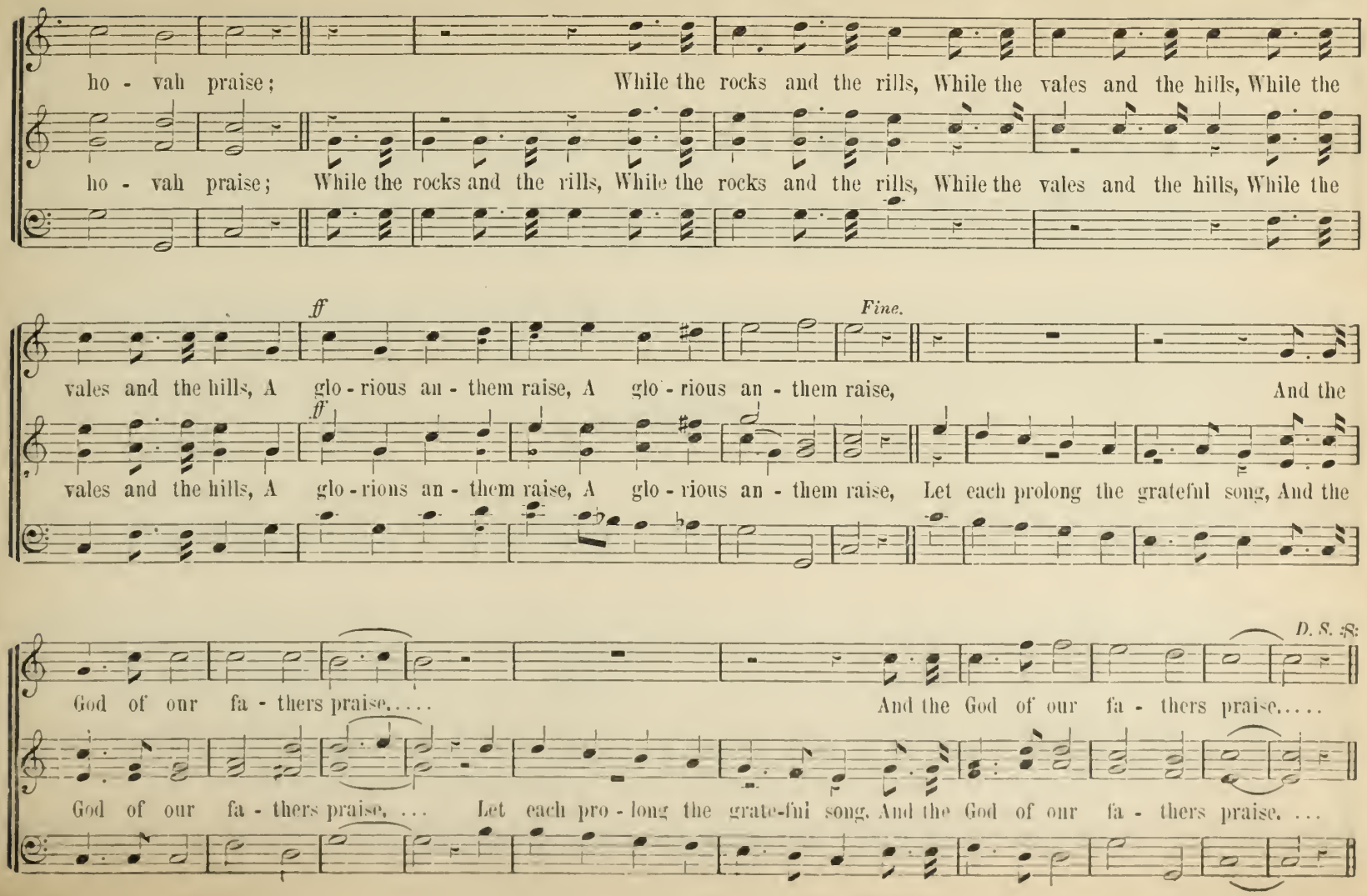
For he is good, the Lord is good,

For he is good, the Lord is good, For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways,
Lord is good, the Lord is good,

For he is good, the Lord is good, For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways,

With songs and hon - ors sound-ing loud, With songs and hon - ors sound-ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je -

With songs and hon - ors sound-ing loud, With songs and hon - ors sound-ing loud, The Lord Je -


ho - vah praise; While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, While the
ho - vah praise; While the rocks and the rills, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, While the
ff
Fine.
vales and the hills, A glo - rious an - them raise, A glo - rious an - them raise, And the
ff
vales and the hills, A glo - rious an - them raise, A glo - rious an - them raise, Let each prolong the grateful song, And the
D. S. ℟.
God of our fa - thers praise..... And the God of our fa - thers praise.....
God of our fa - thers praise, ... Let each pro - long the grate-ful song, And the God of our fa - thers praise. ...

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Marca...

O praise the Lord! His ho - ly name For - ev - er be a-dored; Let ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue, U - nite with one ac - cord. An -

O praise the Lord! His ho - ly name For - ev - er be a-dored; Let ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue, U - nite with one ac - cord, An -

oth - er year, an-oth - er year his love has crown'd with mer - cies free, full and free, Let all the earth, let all the earth with

oth - - er year his love has crown'd with mer-cies full and free, Let all the earth with

oth - er year, an-oth - er year his love has crown'd, with mer - cies free, full and free, Let all the earth, let all the earth with

ff *p*

joy re - sound, O sing his praise from sea to sea, Tho' win - - - try storms, with chilling blasts have come, And grief and

joy re - sound, O sing his praise from sea to sea, wintry storms, wintry storms with chill - ing blasts have come, grief and pain

win - try storms, win - try storms oft have come.

cres.

pain have entered many a home. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, His lov-ing care is eve-ry where, O

grief and pain have entered many a home. Yet still his love has found us, His arms have been around us, His lov-ing care is eve-ry where, O

en - tered home. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

1st time. 2nd time. m

praise his ho - ly name, Yet praise his ho - ly name. For wav-ing corn and meadows fair, For rich re - ward of toil and care, For

praise his ho - ly name, Yet praise his ho - ly name. For wav-ing corn and meadows fair, For rich re - ward of toil and care, For

blessings showered from a - bove, We praise the God of love. O praise the Lord, His ho - ly name for - ev - er be a-dored, Let

blessings showered from a - bove, We praise the God of love. O praise the Lord, His ho - ly name for - ev - er be a-dored, Let

ff

eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue U - nite with one ac - cord, Let eve - ry heart and eve-ry tongue, U - nite with one ac - cord.

eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue U - nite with one ac - cord, Let eve - ry heart and eve-ry tongue, U - nite with one ac - cord.

Allegro. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

1st time *2nd time.*

lu - jah, A - men. - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

lu - jah, A - men. - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS. (Rev. 22d, 14.)

A. J. ABBEY.

Con grazia

Blessed are they, Blessed are they, Blessed are they that do his com -

Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed are they..... Blessed are they ..... Blessed are they that do his com -

Blessed are they, Blessed are they, Blessed are they that do his com -

mandments and that keep his laws. And may en - ter in thro' the gates, Thro' the gates in-to the

mandments and that keep his laws. That they may have right to the tree of life, And may en - ter in thro' the gates, Thro' the gates in - to the

mandments and that keep his laws. Thro' the gates in-to the

ci - ty. And may en - ter in thro' the gates, Thro' the gates in-to the ci - ty. A - men, A - men.

ci - ty. That they may have right to the tree of life, And may en-ter in thro' the gates, Thro' the gates in - to the ci - ty. A - men, A - - men.

ci - ty. Thro' the gates in- to the ci - ty.

NOT UNTO US.

T. J. COOK, by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

Not un-to us, O Lord, not un-to us; but un-to thy name, thy name give the praise. For thy lov-ing mer-cy, for thy lov - ing mer-cy, and

DUET.

Not un-to us, O Lord, not un-to us; but un-to thy name, thy name give the praise. For thy lov-ing mer-cy, for thy lov - ing mer-cy, and

for thy truth's sake. Wherefore shall the heathen say, wherefore shall the heathen say, Where is now thy God? Where is now thy God?

for thy truth's sake. Wherefore shall the heathen say, wherefore shall the heathen say, Where is now thy God? Where is now thy God?

As for our God, he is in heaven, As for our God, he is in heaven, He hath done what-so - ev - er pleas - ed him.

As for our God, he is in heaven, As for our God, he is in heaven, He hath done what-so - ev - er pleas - ed him.

NOT UNTO US. Concluded.

And we will praise the Lord from this time forth, for - ev - er - more.
And we will praise the Lord, from this time forth, from this time forth, for - ev - er - more. And we will
And we will praise the Lord, for - ev - er - more.

And we will praise the Lord, and we will praise the Lord for - ev - er - more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.
praise the Lord for - ev - er - more. And we will praise the Lord for - ev - er - more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

T. J. COOK, by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN

1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve him with gladness and fear; Exult in his presence with music and mirth; With love and devotion draw near.
2. Je - ho-vah is God, and Je-ho - vah a - lone, Cre - a-tor and Rul-er o'er all; And we are his people; his sceptre we own; His sheep, and we follow his call.
3. Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his temple proclaim; His praise in melodious accordance prolong, And bless his a-d[illegible] name.

SALVATION BELONGETH UNTO THE LORD. Ps. III, 5, 8.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Sal - va - tion be - long - eth un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, Sal - va - tion be - long - eth un - to the Lord, un - to the

Sal - va - tion be - long - eth un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, Sal - va - tion be - long - eth un - to the Lord, un - to the

Lord, And thy bless - ing, and thy bless - ing is up - on thy peo - ple, And thy bless - ing, and thy bless - ing is up - on thy

Lord, And thy bless - ing, and thy bless - ing is up - on thy peo - ple, And thy bless - ing, and thy bless - ing is up - on thy

peo - ple. Sal - va - tion be - long - eth, be - long - eth un - to the Lord, And thy bless - ing, and thy bless - ing is up - on thy peo - ple,

peo - ple. Sal - va - tion be - long - eth, be - long - eth un - to the Lord, And thy bless - ing, and thy bless - ing is up - on thy peo - ple,

p

I laid me down and slept, I a - waked, for the Lord sus - tained me, I laid me down and slept,

I laid me down and slept, I a - waked, for the Lord sus - tained me, I laid me down and slept,

cres. *rit.* *a tempo.*

I a - waked, for the Lord sus - tained me, for the Lord, the Lord sus - tained me. Sal - va - tion be -

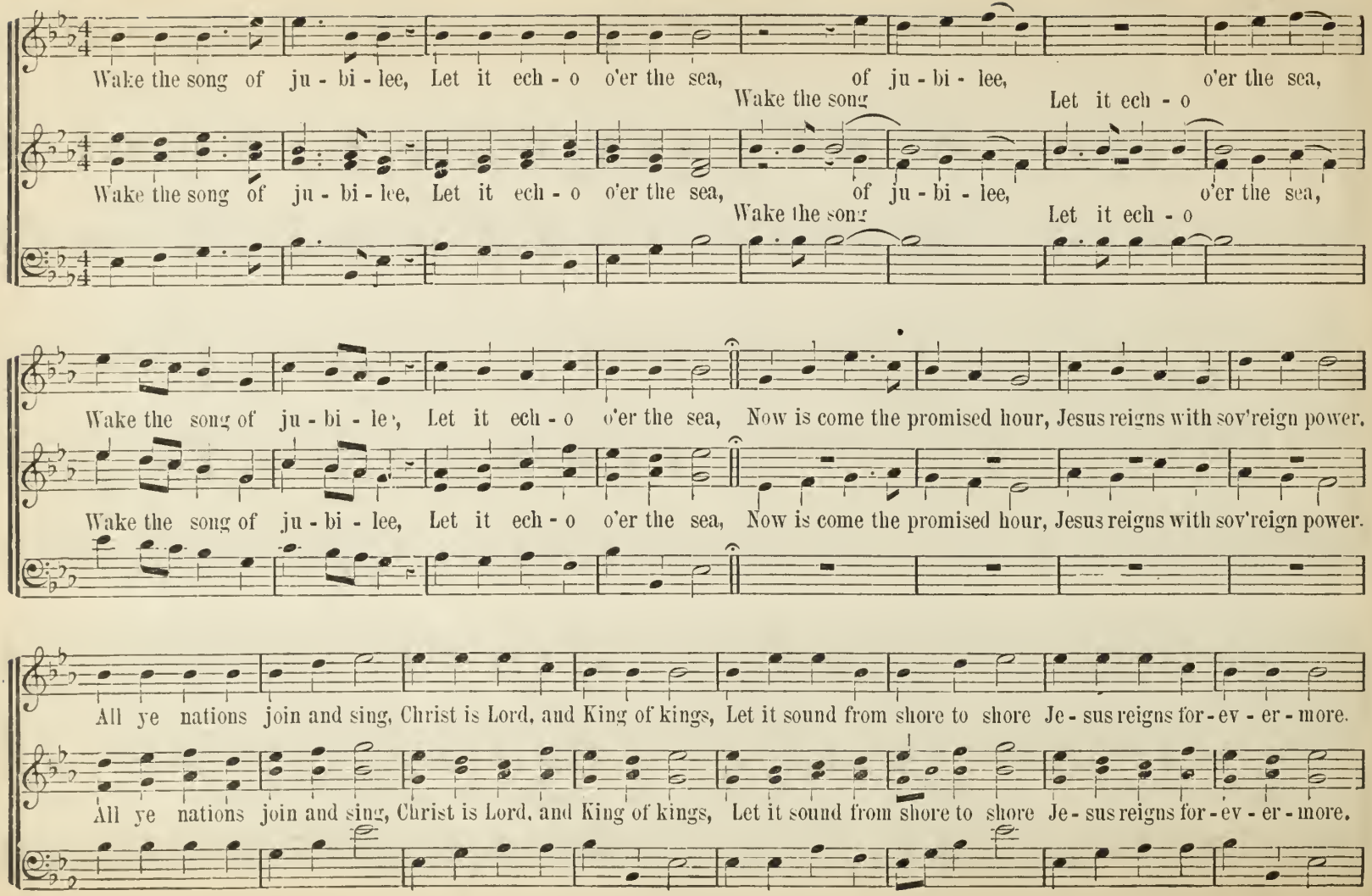
I a - waked, for the Lord sus - tained me, for the Lord, the Lord sus - tained me. Sal - va - tion be -

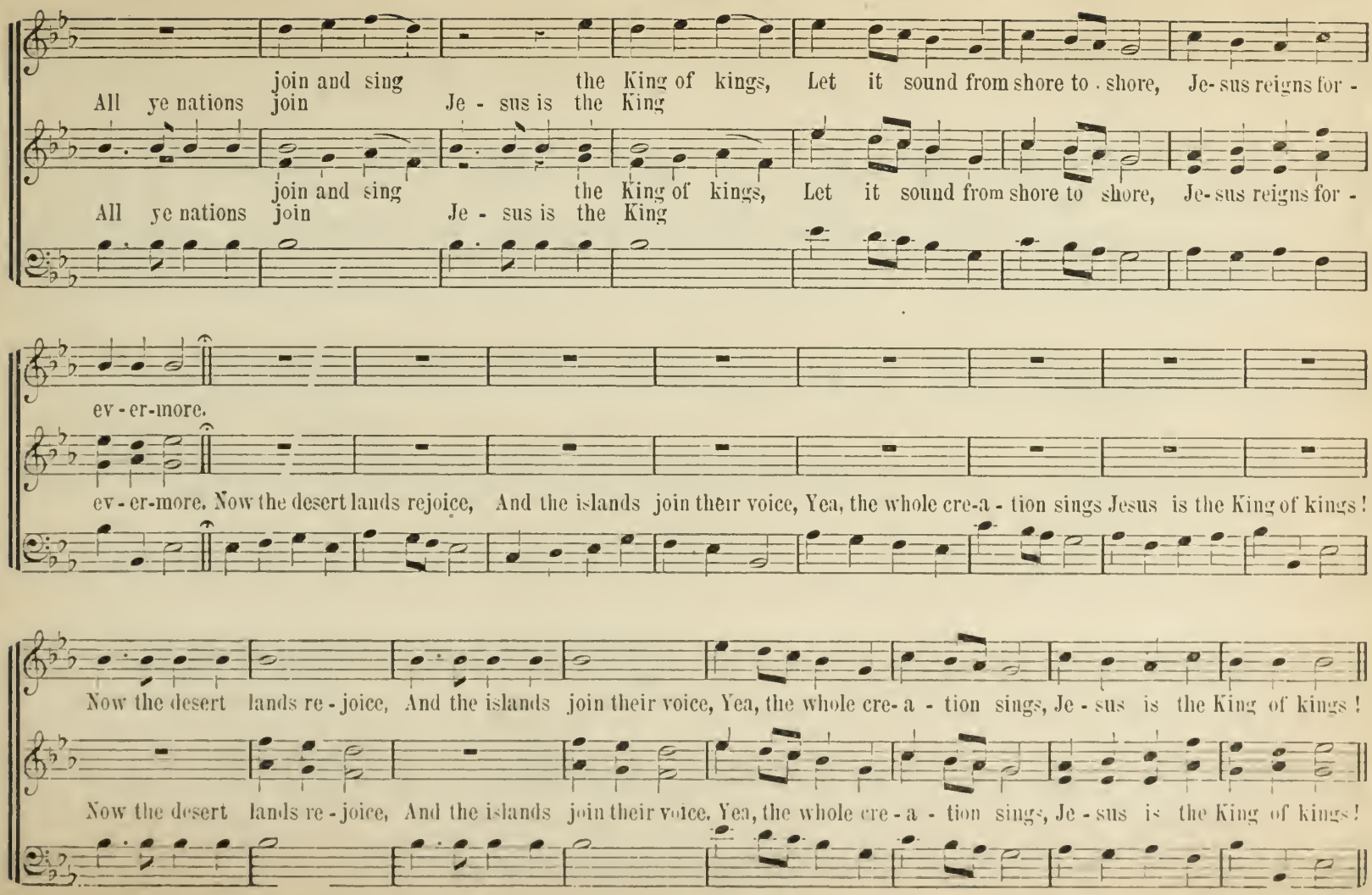
long - eth, be - long - eth un - to the Lord, And thy bless - ing, and thy bless - ing is up - on thy peo - ple. A - men.

long - eth, be - long - eth un - to the Lord, And thy bless - ing, and thy bless - ing is up - on thy peo - ple. A - men.

WAKE THE SONG.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.




All ye nations join and sing Je - sus is the King of kings, Let it sound from shore to shore, Je- sus reigns for -
All ye nations join and sing Je - sus is the King of kings, Let it sound from shore to shore, Je- sus reigns for -
ev - er-more.
ev - er-more. Now the desert lands rejoice, And the islands join their voice, Yea, the whole cre-a - tion sings Jesus is the King of kings!
Now the desert lands re - joice, And the islands join their voice, Yea, the whole cre- a - tion sings, Je - sus is the King of kings!
Now the desert lands re - joice, And the islands join their voice, Yea, the whole cre - a - tion sings, Je - sus is the King of kings!

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD.

Psalm XCVIII: 4—8.

T. F. SEWARD.

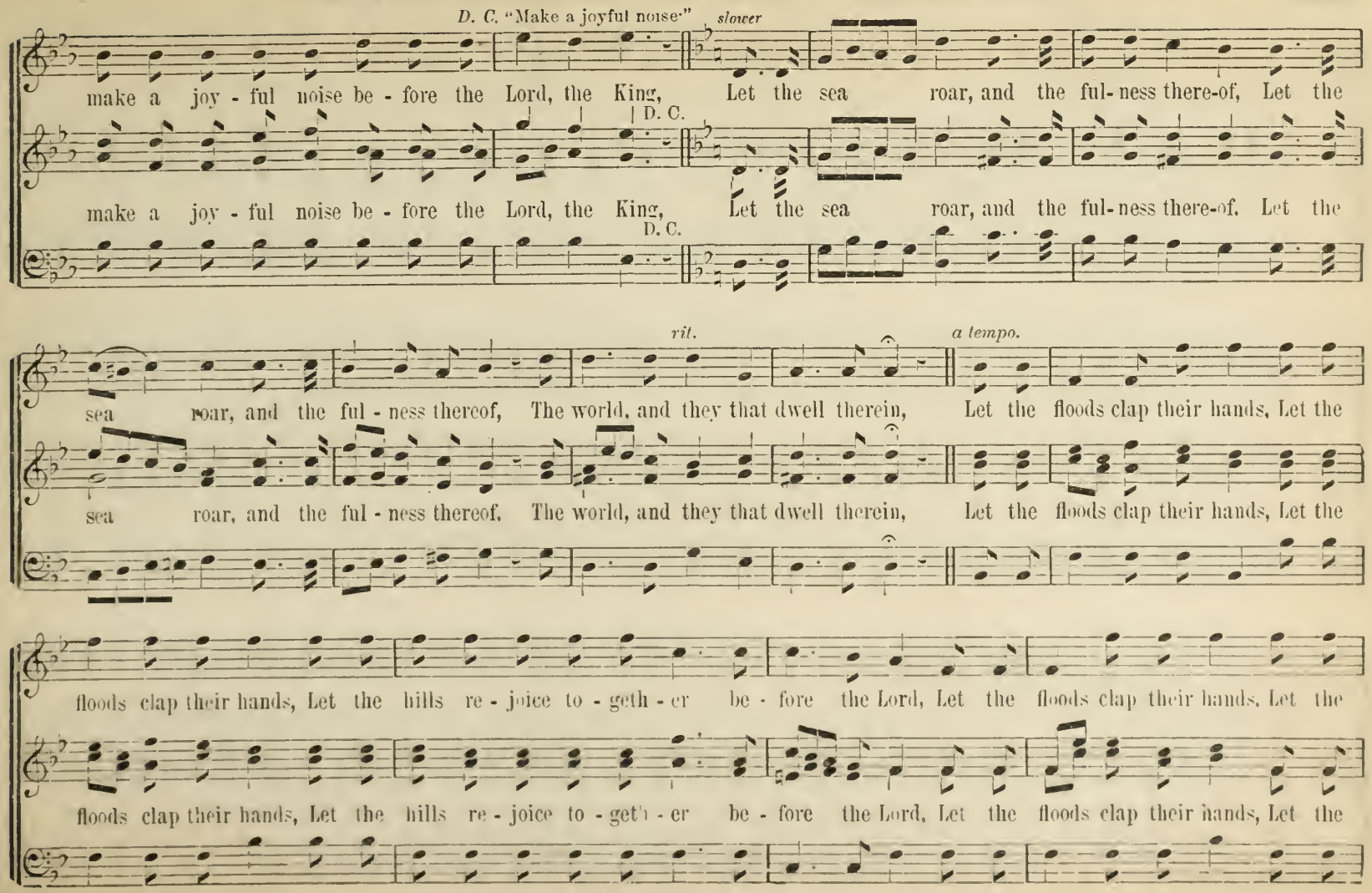
Allegro

Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord, all the earth; Make a loud noise and rejoice and sing praise, Sing un-to the Lord, Sing un-to the Lord,

Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord, all the earth; Make a loud noise and rejoice and sing praise, Sing un-to the Lord, Sing un-to the Lord, Sing with the harp and the voice of a psalm; With trum-pet and sound of cor-net,

Lord, Sing un-to the Lord with the harp and the voice of a psalm; Sing un-to the Lord with the harp! Oh! make a joy-ful noise be-fore the Lord, the King, Sing un-to the Lord with the harp! Oh!

Lord with the harp! Oh! make a joy-ful noise be-fore the Lord, the King, Sing un-to the Lord with the harp! Oh!


D. C. "Make a joyful noise"
slower
make a joy - ful noise be - fore the Lord, the King, Let the sea roar, and the ful - ness there-of, Let the
D. C.
make a joy - ful noise be - fore the Lord, the King, Let the sea roar, and the ful - ness there-of. Let the
D. C.
rit.
a tempo.
sea roar, and the ful - ness thereof, The world, and they that dwell therein, Let the floods clap their hands, Let the
sea roar, and the ful - ness thereof. The world, and they that dwell therein, Let the floods clap their hands, Let the
floods clap their hands, Let the hills re - joice to - geth - er be - fore the Lord, Let the floods clap their hands, Let the
floods clap their hands, Let the hills re - joice to - geth - er be - fore the Lord, Let the floods clap their hands, Let the

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD. Concluded.

ritard.

floods clap their hands, Let the hills re - joice to - geth - er be - fore the Lord, To - geth - er be - fore the Lord.

floods clap their hands, Let the hills re - joice to - geth - er be - fore the Lord, To - geth - er be - fore the Lord.

Allegro.

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all the earth; Make a loud noise and rejoice and sing praise, Sing un-to the Lord, Sing un-to the Lord,

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all the earth; Make a loud noise and rejoice and sing praise, Sing un- to the

Lord, Sing un - to the Lord, Sing unto the Lord, Sing with the harp and the voice of a psalm; O sing un - to the Lord with the voice of a psalm.

Lord, Sing un - to the Lord with the harp and the voice of a psalm; O sing un - to the Lord with the voice of a psalm.

SENTENCE. "They that wait upon the Lord."

They that wait, that wait up-on the Lord, They that wait up-on the Lord, shall renew their strength; They shall mount up with wings as

They that wait, that wait up-on the Lord, They that wait up-on the Lord, shall renew their strength; They shall mount up with wings as

ea-gles, They shall run and not be weary, And they shall walk and not faint, shall walk and not faint. They that wait, that wait up-on the

ea-gles, They shall run and not be weary, And they shall walk and not faint, shall walk and not faint. They that wait, that wait up-on the

Lord, shall renew their strength, shall renew their strength; They that wait, that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength, shall, &c.

Lord, shall renew their strength, shall renew their strength; They that wait, that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength, shall, &c.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

CHESTER G. ALLEN

Moderato.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry?

The sting of death is sin, And the strength of sin is the law, The sting of death is sin, And the strength of sin is the law.

The sting of death is sin, And the strength of sin is the law. The sting of death is sin, And the strength of sin is the law.

Allegro.

thanks be to God who giveth us the vic- to- ry, who giveth us the vic-to - ry thro' Je - sus

But thanks be to God, thanks be to God, thanks be to God who giveth us the vic- to- ry, who giveth us the vic-to - ry thro' Je - sus

Christ our Lord; Thanks be to God, thanks be to God who giveth us the vic-to-ry, Thanks be to God,

Christ our Lord; Thanks be to God, thanks be to God, thanks be to God who giveth us the vic-to-ry, Thanks be to God,

thanks be to God who giv-eth us the vic-to-ry, who giv-eth us the vic-to-ry thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord; A - men.

thanks be to God who giv-eth us the vic-to-ry, who giv-eth us the vic-to-ry thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord; A - men.

HANBYVILLE. 10s & 9s.

J. B. SMITH.

1. Work in God's vineyard, Jesus hath called thee, Called thee from darkness into the light, Breaking the chain that long hath enthralled thee, Work while the day lasts, [and work with thy might.

2. Faithful thy God hath promised salvation, Faithful thy load of sorrow he'll bear; Leading the contrite, safe through temptation, Up to the mansions he goes to prepare.

3. Youth in its ardor, manhood in glory, Infancy, life's path all yet untrod, Childhood with dimples, age with locks hoary, All have a work in the vineyard of God.

OPENING ANTHEM. "Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth."

N. JOE STEWART.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth. Heaven and earth are

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth. Heaven and earth are

full of thy glo - ry, Heaven and earth are full of thy glo - ry, Are full of thy glo - ry, Are full of thy glo-ry, Are full of thy

full of thy glo - ry, Heaven and earth are full of thy glo - ry, Are full of thy glo - ry, Are full of thy glo-ry, Are full of thy

Fine. ALTO SOLO.

glo - ry, O Lord most high. Bow down, O Lord, ac-cept our thanks giv - ing, As we join our voi - ces in worship-ing thee.

glo - ry, O Lord most high.

D.C.

Thou art the God of Is - ra - el, The mighty God of Ja - cob, The mighty God, the King of kings, Angels and men proclaim.

Thou art the God of Is - ra - el, The mighty God of Ja - cob, The mighty God, the King of kings, Angels and men proclaim.

Words by AGNES BURNEY.

HYMN. (Missionary.)

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Hear ye the cry that comes From ev - ery heathen land, For help to spread the precious truth, The Saviour's own command.

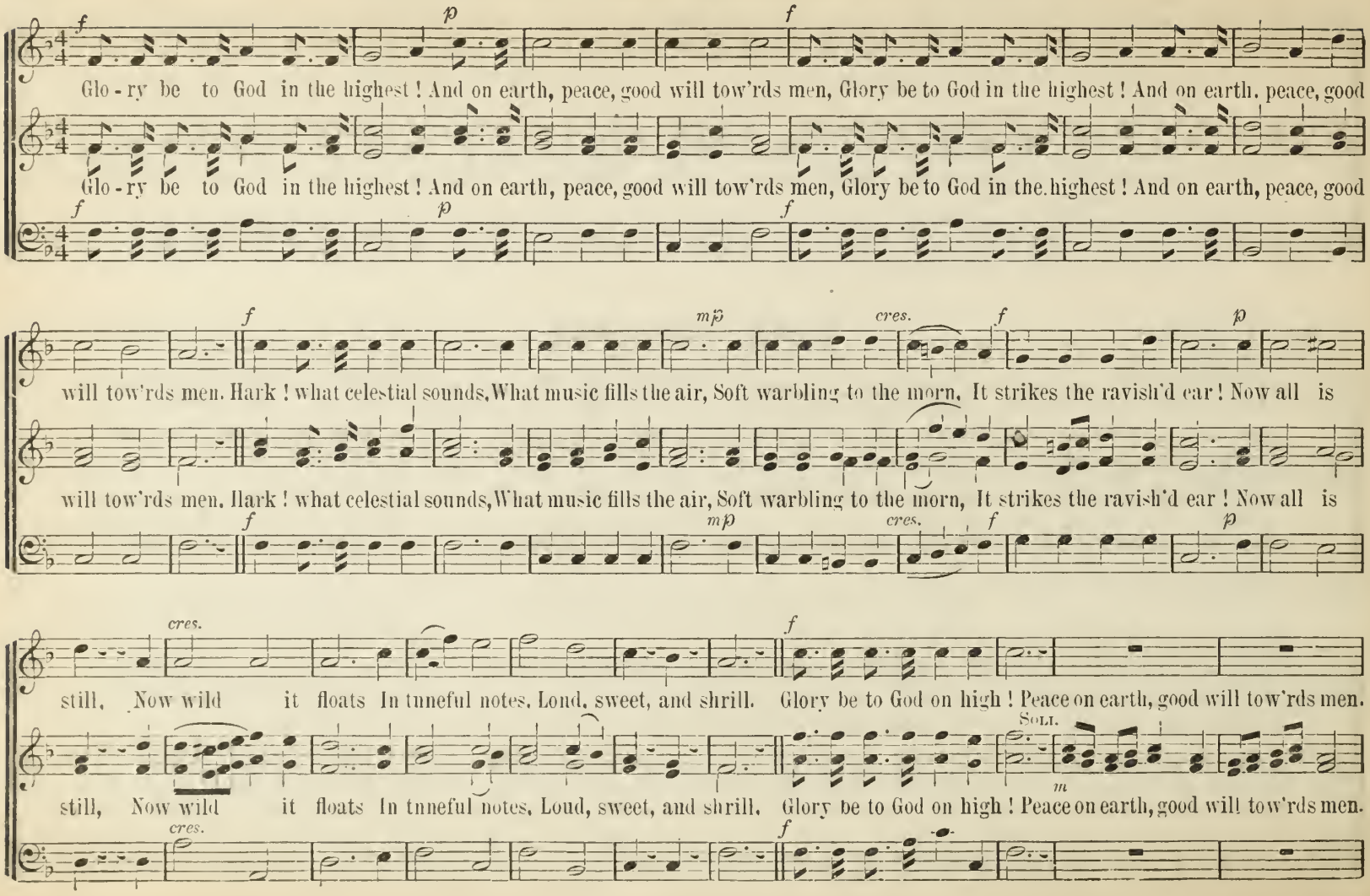
2. We drink from flowing founts, On heavenly man-na live, While men and children starve and die For help that we might give.

3. Shall we who know the love, Of Je - sus Christ, our Lord, And all the blessings he hath brought, For -get to spread his word?

CHORUS.

Oh! send them the joyful tidings, Yes, send them the joyful tid - ings, That all may know of Je-sus' love, And learn the way to heaven.

Oh! send them the joyful tidings, Yes, send them the joyful tid - ings, That all may know of Je-sus' love, And learn the way to heaven.


f
p
f
Glo - ry be to God in the highest! And on earth, peace, good will tow'rds men, Glory be to God in the highest! And on earth, peace, good
Glo - ry be to God in the highest! And on earth, peace, good will tow'rds men, Glory be to God in the highest! And on earth, peace, good
f
p
f
f
mp
cres.
f
p
will tow'rds men. Hark! what celestial sounds, What music fills the air, Soft warbling to the morn, It strikes the ravish'd ear! Now all is
will tow'rds men. Hark! what celestial sounds, What music fills the air, Soft warbling to the morn, It strikes the ravish'd ear! Now all is
f
mp
cres.
f
p
cres.
f
still, Now wild it floats In tuneful notes, Loud, sweet, and shrill. Glory be to God on high! Peace on earth, good will tow'rds men.
Soli.
still, Now wild it floats In tuneful notes, Loud, sweet, and shrill. Glory be to God on high! Peace on earth, good will tow'rds men.
cres.
f

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM, Concluded.

Chorus. Soli. *f* Chorus. *ff* *ff*

Glory be to God on high! Peace on earth, good will towards men, Glory be to God, to God on high! Glo-ry be to God, to God on high!

f *ff* *ff*

Glory be to God on high! Peace on earth, good will towards men, Glory be to God, to God on high! Glo-ry be to God, to God on high!

MOTETTE. "Heavenly Father."

J. H. TENNEY.

Divoto. *mp* *cres.* *dim.*

Heavenly Fa - ther gra - ciously hear us, Hear the pe - ti-tions we of - fer be - fore thee; Let thy mer - cy rest up - on us.

p

Heavenly Fa - ther gra - ciously hear us, Hear the pe - ti-tions we of - fer be - fore thee; Let thy mer - cy rest up - on us.

p

m *p* *pp* *rit.*

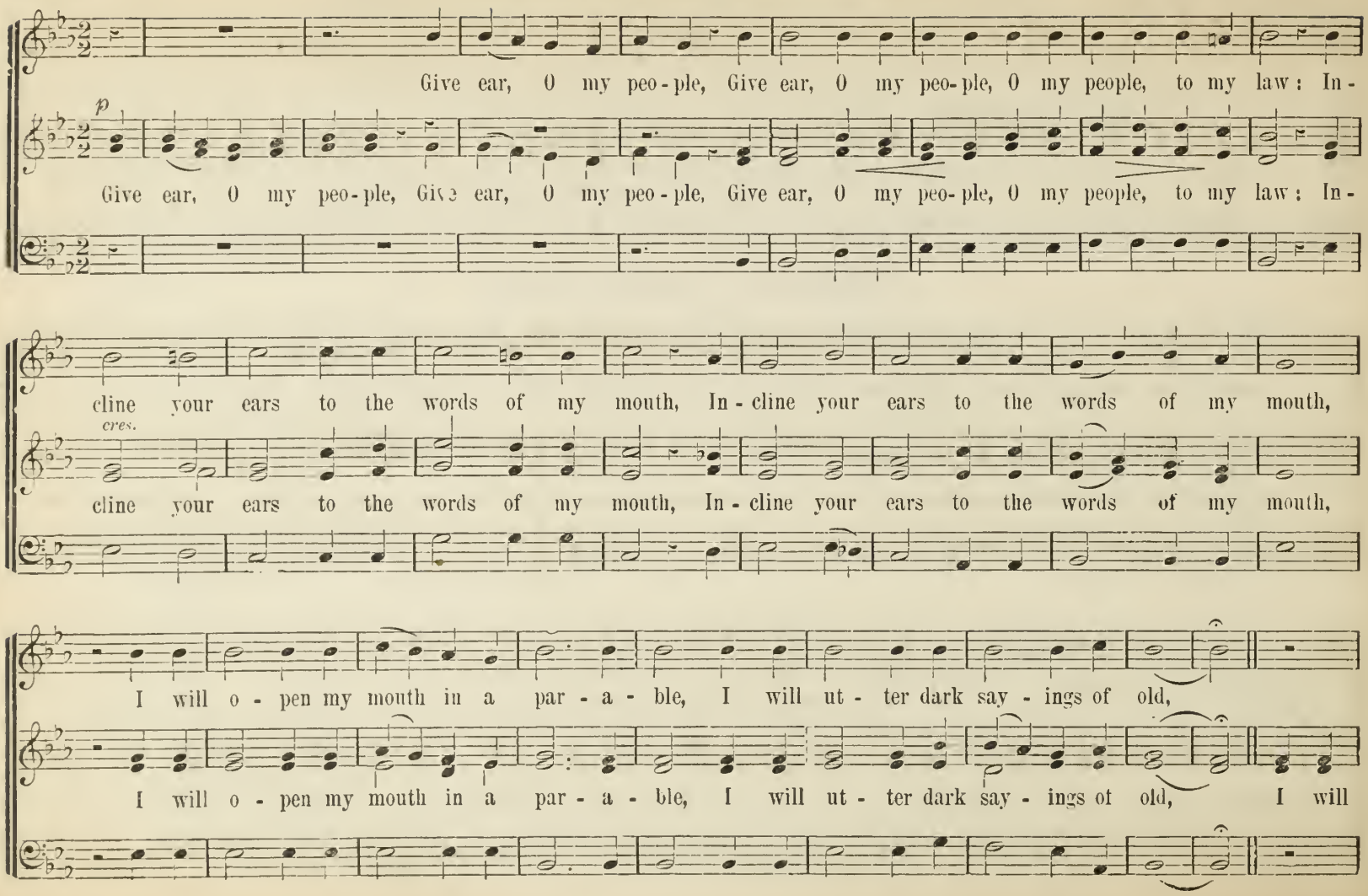
Heaven-ly Fa - ther, gra - cious-ly hear us; Heavenly Fa - ther, hear our prayer, hear our prayer, hear our prayer.

p *m* *p* *pp*

Hear . . . . . us; Heavenly Fa - ther, hear our prayer, hear our prayer, Father, hear our prayer.

GIVE EAR, O MY PEOPLE.

WM. T. MEYER.



I will ut - ter dark say - ings of old, Give ear, O my

o - pen my mouth in a par - .a - ble, I will ut - ter dark say - ings of old, *cres.* Give ear, O my

peo - ple, Give ear, O my peo - ple, Give ear, O my peo- ple, to my law, to my law, In - cline your ears to the

f

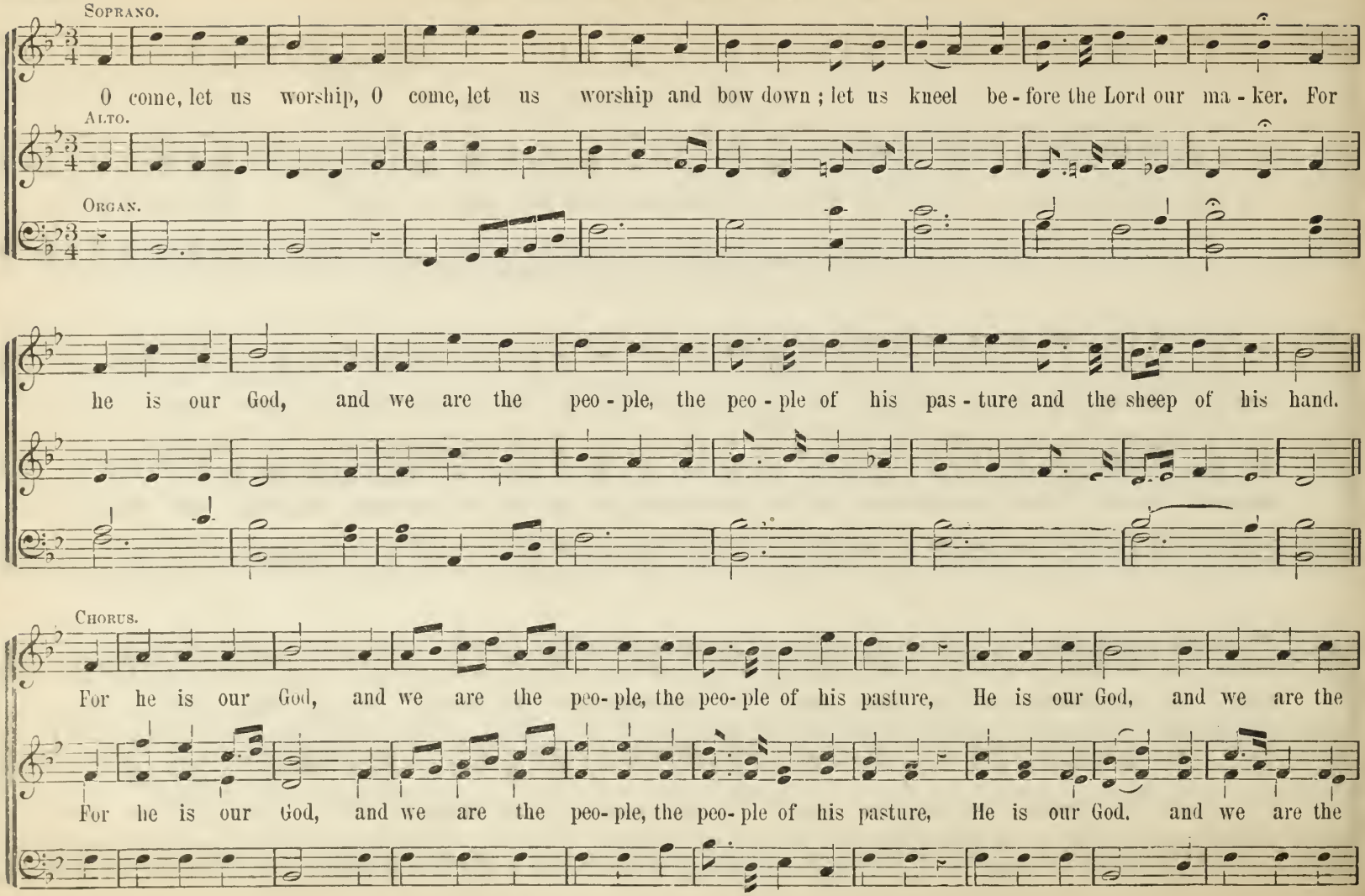
peo - ple, Give ear, O my peo - ple, Give ear, O my peo- ple, to my law, to my law, In - cline your ears to the

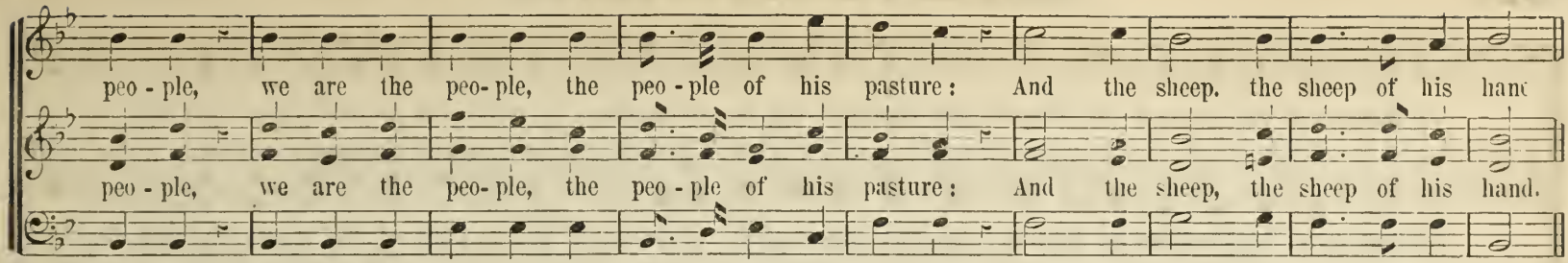
words of my mouth, In - cline your ears to the words of my mouth. A - men, A - men.

words of my mouth, In - cline your ears to the words of my mouth. A - men, A - men.

O COME, LET US WORSHIP.

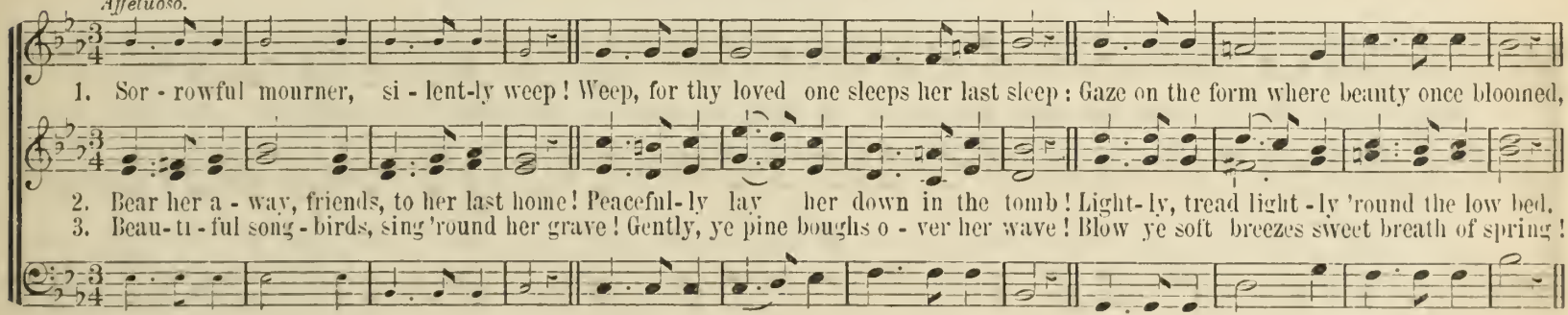
E. ROBERTS.

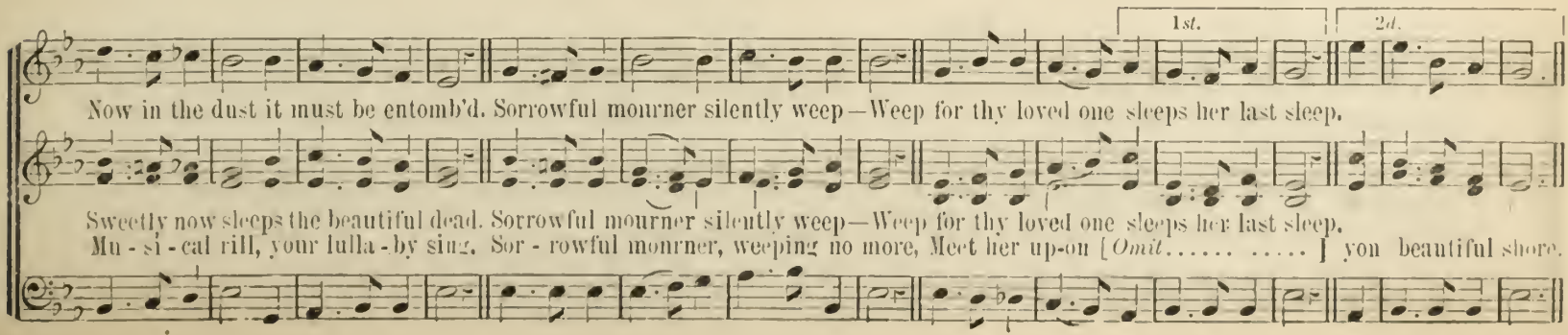




SORROWFUL MOURNER, SILENTLY WEEP!

M. SLASON.





ANTHEM. "Although the Fig Tree."

T. F. SEWARD.

Andante.

Al-though the fig-tree shall not blossom; Nei-ther shall fruit be in the vines, The la-bor of the oi-ive shall fail, And the

Al-though the fig-tree shall not blossom; Nei-ther shall fruit be in the vines, The la-bor of the ol-ive shall fail, And the

fields shall yield no meat, The flocks shall be cut off from the fold; And there shall be no herd in the stall, And

fields shall yield no meat, The flocks shall be cut off from the fold; And there shall be no herd in the stall, And

rit. *Much faster.*

there shall be no herd in the stall. Yet will I re-joice in the Lord.

there shall be no herd in the stall. Yet will I re-joice in the Lord. Yet will I re-joice in the

Yet will I re-joice in the Lord.

Yet will I re - joice in the Lord, will joy in the God, will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

Lord, I will joy in the God, will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

Yet will I re - joice in the Lord,

Yet will I re - joice, will re - joice in the Lord: Yet will I re - joice, will re - joice in the Lord, I will joy in the

Yet will I re - joice, will re - joice in the Lord: Yet will I re - joice, will re - joice in the Lord, I will joy in the

rit.

God of my sal - va - tion, I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion. A - men.

God of my sal - va - tion, I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion. A - men.

ANTHEM. "Sing aloud unto God."

WM. T. MEYER.

Con spirito.

Sing a - loud un - to God our strength, Sing a - loud un - to God our strength, Sing a - loud un - to God our strength, Sing a -

Sing a - loud un - to God our strength, ... Sing a - loud un - to God our strength, Sing a -

loud un - to God our strength. Make a joy - ful noise, Make a joy - ful noise un - to the God of Ja - cob

loud un - to God our strength. Make a joy - ful noise, Make a joy - ful noise un - to the God of Ja - cob.

SOP. SOLO. *a little slower.*

p

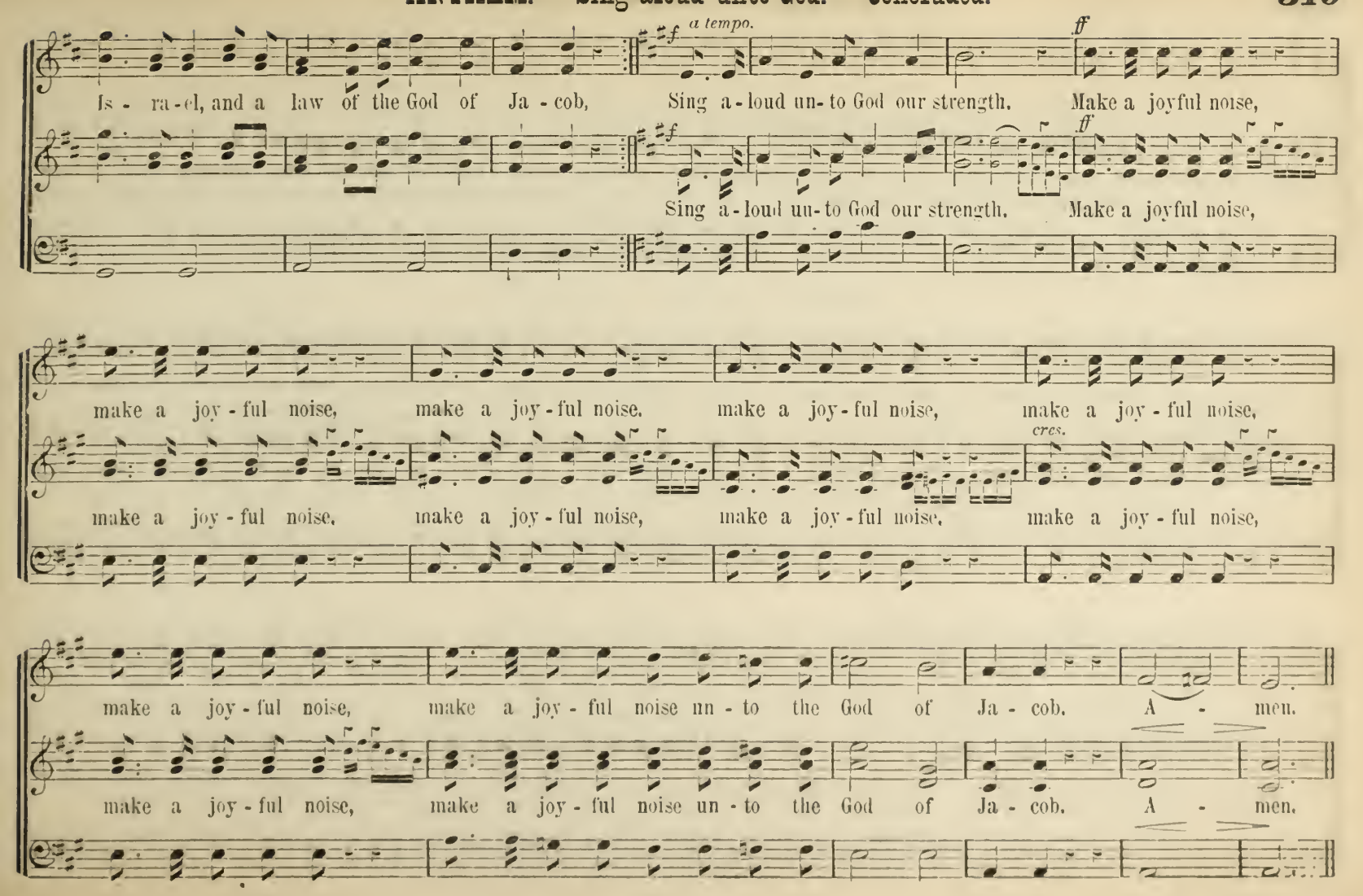
For this was a stat - ute for Is - ra - el, and a law of the God of Ja - cob,

SOP.

ALTO.

For this was a statute for

INST. *p*


f
a tempo.
ff
Is - ra - el, and a law of the God of Ja - cob, Sing a - loud un - to God our strength. Make a joyful noise,
f
ff
Sing a - loud un - to God our strength. Make a joyful noise,
make a joy - ful noise, make a joy - ful noise. make a joy - ful noise, make a joy - ful noise,
cres.
make a joy - ful noise, make a joy - ful noise, make a joy - ful noise, make a joy - ful noise,
make a joy - ful noise, make a joy - ful noise un - to the God of Ja - cob. A - men.
make a joy - ful noise, make a joy - ful noise un - to the God of Ja - cob. A - men.

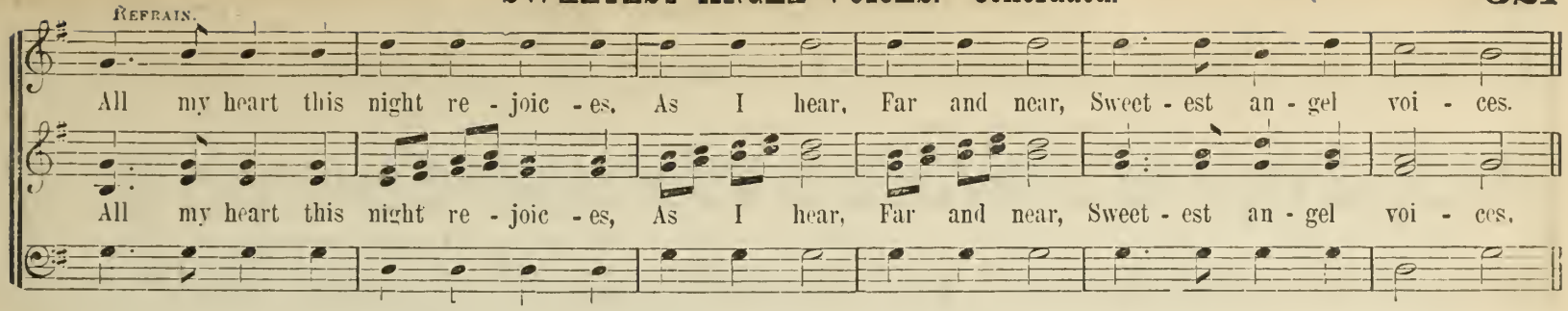
SWEETEST ANGEL VOICES.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near, Sweetest angel voi- ces; "Christ is born" their choirs are singing, Fill the air,
2. Come, then, let us has - ten yonder, Here let all Great and small, Kneel in awe and wonder; Love him who with love is yearning; Hail the Star
3. Hith - er come, ye heav-y heart-ed, Who for sin, Deep with-in, Long and sore have smarted, For the poisoned wounds you're feeling, Help is near,

Ev - ery-where, Now with joy is ring - ing, Hark! a voice from yonder manger, Soft and sweet, Doth entreat, "Flee from woe and
That from far, Bright with hope is burn - ing! Ye who pine with wea-ry sadness, Weep no more, For the door, Now is found of
One is here, Might - y for their heal - ing. Hith - er come, ye poor and wretched; Know his will, So to fill, Ev - ery hand out-

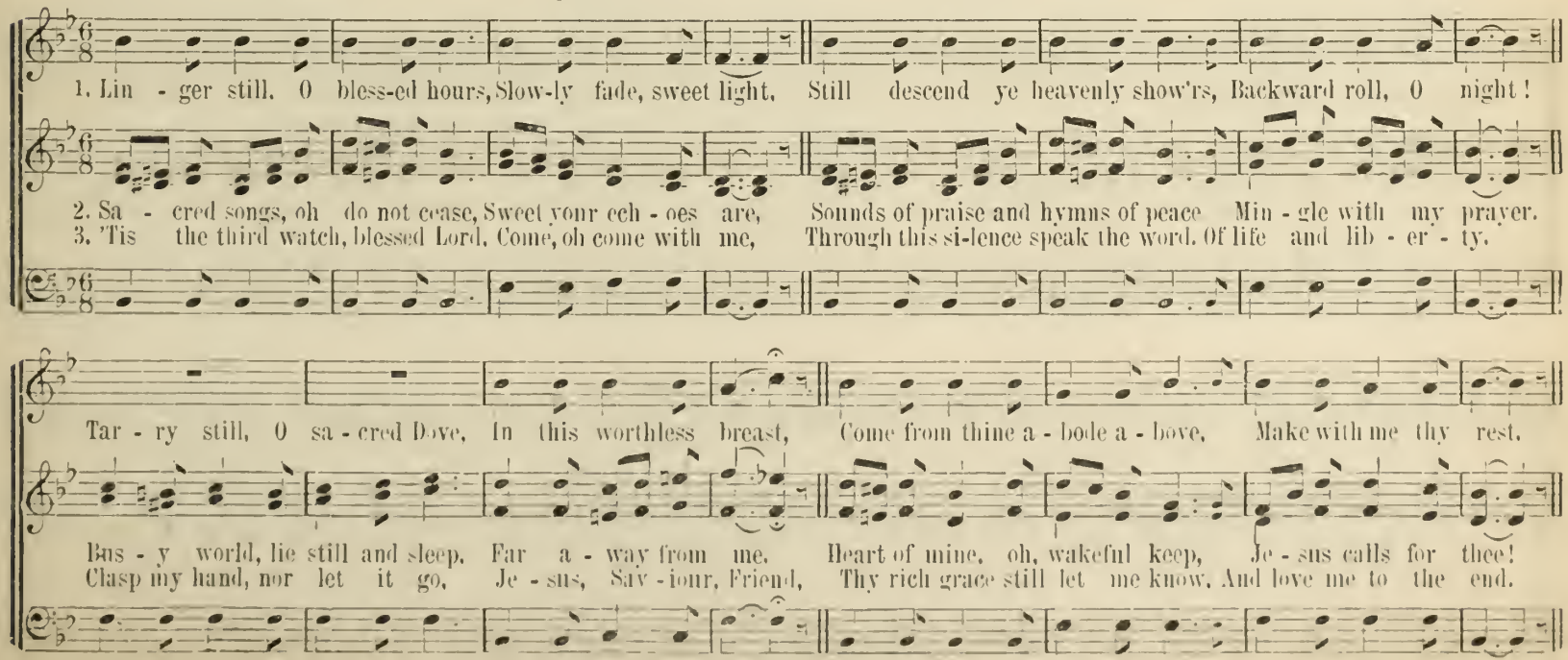
dan - ger; Brethren, come; from all that grieves you, You are freed, All you need, I will sure - ly give you."
glad - ness, Cling to Him for He will guide you, Where no cross, Pain or loss, Can a - gain be - tide you.
stretch - ed; Here are rich - es with - out mea - sure, Here for - get, All re - gret, Fill your hearts with trea - sure.



Words by JULIA A. SHEARMAN.

QUARTET. (Sabbath Evening.)

J. H TENNEY.



BOW DOWN THINE EAR, O LORD.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord; Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear the prayer of thy peo - ple; Bow down thine ear, thine ear O Lord. Be

Bow down thine ear, O Lord; Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear the prayer of thy peo - ple; Bow down thine ear, thine ear O Lord. Be

Bow down thine ear..... O Lord.

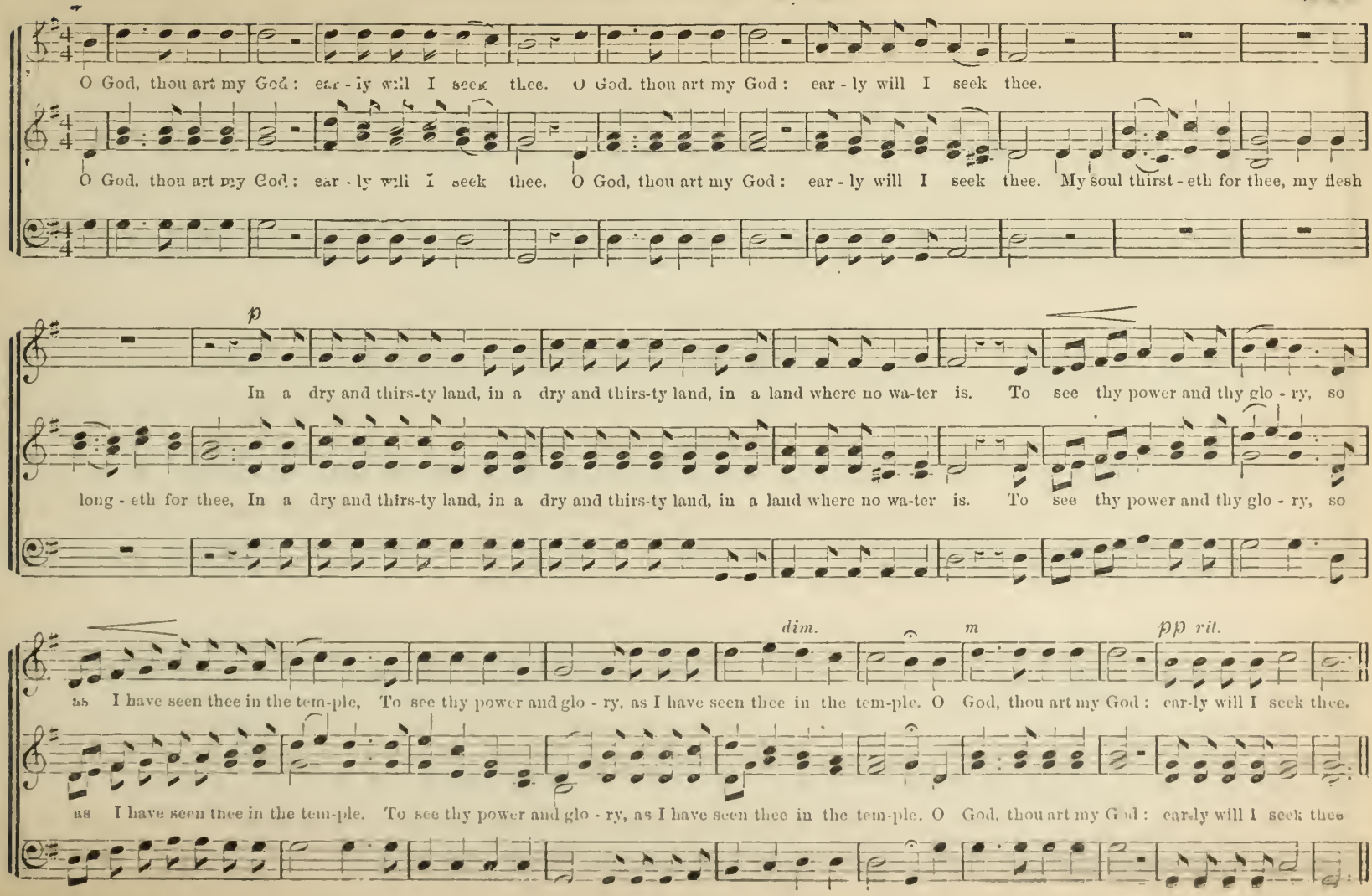
gra - cious to thy servants who bow be - fore thee. We have sin - ned, we have sin - ned and done wick - ed - ly in thy sight;

gra - cious to thy servants who bow be - fore thee. We have sin - ned, we have sin - ned and done wick - ed - ly in thy sight;

Solo. Cho. Solo. Cho. *pp*

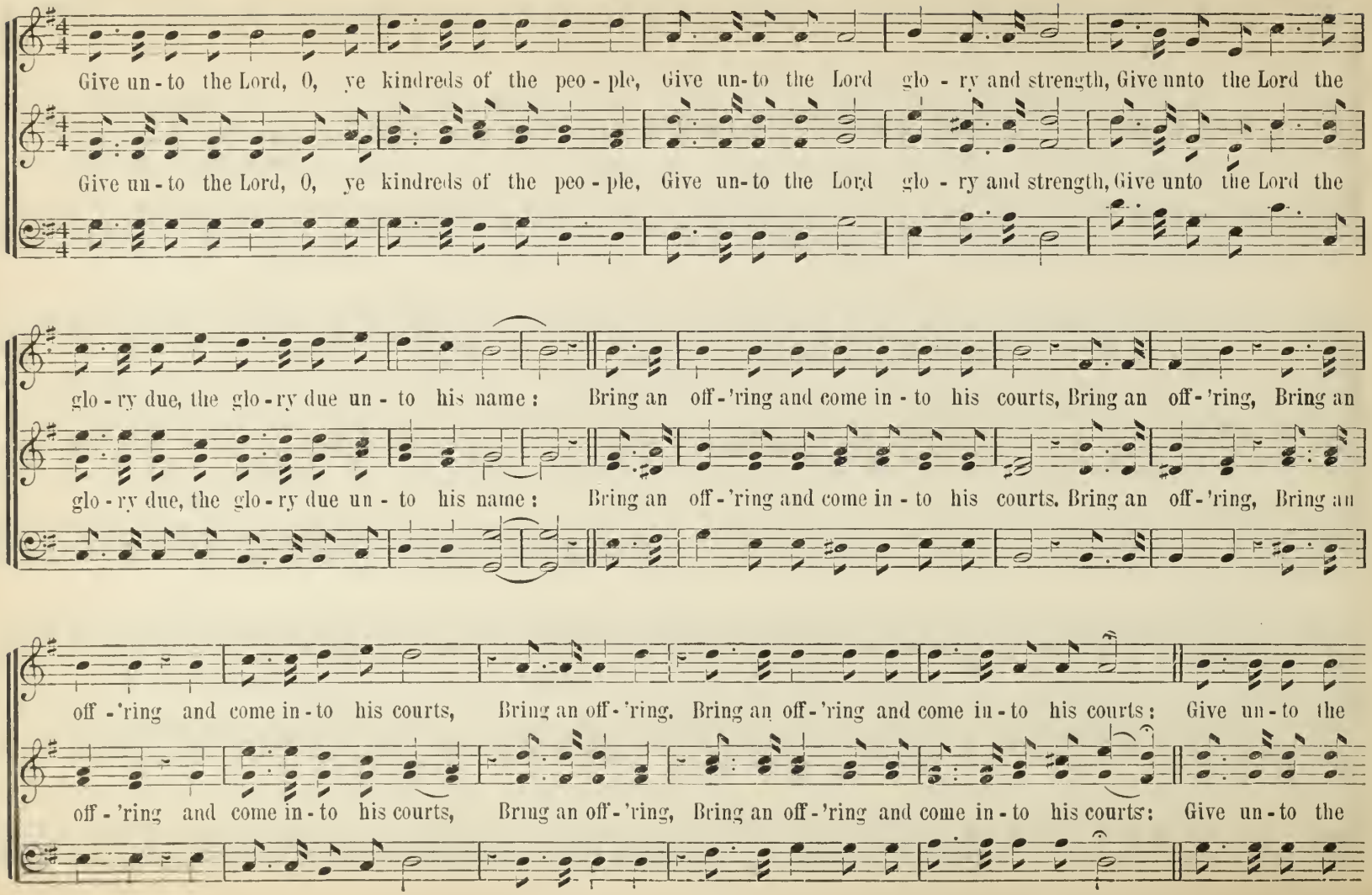
O Lord for - give thy ser - vants, O Lord for - give; O Lord for - give thy servants, for - give thy servants. A-men, A - men.

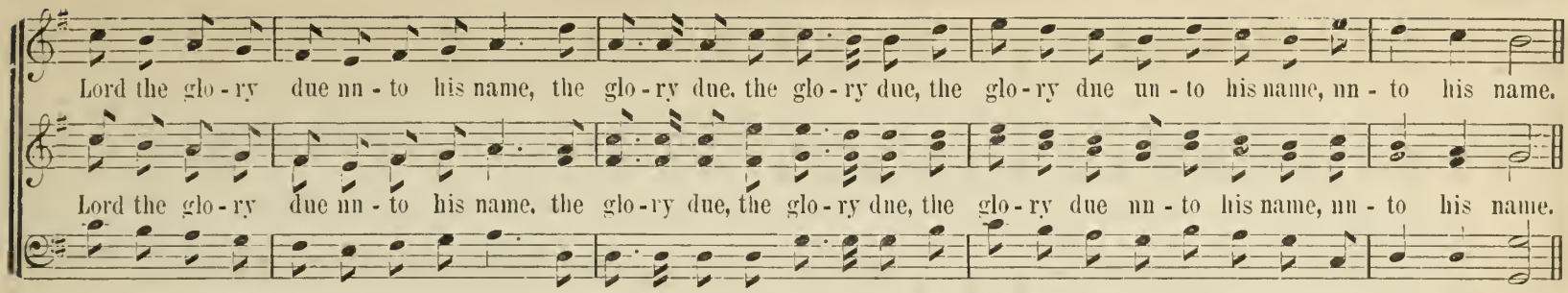
O Lord for - give; For - give thy servants. A-men, A - men


O God, thou art my God: ear-ly will I seek thee. O God, thou art my God: ear-ly will I seek thee.
O God, thou art my God: ear-ly will I seek thee. O God, thou art my God: ear-ly will I seek thee. My soul thirst-eth for thee, my flesh
p
In a dry and thirs-ty land, in a dry and thirs-ty land, in a land where no wa-ter is. To see thy power and thy glo-ry, so
long-eth for thee, In a dry and thirs-ty land, in a dry and thirs-ty land, in a land where no wa-ter is. To see thy power and thy glo-ry, so
dim.
m
pp rit.
as I have seen thee in the tem-ple, To see thy power and glo-ry, as I have seen thee in the tem-ple. O God, thou art my God: ear-ly will I seek thee.
as I have seen thee in the tem-ple. To see thy power and glo-ry, as I have seen thee in the tem-ple. O God, thou art my God: ear-ly will I seek thee

GIVE UNTO THE LORD.

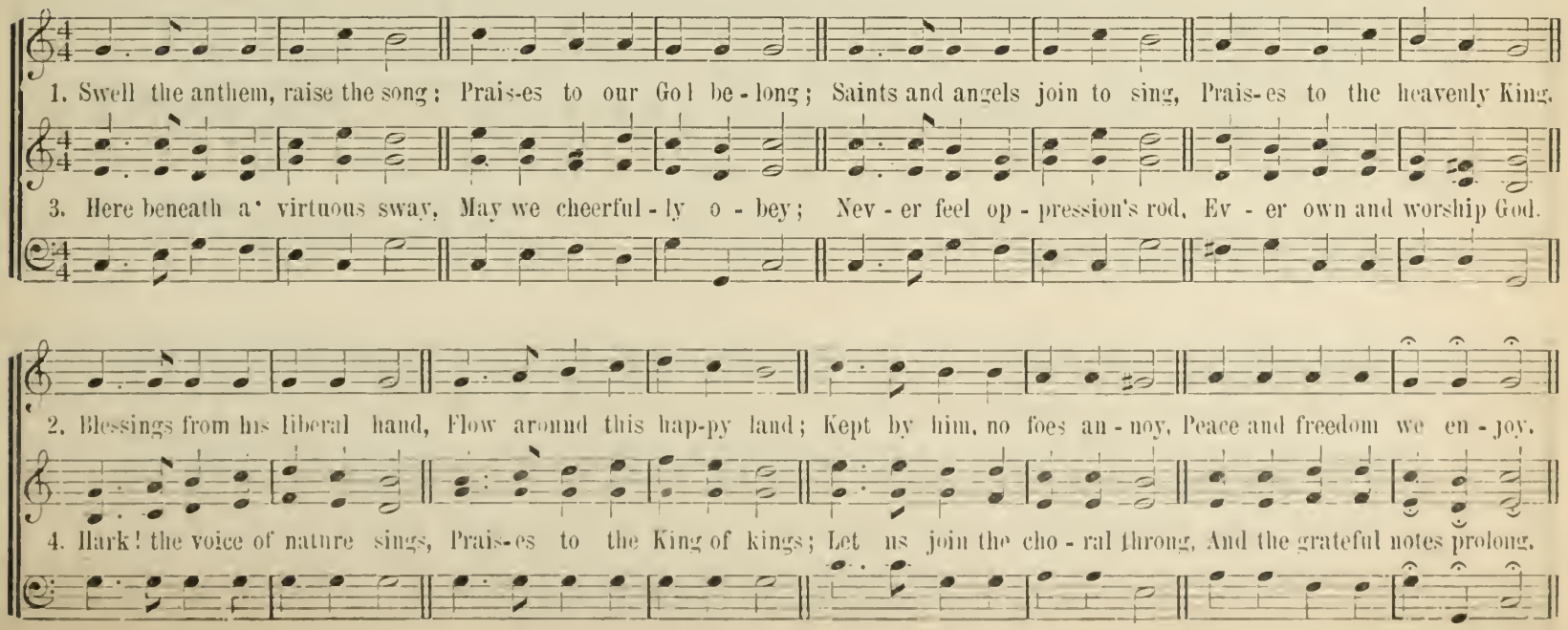
E. ROBERTS





HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING. 7s. Double.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



SENTENCE. "Who is among you."

JAS. Mc GRANAHAN.

Who is among you that walketh in darkness, that walketh in darkness and hath no light, That walketh in darkness, that

Who is among you that walketh in darkness, that walketh in darkness and hath no light, That walketh in darkness, that

walketh in darkness, and hath no light, and hath no light. Let him trust in the name of the Lord, Let him trust in the

walketh in darkness, and hath no light, and hath no light. Let him trust in the name of the Lord, Let him trust in the

name of the Lord, Let him trust in the name, in the name of the Lord, And stay up - on his God, and stay up - on his God.

name of the Lord, Let him trust in the name, in the name of the Lord, And stay up - on his God, and stay up - on his God.

GLAD TIDINGS.

1. Glad tid - ings, glad tid - ings of mer - cy and love, A mes - sage of peace from our Fa - ther a - bove; A cho - rus of
2. How sweet - ly their mu - sic was ech - oed a - far, How radiant the splen - dor of Bethlehem's star; How glad were the
3. We come with thanksgiv - ing,—we gath - er to - day In songs of de - vo - tion, our homage we pay; We bow to the

Chorus. *ff*

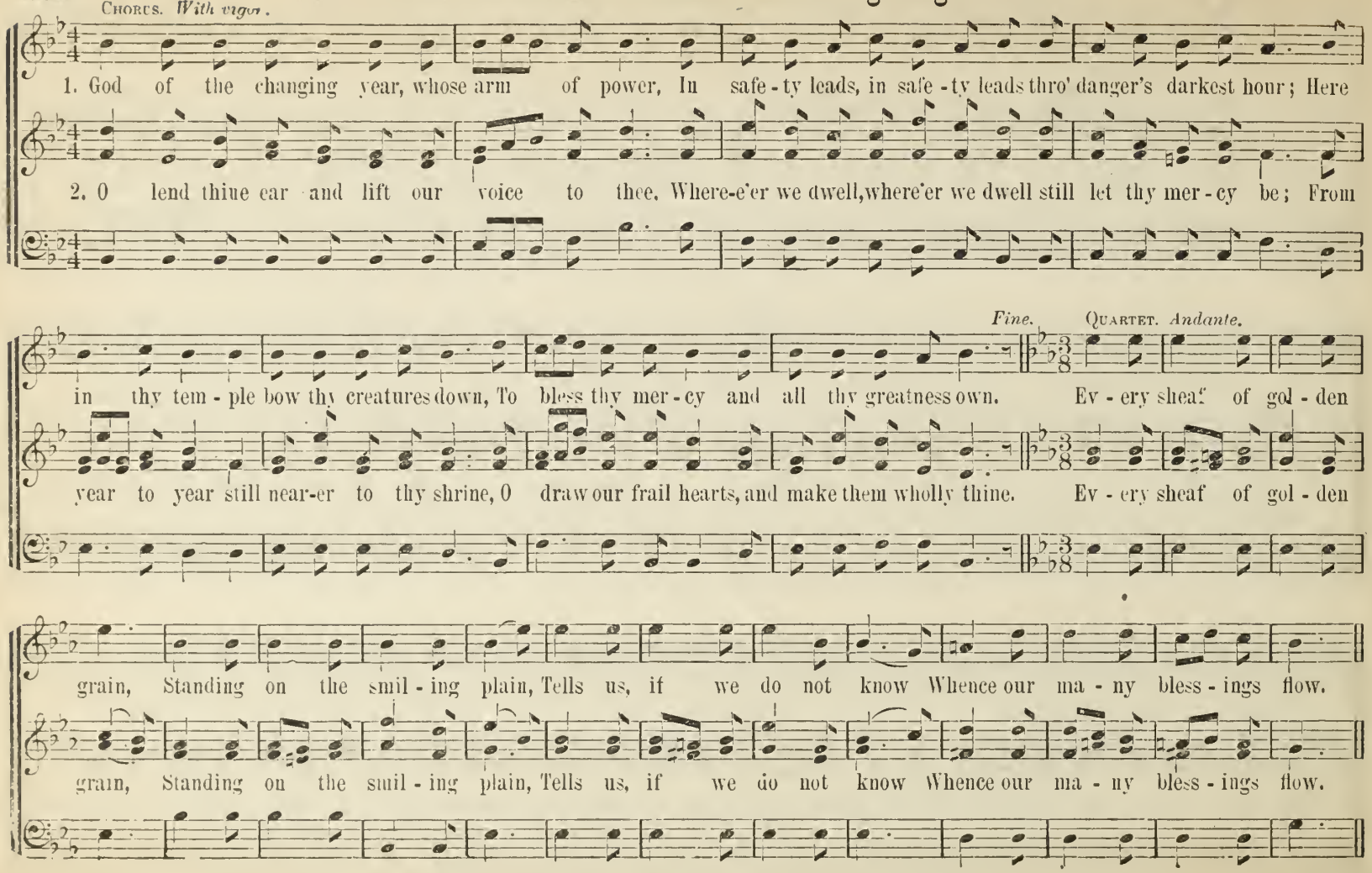
an - gels on pin - ions of light, Came down to our world, and proclaimed it by night,—Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!
shepherds while low - ly they bent, To Je - sus, dear Je - sus, their gifts to pre - sent. Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!
standard of Je - sus our King; The gift of the heart is the treasure we bring.

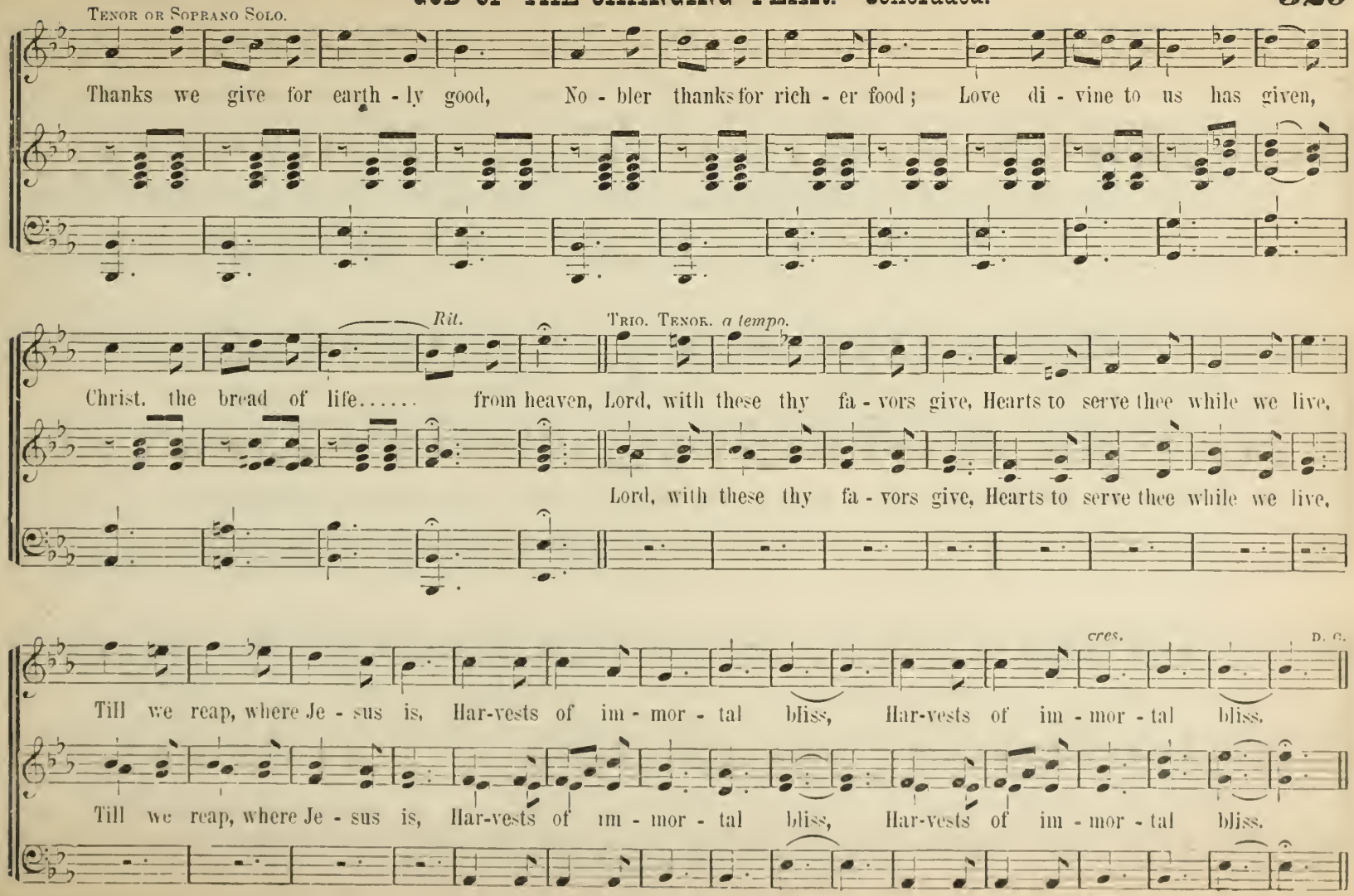
Glo - ry to God in the highest! With anthems of rapture, O welcome the morn, When Jesus, our blessed Re - deemer is born!

Glo - ry to God in the highest! With anthems of rapture, O welcome the morn, When Jesus, our blessed Re - deemer is born!

GOD OF THE CHANGING YEAR. (Thanksgiving Anthem.)

T. F. SEWARD.




Tenor or Soprano Solo.
Thanks we give for earth - ly good, No - bler thanks for rich - er food; Love di - vine to us has given,
Rit.
Trio. Tenor. a tempo.
Christ, the bread of life..... from heaven, Lord, with these thy fa - vors give, Hearts to serve thee while we live,
Lord, with these thy fa - vors give, Hearts to serve thee while we live,
cres.
D. C.
Till we reap, where Je - sus is, Har-vests of im - mor - tal bliss, Har-vests of im - mor - tal bliss.
Till we reap, where Je - sus is, Har-vests of im - mor - tal bliss, Har-vests of im - mor - tal bliss.

O LOVE DIVINE.

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN.
by THEO. F. SEWARD.

Andante.

O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitter- est tear, On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at

O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitter- est tear, On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at

pain while thou art near, Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sorrow crown each lingering year;

pain while thou art near, Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sor - row crown each lingering year;

rit.

No path we shun, no dark- ness dread, O Love Di - vine, while thou art near, while thou art near, ... while thou art near.

* No path we shun, no dark- ness dread, O Love Di - vine, while thou art near, while thou art near, while thou art near.

* When this piece is sung as a Chorus, it will be well to let some of the Soprano voices sing this line with the Alto.

HE WATCHING OVER ISRAEL.

Allegro moderato.

He watching o-ver Is - ra-el, slumbers not, nor sleeps,

He watching o-ver Is - ra-el, slumbers not, nor sleeps, He slumbers not, nor sleeps, He watching o - ver Is - ra -

cres. *cres.* *p*

He slumbers not,..... nor sleeps, He slumbers not, nor sleeps, slum - bers not, He slumbers not, nor sleeps. He

He watching o - ver Is - ra - el, slumbers not, nor sleeps, slum - bers not, nor sleeps, He

el, He slumbers not, nor sleeps, He watching o-ver Is - - - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor slumbers not, nor sleeps, He

He watching, slumbers not, nor sleeps, He slum - bers not, nor sleeps, slum - - - bers not, nor sleeps, He

pp *p* *cres.* *dim.* *pp*

slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - - ing,..... slum - - - - - bers not, nor sleeps.

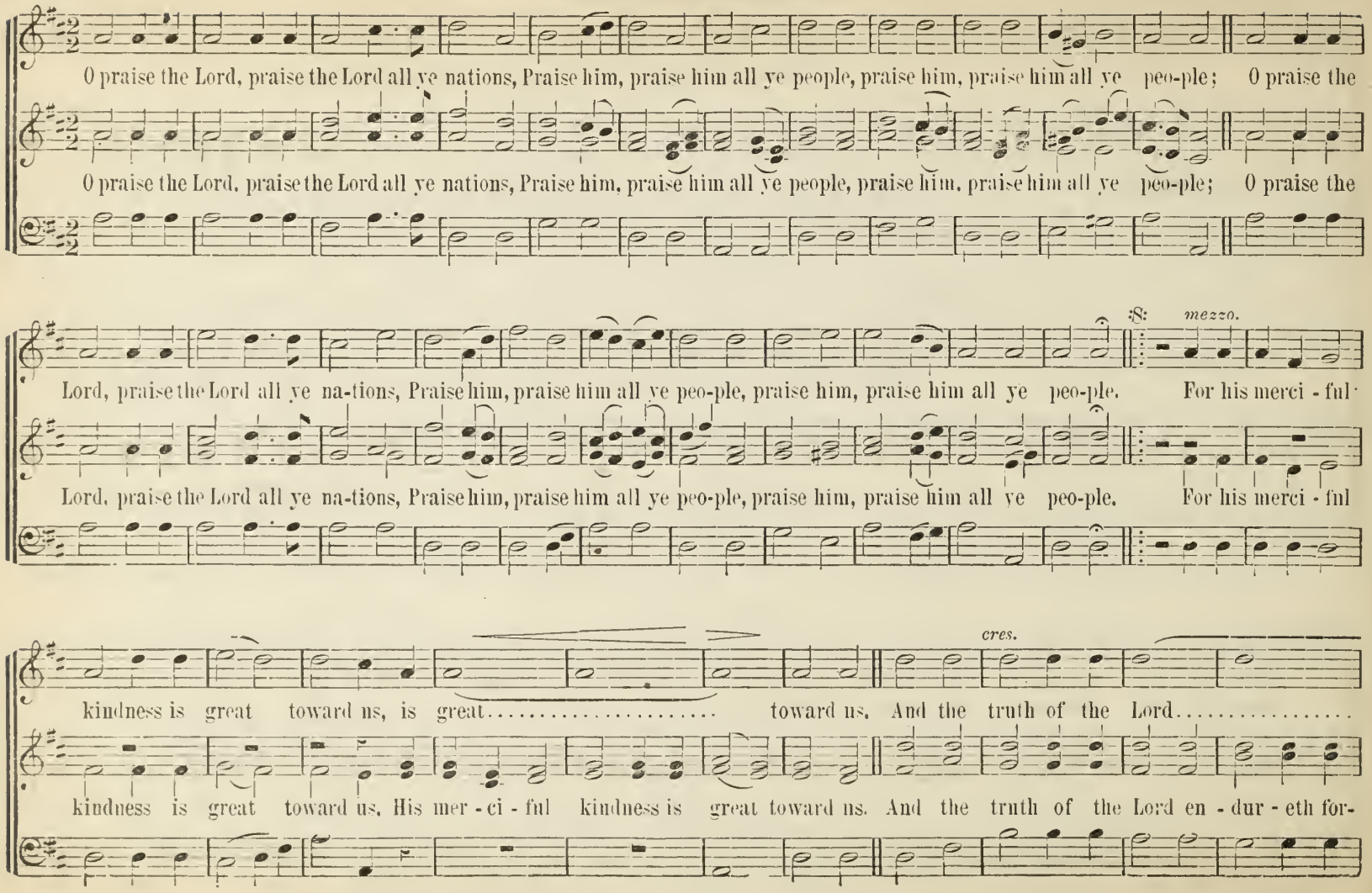
slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing Is - - - ra - el, slum - - - - - - bers not, nor sleeps.

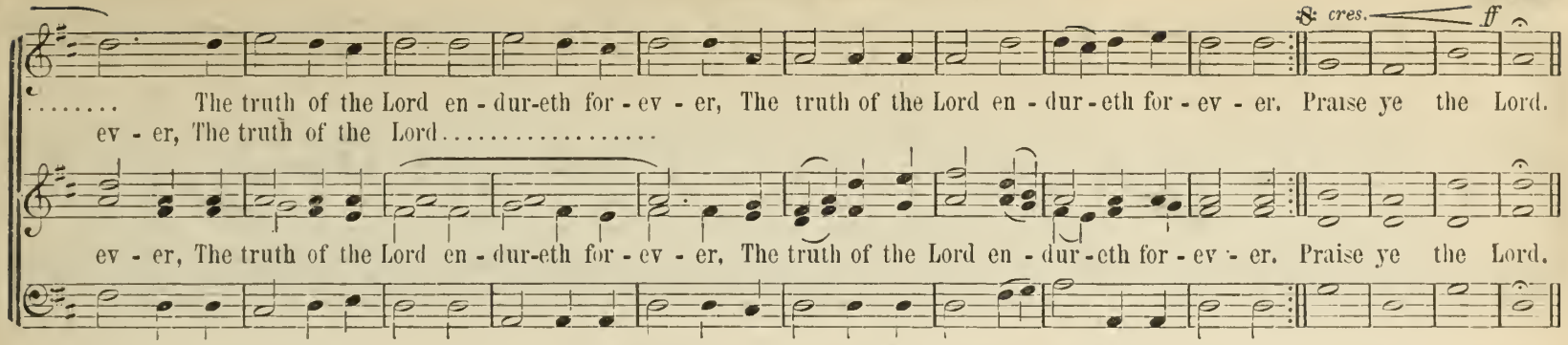
slum-bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing Is - - ra - el,..... slum - - bers not, nor sleeps.

slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing Is - - ra - el, ... slum - - bers not, nor sleeps.

O PRAISE THE LORD!

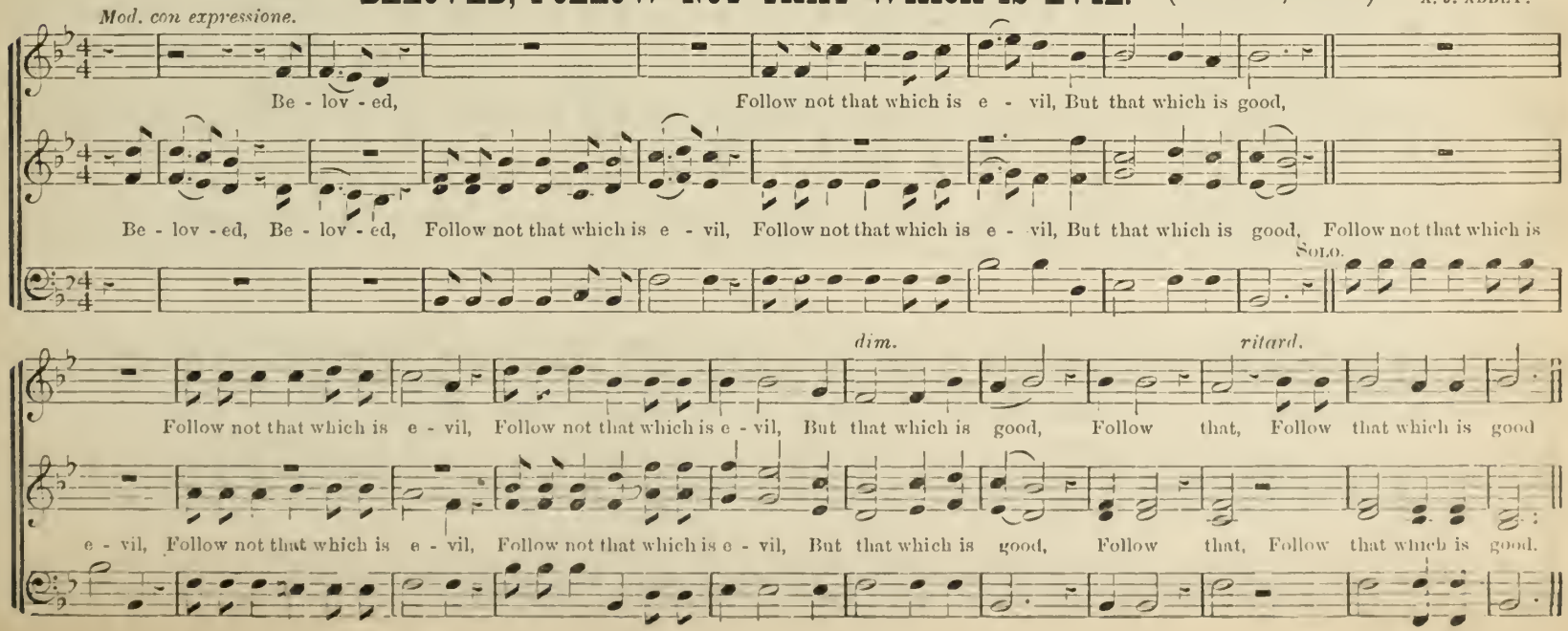
WM. F. SHERWIN





BELOVED, FOLLOW NOT THAT WHICH IS EVIL. (3d John, 11th.)

A. J. ABBEY.



GOD OF ISRAEL.

A. J. ABBEY

Maestoso.

God of Is - ra - el, we a - dore thee, Keep us safe - ly thro' the day; Safe - ly keep us thro' the night,

God of Is - ra - el, we a - dore thee, Keep us safe - ly thro' the day; Safe - ly keep us thro' the night.

cres.

Guide us till the morning light, Nor for - sake us, till thou take us, Far from earth to dwell with thee,

Guide us till the morning light, Nor for - sake us, till thou take us, Far from earth to dwell with thee,

mp *f*

Nor for - sake us, till thou take us, Far from earth to dwell with thee, Thro' a bright e - ter - ni - ty.

Nor for - sake us, till thou take us, Far from earth to dwell with thee, Thro' a bright e - ter - ni - ty.

COME UNTO ME. No. 1. Sentence.

T. J. COOK.
By per of BIGLOW & MAIN.

Slow, and with expression.

Come un - to me, Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den, Come and I will give you rest, Come and

Come un - to me, Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den, Come and I will give you rest, Come and

DUET.

I will give you rest. and learn of me.

DUET.

I will give you rest. Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me, and learn of me. For my yoke is ea - sy, and my burden is

SOLO.

CHORUS.

rit.

And ye shall find rest un - to your souls, and ye shall find rest, shall find rest un - to your souls, ye shall find rest.

light. And ye shall find rest un - to your souls, and ye shall find rest, shall find rest un - to your souls, ye shall find rest.

EASTER ANTHEM. "Christ being raised."

CHESTER G. ALLEN

ff With spirit.

Christ being rais-ed from the dead, Christ being raised from the dead, Christ being raised from the dead di - eth no more. Death hath no more do-

Christ being rais-ed from the dead, Christ being raised from the dead, Christ being raised from the dead di - eth no more. Death hath no more do-

DUET, SOP. & TENOR. CHORUS. *ff* TENOR SOLO.

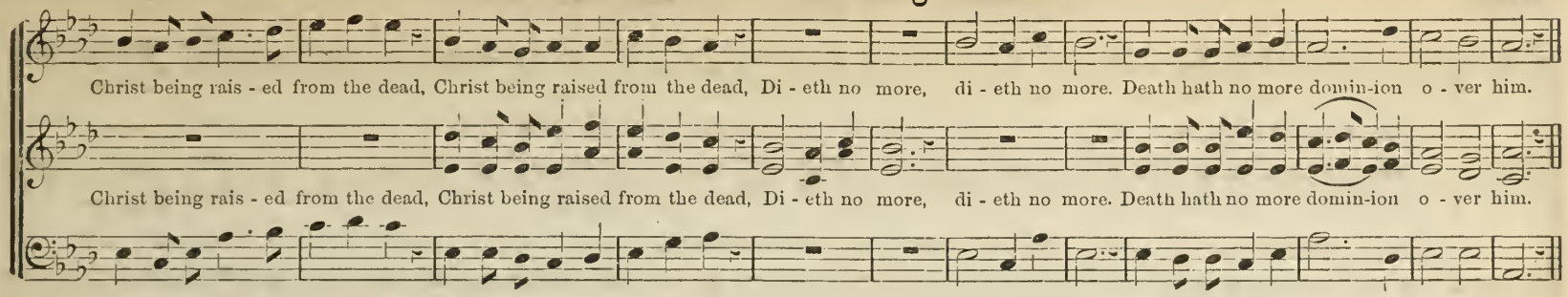
min - ion o - ver him. For in that he died, he died un-to sin once, but in that he liveth, he liv-eth un - to God. Likewise reck-on

min - ion o - ver him. For in that he died, he died un-to sin once, but in that he liveth, he liv-eth un - to God. *Accomp.*

ff CHORUS.

ye al - so yourselves to be dead in - deed un - to sin, but a - live un - to God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Christ being raised from the dead.

Christ being raised from the dead.



NEARER HOME.

A. J. ABBEY.

Cantabile. *cres.* *dim.*

1 { Near - er home! yes, one day near - er, To my Fa - ther's house on high; To the green fields and the foun - tains, [OMIT..... } Of the land be - yond the sky. For the

2 { One day near - er, sings the sea - man, As he glides the wa - ters o'er, While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, OMIT..... } On his dis - tant na - tive shore. Thus the

heavens grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome; And our tents are pitch'd still closer, For we're one day near-er home.

chris - tian, on life's jour - ney, As his life - boat cuts the foam; In the eve - ning cries with rapture, I am one day near-er home!

CHORUS. "Rejoice in the God of Israel."

THEO. F. SEWARD

Re - joice in the God of Is - rael, O praise his name for - ev - er-more, And sing of his great sal - va - tion, O praise his name for -

Re - joice in the God of Is - rael, O praise his name for - ev - er-more, And sing of his great sal - va - tion, O praise his name for -

ev - ermore, O praise his ho - ly name, For he is good, the Lord is good, and kind are all his ways, And his ten - der mercies are

For he is good and kind, &c.

ev - ermore, O praise his ho - ly name, For he is good and kind are all his ways, And his ten - der mercies are

o - ver all, are o - ver all his works, Then tell of his love, and sing of his goodness, Praise ye his name forev - er; O tell of his love and

o - ver all, are o - ver all his works, Then tell of his love, and sing of his goodness, Praise ye his name forev - er; O tell of his love and

p

sing of his goodness, praise him forev-er - more; He heareth all, He heareth all And brings relief, and
He hear - eth all who call up - on his name, And brings re -

sing of his goodness, praise him forev-er - more; He heareth all, He heareth all who call up - on his name, And brings relief, and

f

brings relief from sor - row and from pain: Praise his name, his name for-ev - er, praise him ev - ermore, O praise him, praise his name for-
lief from sor - row and from pain; Praise his name for - ev - er, O praise, &c.

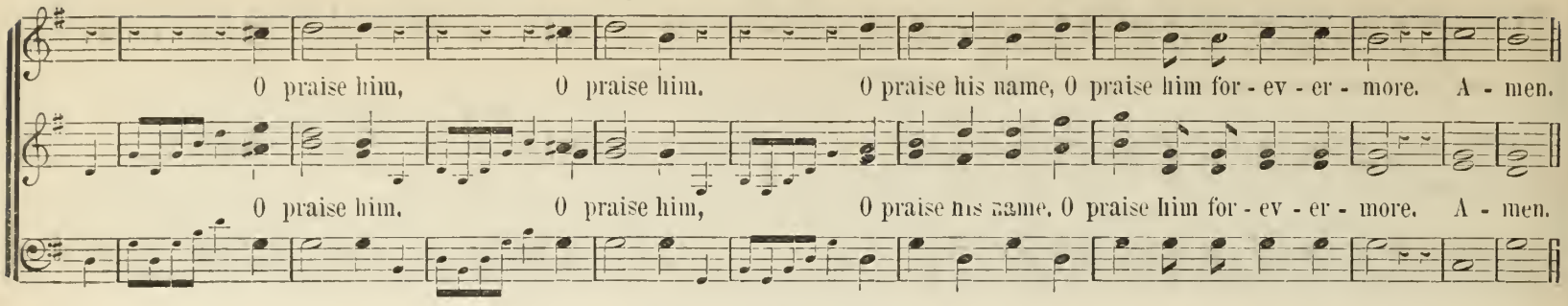
brings relief from sor - row and from pain; Praise his name, his name for-ev - er, praise him ev - er-more, praise his name for-

m *cres.* *ff*

ev-er; For he is good, is good and kind, For he is good, is good and kind, O praise his name, O praise his name, O praise him ev - er - more:
For he is good, is good and kind, O praise his name for - ev - er,

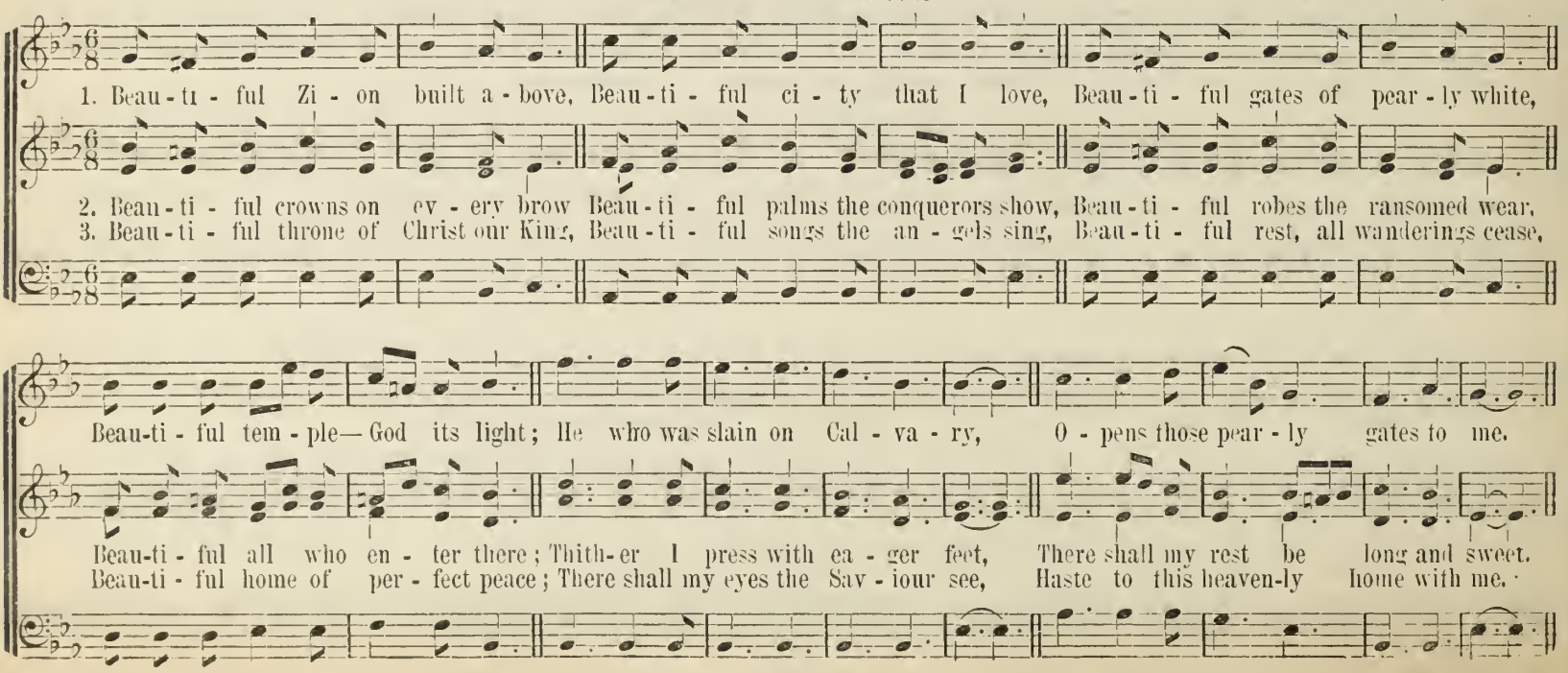
ev-er; For he is good, is good and kind, For he is good, is good and kind, O praise his name for - ev - er, O praise him ev - er - more;
For he is good, is good and kind, O praise, &c.

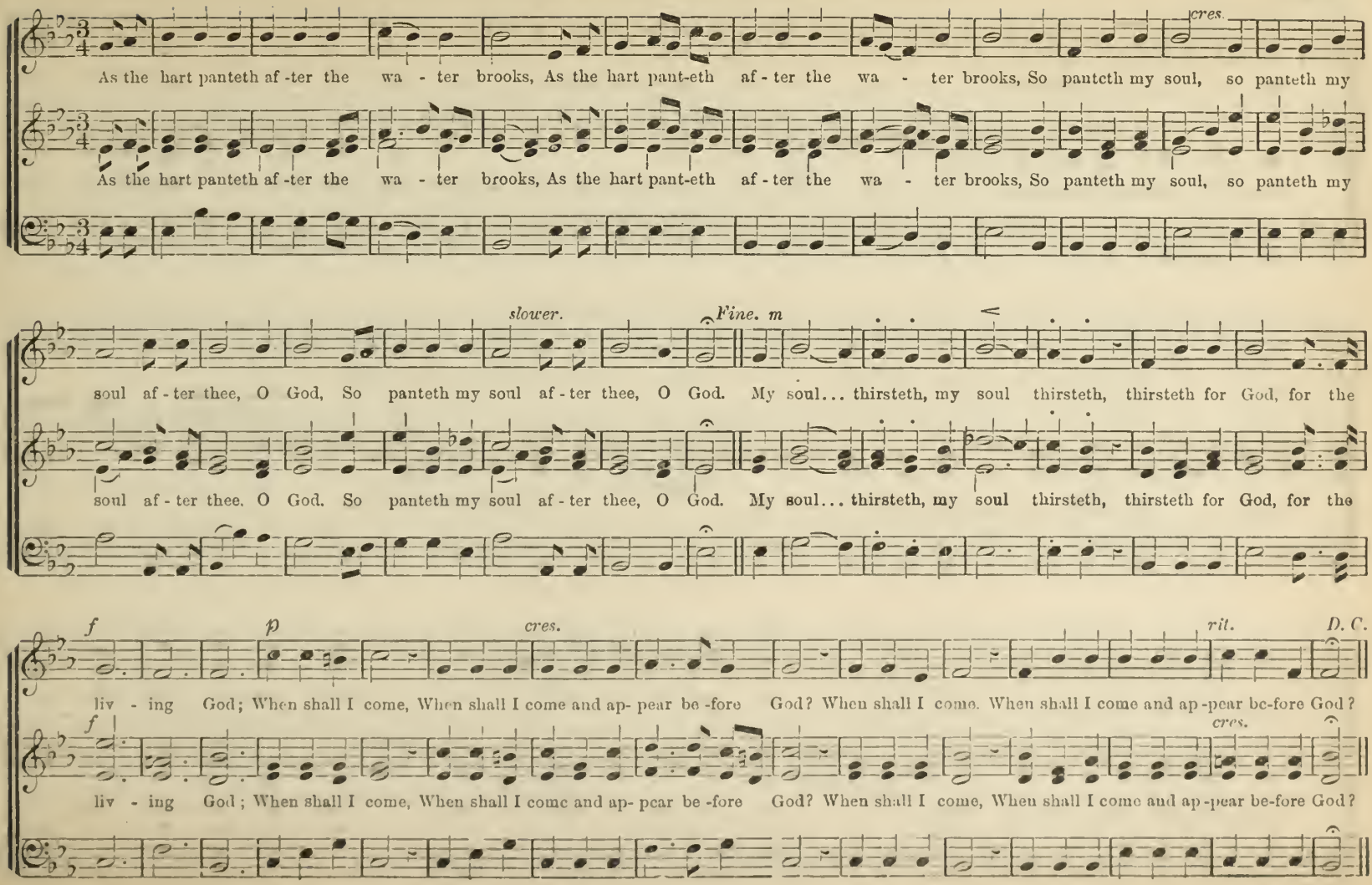
CHORUS. "Rejoice in the God of Israel." Concluded.



BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. F. SHERWIN.




cres.
As the hart panteth af-ter the wa - ter brooks, As the hart pant-eth af - ter the wa - ter brooks, So panteth my soul, so panteth my
As the hart panteth af-ter the wa - ter brooks, As the hart pant-eth af - ter the wa - ter brooks, So panteth my soul, so panteth my
slower.
Fine. m
soul af - ter thee, O God, So panteth my soul af - ter thee, O God. My soul... thirsteth, my soul thirsteth, thirsteth for God, for the
soul af - ter thee. O God. So panteth my soul af - ter thee, O God. My soul... thirsteth, my soul thirsteth, thirsteth for God, for the
f
p
cres.
rit.
D. C.
liv - ing God; When shall I come, When shall I come and ap- pear be -fore God? When shall I come. When shall I come and ap -pear be-fore God?
f
cres.
liv - ing God; When shall I come, When shall I come and ap- pear be -fore God? When shall I come, When shall I come and ap -pear be-fore God?

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.
by THEO. F SEWARD.

p Andante.

But the Lord is mindful of his own, He re - members his chil - dren, But the Lord is mindful of his

But the Lord is mindful of his own, He re - members his chil - dren, But the Lord is mindful of his

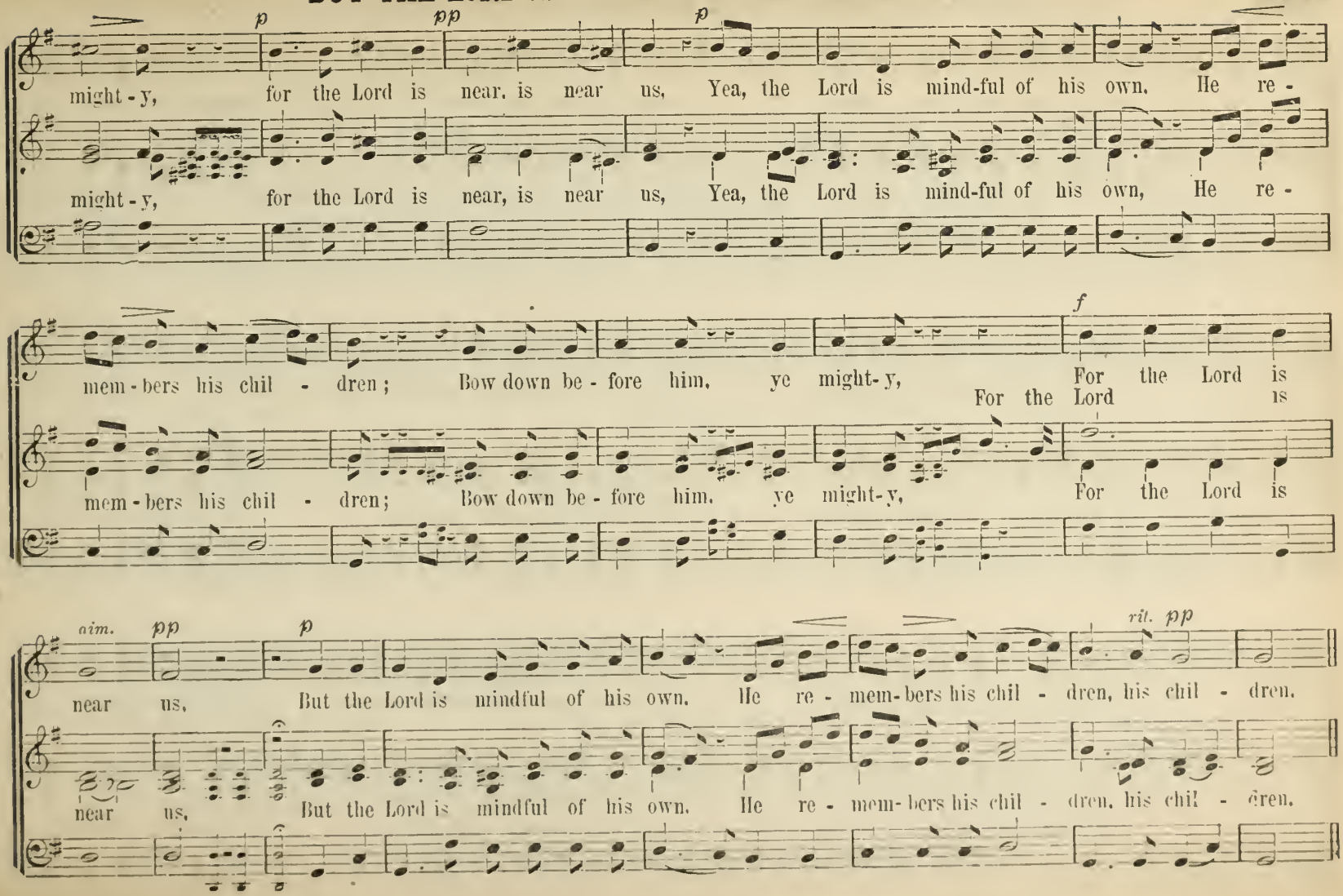
own, The Lord re - members his chil - dren, re - mem - bers all his chil - dren.

own, The Lord re - members his chil - dren, all his chil - dren.

m *p*

Bow down be - fore him, ye might - y, for the Lord is near us, Bow down be - fore him ye

Bow down be - fore him, ye might - y, for the Lord is near us, Bow down be - fore him ye


p
pp
p
might-y, for the Lord is near, is near us, Yea, the Lord is mind-ful of his own, He re-
might-y, for the Lord is near, is near us, Yea, the Lord is mind-ful of his own, He re-
mem-bers his chil - dren; Bow down be-fore him, ye might-y,
f
For the Lord is
For the Lord is
mem-bers his chil - dren; Bow down be-fore him, ye might-y,
For the Lord is
aim.
pp
p
near us, But the Lord is mindful of his own, He re-mem-bers his chil - dren, his chil - dren.
rit. pp
near us, But the Lord is mindful of his own, He re-mem-bers his chil - dren, his chil - dren.

HYMN ANTHEM. "Look ye saints, the sight is glorious."

THEO. F. SEWARD

Look ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the man of sor-rows now, From the fight returned vic-

Look ye saints..... the sight is glorious, See the man..... of sor-rows now, From the fight..... returned vic-

torious, Ev-ery knee to him shall bow, Look ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the man..... of sorrows

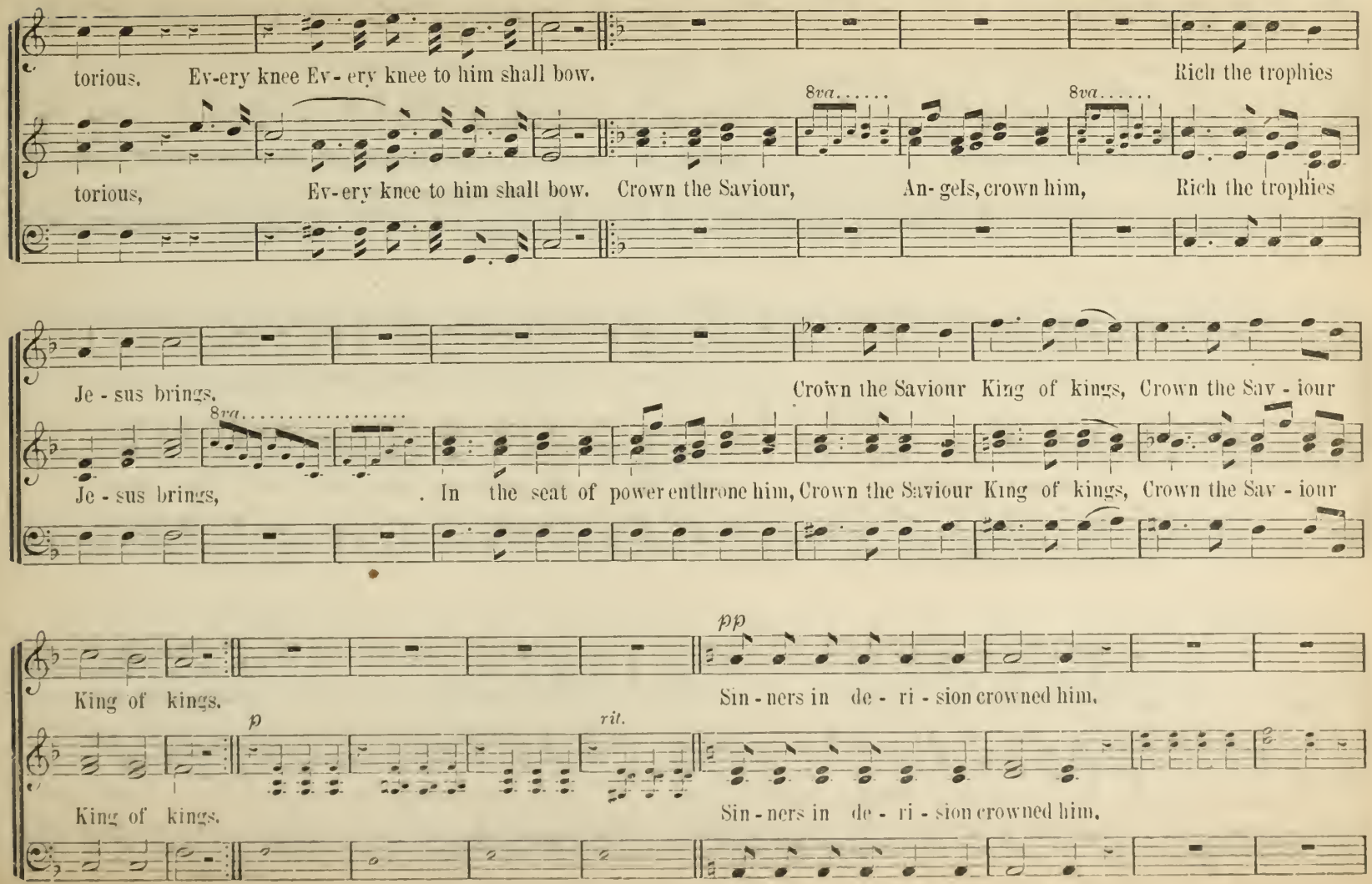
Look ye saints.....

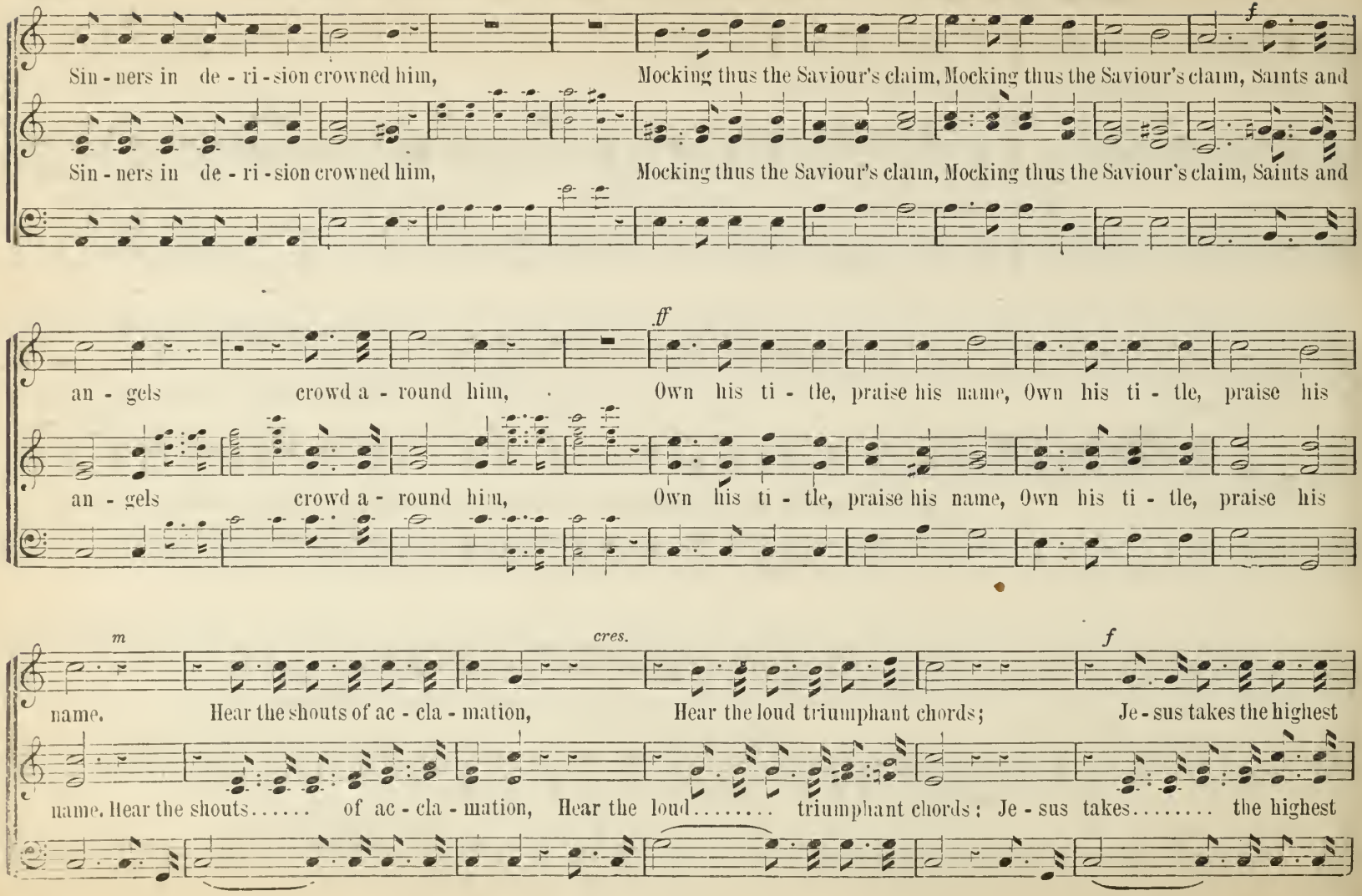
torious, Ev-ery knee..... to him shall bow, Look ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the man of sorrows

now, From the fight returned vic-torious, Ev-ery knee to him shall bow, From the fight returned vic-

From the fight..... Ev-ery knee..... From the fight.....

now, From the fight returned vic-torious, Ev-ery knee to him shall bow. From the fight returned vic-


torious. Ev-ery knee Ev-ery knee to him shall bow.
Rich the trophies
8va.....
8va.....
torious, Ev-ery knee to him shall bow. Crown the Saviour, An-gels, crown him, Rich the trophies
Je-sus brings.
Crown the Saviour King of kings, Crown the Sav-iour
8va.....
Je-sus brings, . In the seat of power enthrone him, Crown the Saviour King of kings, Crown the Sav-iour
pp
King of kings.
Sin-ners in de-ri-sion crowned him.
p
rit.
King of kings.
Sin-ners in de-ri-sion crowned him.


f
Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim, Saints and
Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim, Saints and
ff
an - gels crowd a - round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name, Own his ti - tle, praise his
an - gels crowd a - round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name, Own his ti - tle, praise his
m
cres.
f
name. Hear the shouts of ac - cla - mation, Hear the loud triumphant chords; Je - sus takes the highest
name. Hear the shouts..... of ac - cla - mation, Hear the loud..... triumphant chords: Je - sus takes..... the highest

ff

station King of kings and Lord of lords, King of kings and Lord of lords, King of kings..... and Lord of lords.....
Hear the shouts of acclamation, Hear the

station King of kings and Lord of lords, King of kings and Lord of lords. King of kings..... and Lord of lords.....

loud triumphant chords, Je - sus takes the high-est sta - tion, King of kings and Lord of lords.

Je - sus takes the high-est sta - tion, King of kings and Lord of lords. Hal-le-

Hal-le - lu-jah, Halle - lu-jah, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men. *Adagio.* A - men.

lu-jah, Halle - lu-jah, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men.

HE SHALL COME DOWN LIKE RAIN.

JAMES FLINT.

p Andante. *cres.*

He shall come down like rain up-on the mown-grass, He shall come down like rain up-on the mown-grass, as showers that water, that

He shall come down like rain up-on the mown-grass, He shall come down like rain up-on the mown-grass, as showers that water, that

dim. 1st time. 2d time.

wa - ter the earth, as show-ers that wa - ter the earth, earth. In his days shall the righteous flour - -

In his days shall the right - - eous

f

wa - ter the earth, as show-ers that wa - ter the earth, earth. In his days shall the righteous flour - -

ish, In his days shall the righteous flour - - ish, And his name shall en - dure, shall en - dure for -

In his days shall the right - - eous flour - - ish,

ish, In his days shall the righteous flour - - ish, And his name shall en - dure, shall en - dure for -

dim. 1st time. 2d time. p dim. pp

ev - er, His name shall en - dure for - ev - - er, er. His name shall en - dure for - ev - - - er.....

ev - er, His name shall en - dure for - ev - - er, er. His name shall en - dure for - ev - - - er.....

EASTER HYMN. 7s. "Angels, roll the rock away."

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way, Death, yield up thy might-y prey; See! the Sav - iour leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im-mor - tal bloom.

2. Saints on earth, lift up your eyes, Now to glo - ry see him rise In long tri - umph thro' the sky, Up to wait-ing worlds on high.

Hark! the wond - - 'ring angels raise Louder notes of joy - ful praise; Let the earth's re - mot-est bound Ech - o with the blissful sound.

Heav'n unfolds its por-tals wide; Migh-ty con - - - queror thro' them ride, King of glo - - ry, mount thy throne, Boundless empire is thine own.

CHORUS. "God be merciful unto us and bless us."

From Mass in B flat.
by HENRY FARMER

ff Allegro.

God be mer - ci - ful un-to us and bless us, and show us the light of his countenance, and bless us, That thy way may be

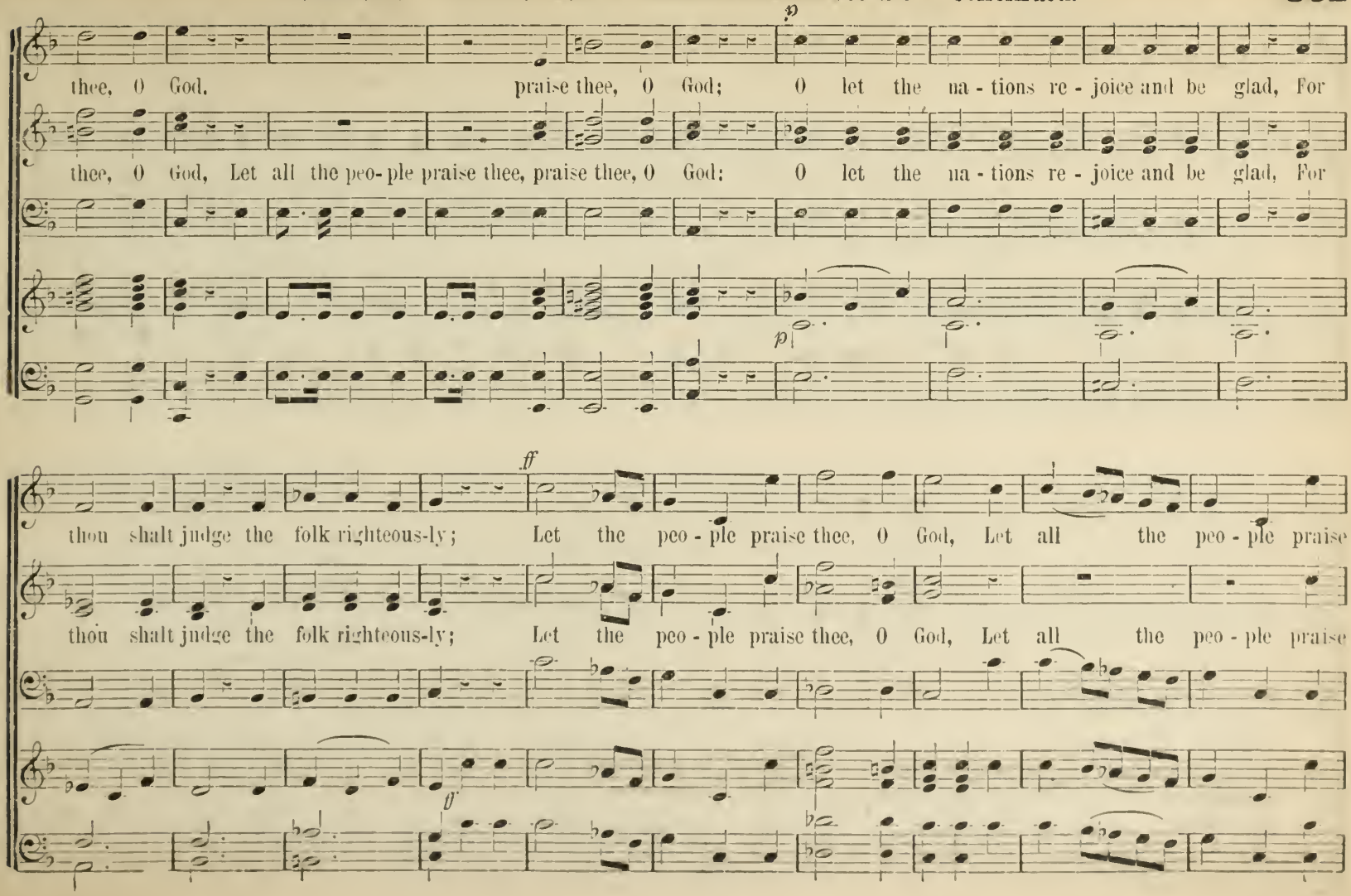
God be mer - ci - ful un-to us and bless us, and show us the light of his countenance, and bless us, That thy way may be

Inst. *ff*

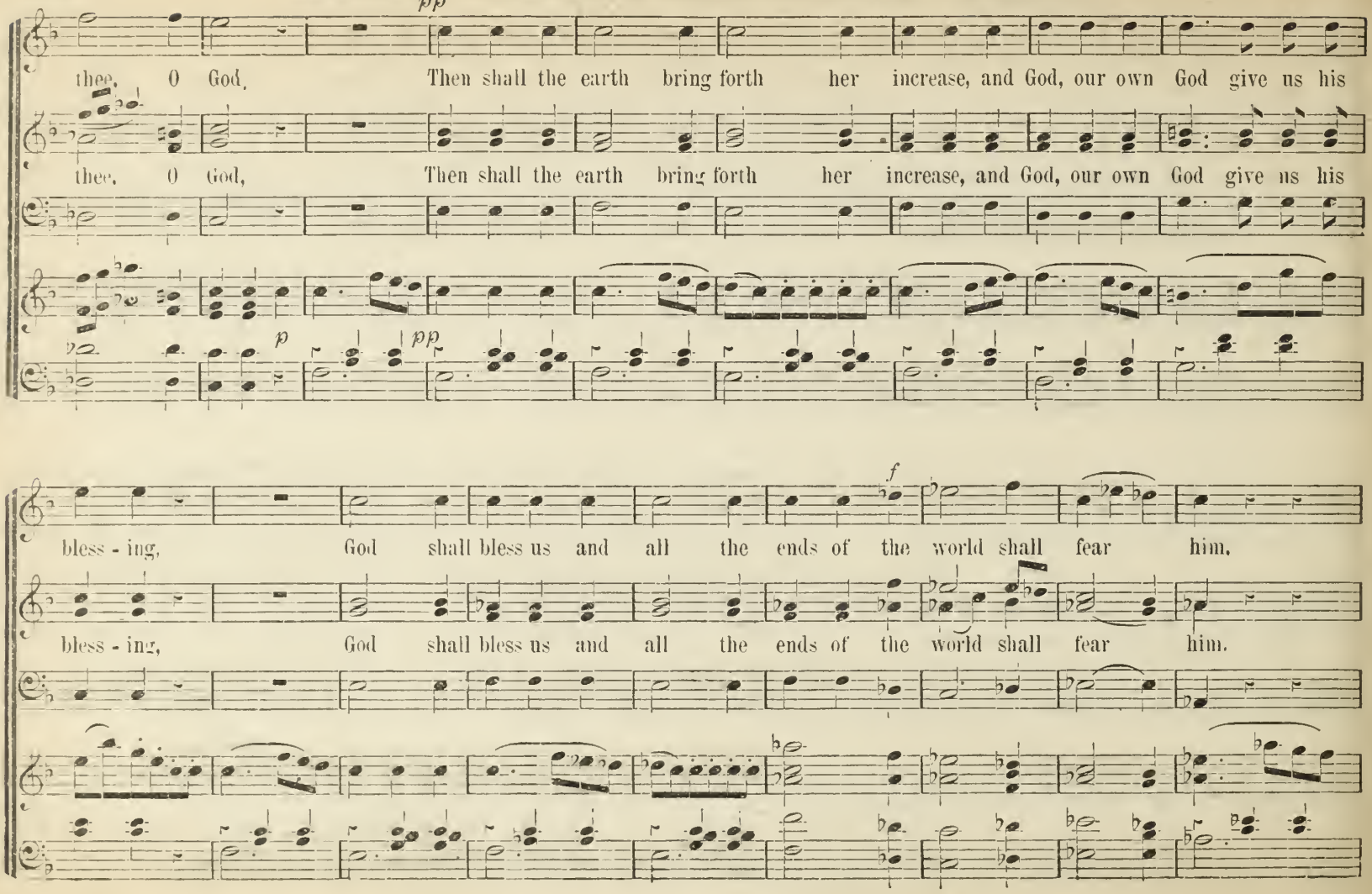
known on the earth, on the earth, Thy sav - ing health a - mong all nations, praise

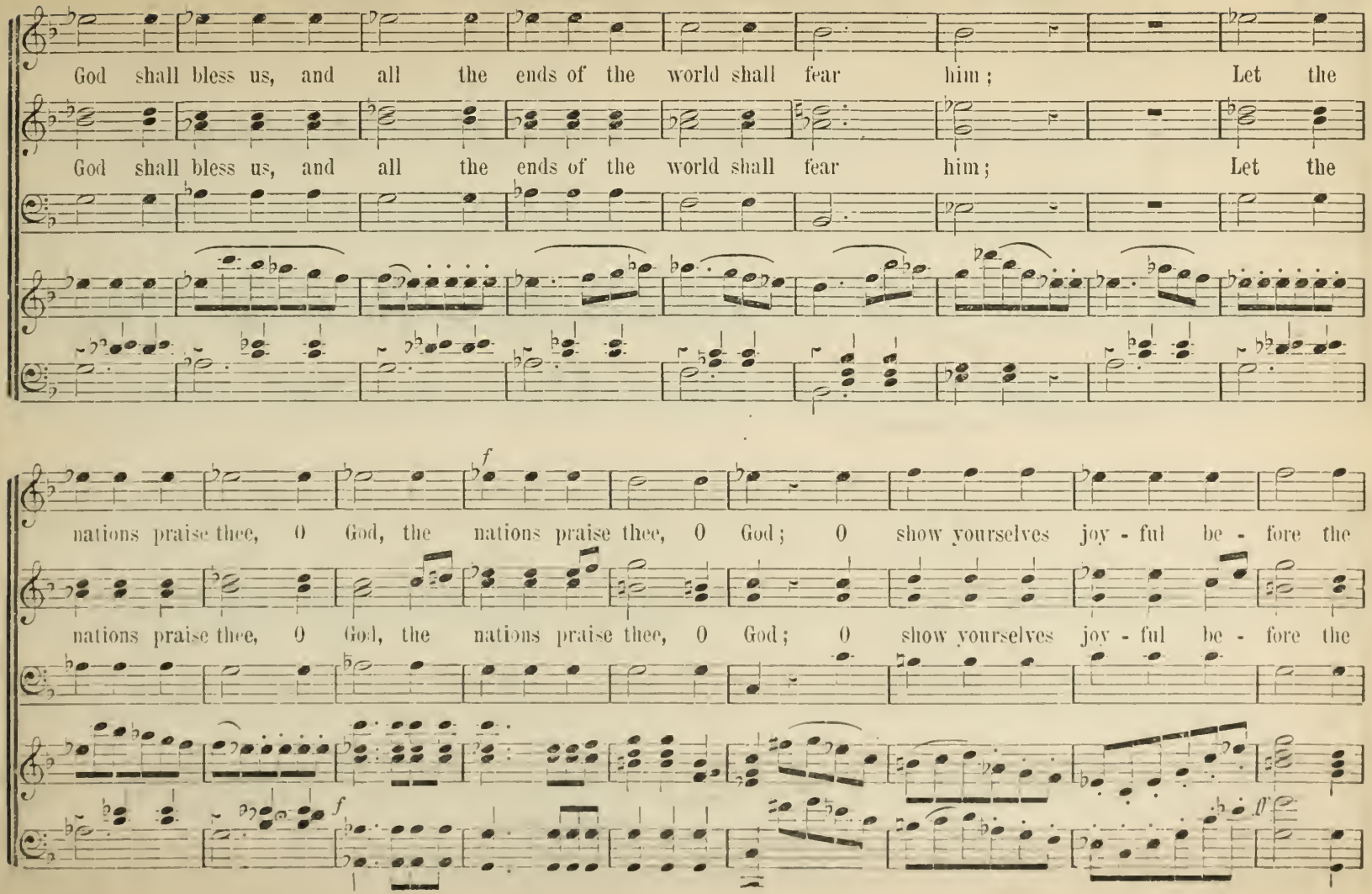
known on the earth, on the earth, Thy sav - ing health a - mong all nations, O let the people praise thee, prai-se

f

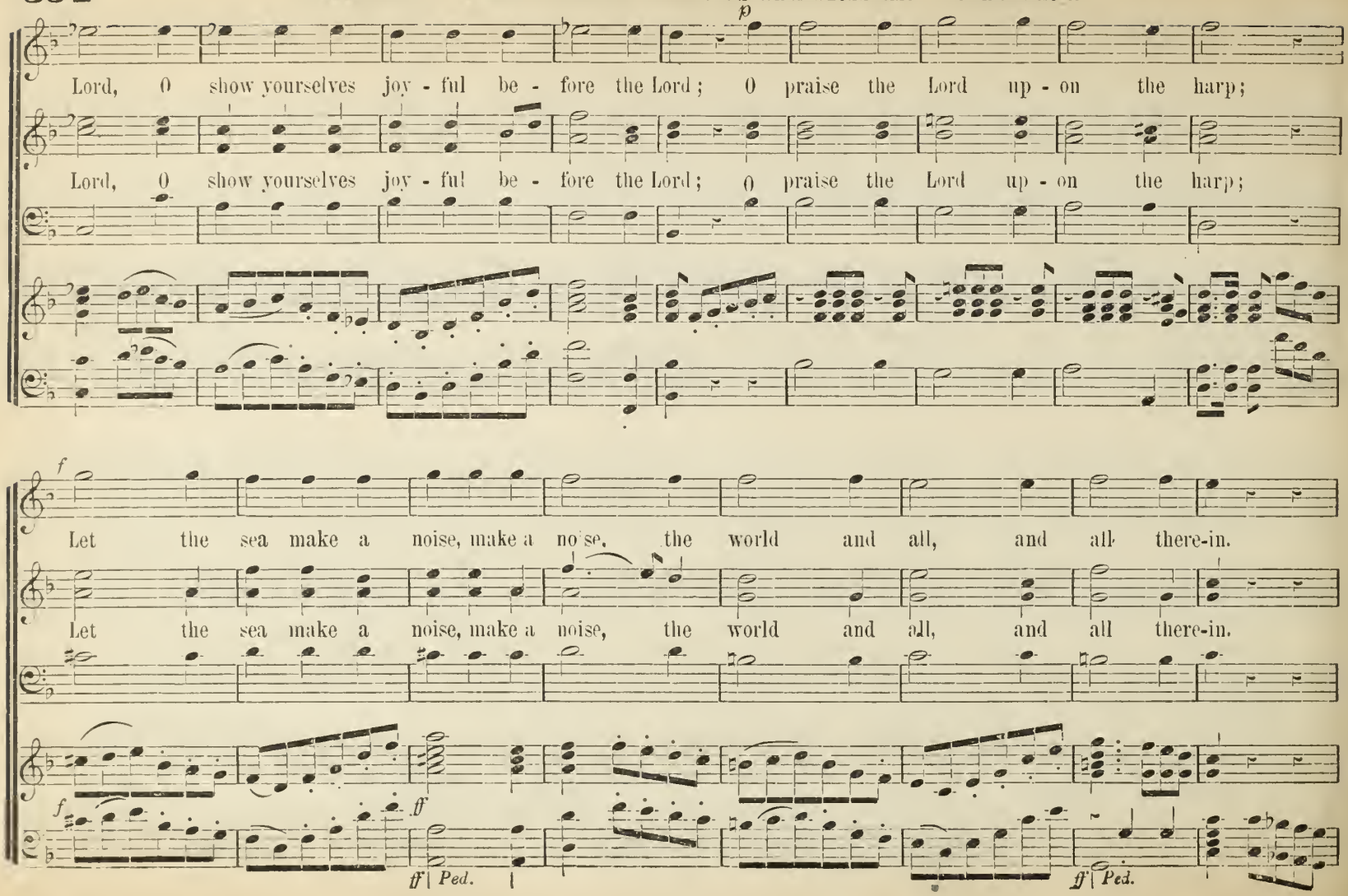

p
thee, O God. praise thee, O God; O let the na - tions re - joice and be glad, For
thee, O God, Let all the peo - ple praise thee, praise thee, O God; O let the na - tions re - joice and be glad, For
p
ff
thou shalt judge the folk righteous-ly; Let the peo - ple praise thee, O God, Let all the peo - ple praise
thou shalt judge the folk righteous-ly; Let the peo - ple praise thee, O God, Let all the peo - ple praise
ff

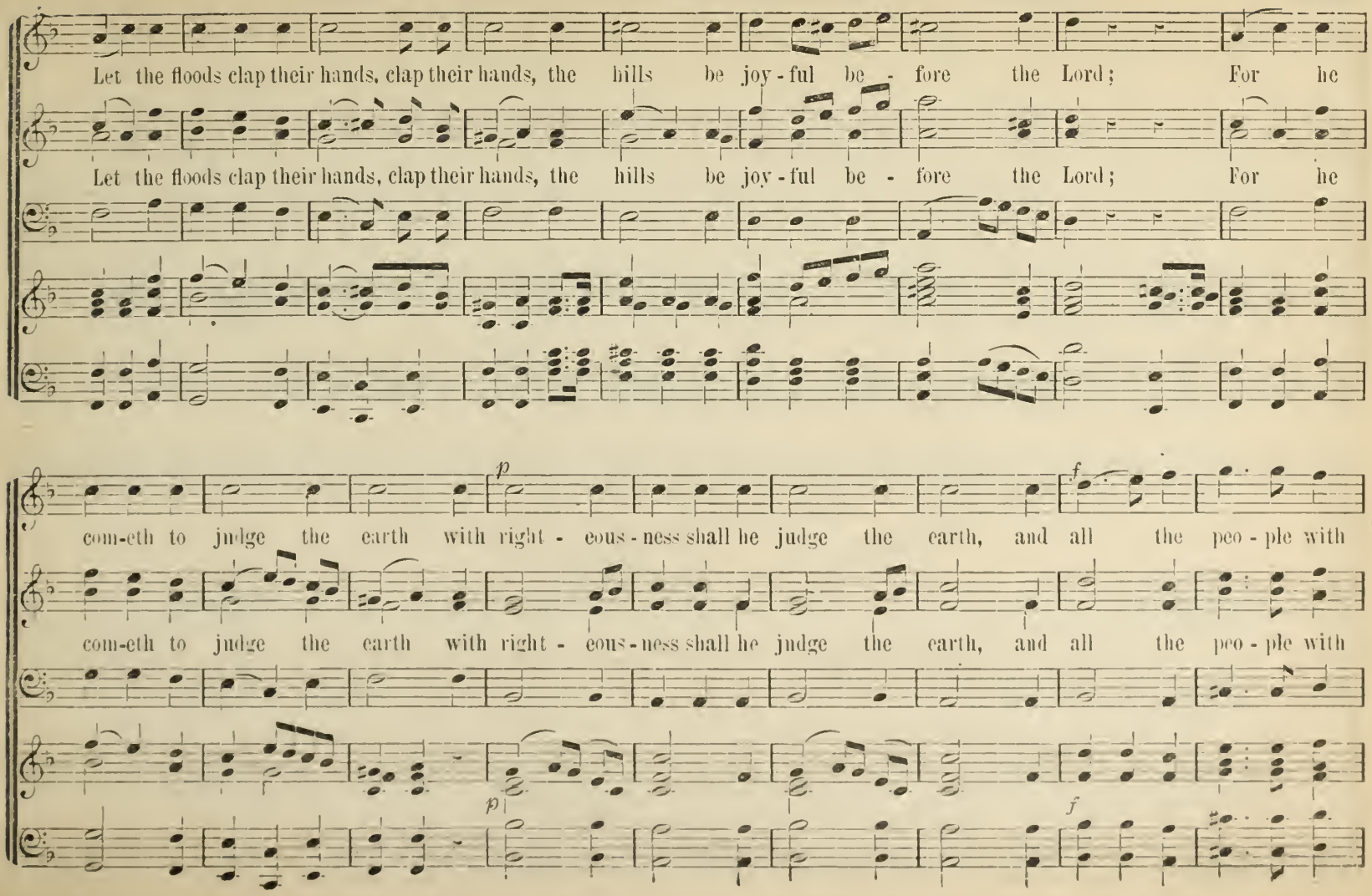
CHORUS. "God be merciful unto us and bless us." Continued.

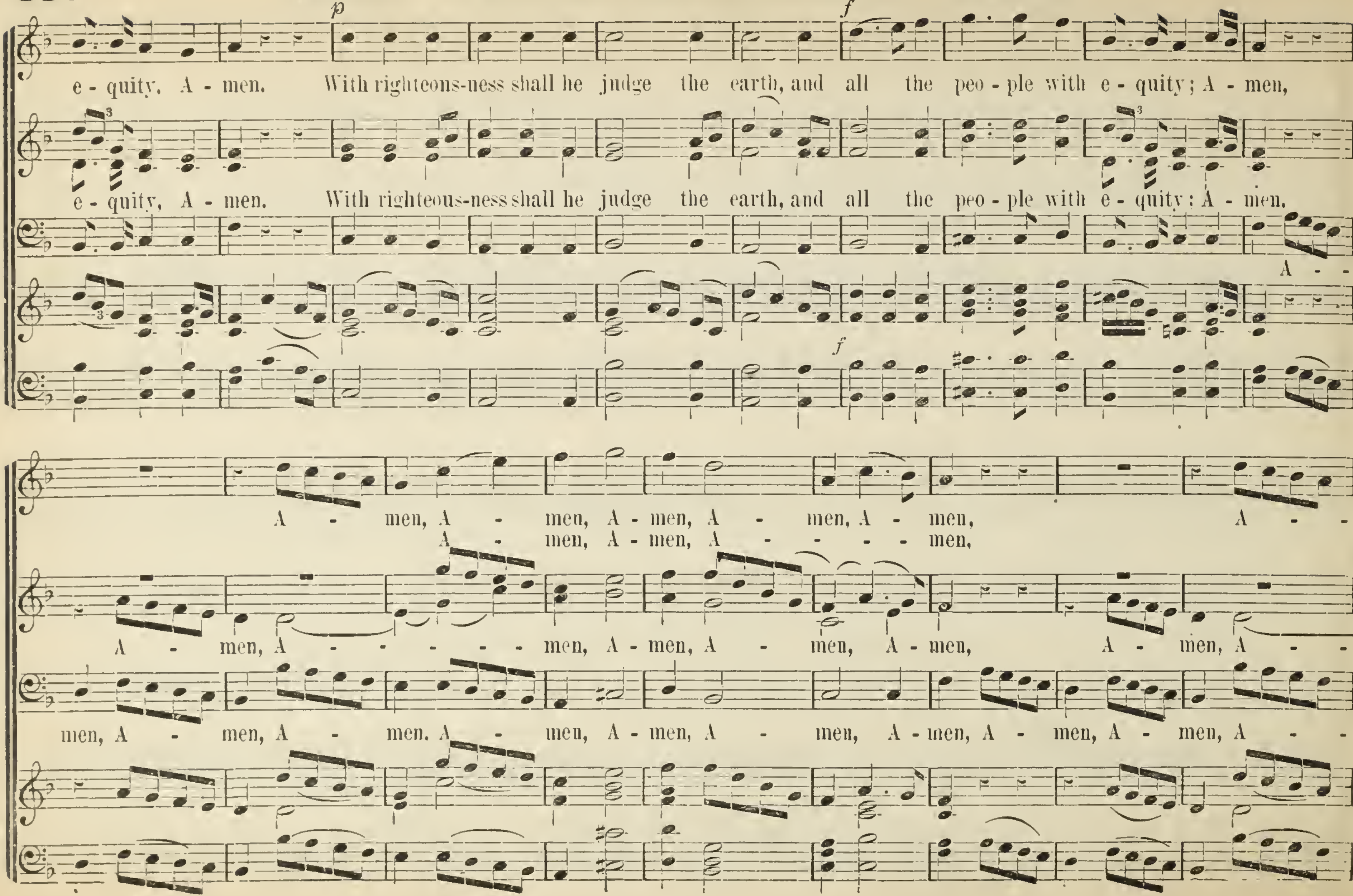



God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear him; Let the
God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear him; Let the
f
nations praise thee, O God, the nations praise thee, O God; O show yourselves joy - ful be - fore the
nations praise thee, O God, the nations praise thee, O God; O show yourselves joy - ful be - fore the
f
ff

CHORUS. "God be merciful unto us and bless us." Continued.




Let the floods clap their hands, clap their hands, the hills be joy - ful be - fore the Lord; For he
Let the floods clap their hands, clap their hands, the hills be joy - ful be - fore the Lord; For he
p
f
com-eth to judge the earth with right - eous - ness shall he judge the earth, and all the peo - ple with
com-eth to judge the earth with right - eous - ness shall he judge the earth, and all the peo - ple with
p
f


p
f
e - quity. A - men. With righteous-ness shall he judge the earth, and all the peo - ple with e - quity; A - men,
3
e - quity, A - men. With righteous-ness shall he judge the earth, and all the peo - ple with e - quity; A - men.
A -
f
A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A -
A - men, A - men, A - - - - - men,
A - men, A - - - - - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A -
men, A - men, A - men. A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A -

p *Adagio.*

men, A - men, A - men, A - - - - - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

- - - men, A - men, A - - - - - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

men, A - men, A - men.

Adagio.

p

CUMMINGS. 6s & 4s.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

With feeling.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Ye wand'rers, come; O, ye be - night-ed souls; Why long - er roam?

2. To - day the Sav - iour calls: O hear him now: With - in these sa - cred walls, To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sav - iour calls: For re - fuge fly; The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.

YE BLEST INHABITANTS OF HEAVEN. (Solo & Chorus.)

Arranged from HAYDN'S "Marvelous Work," by WILLIAM SHORE of England.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Ye blest in - hab - it - ants of hea - ven, To God.... be all.... your prais - - - es giv - en, A -

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

O praise him in the realms that lie

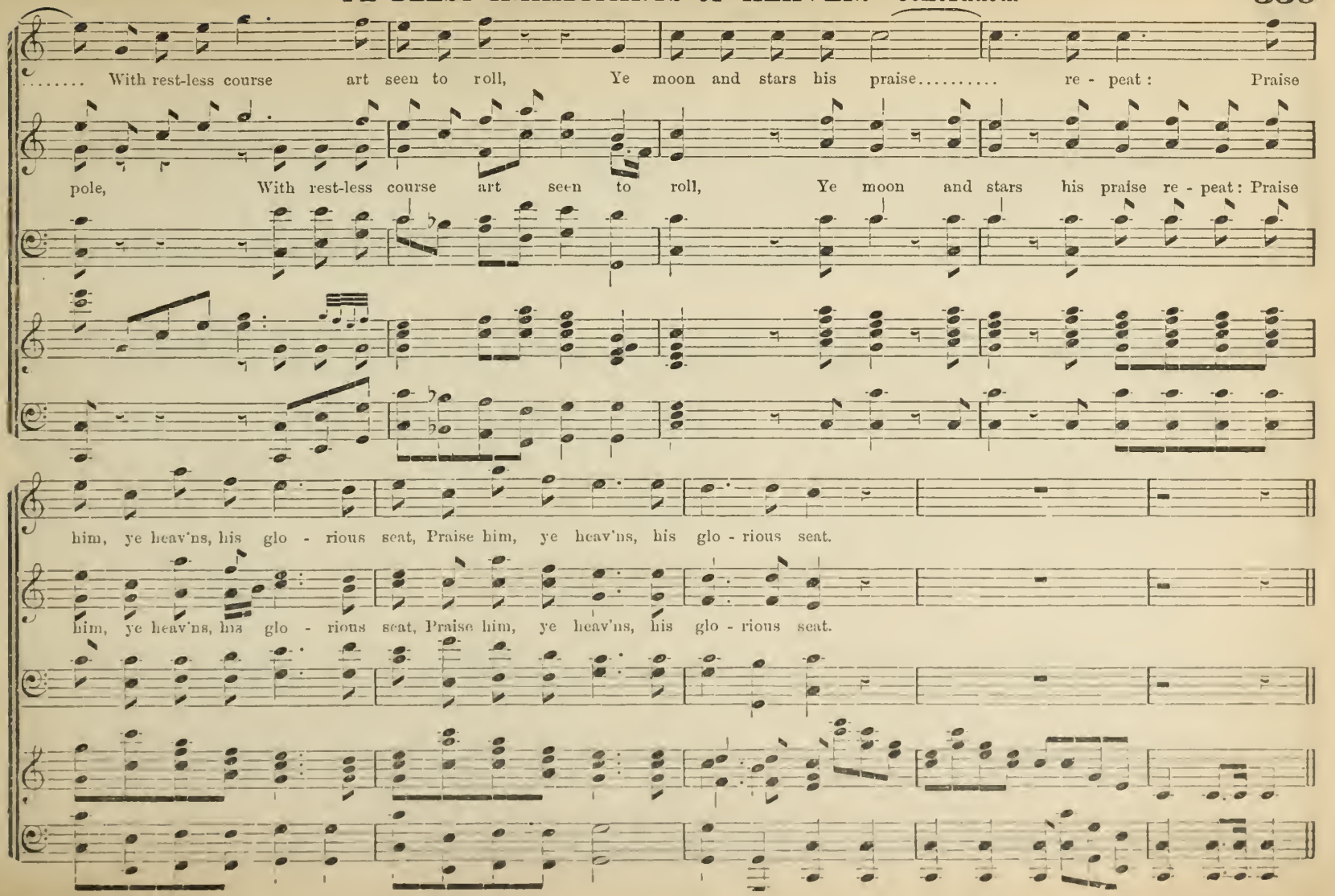
TENOR.

BASS.

INST.

bove the reach of mor - tal eye; Praise him, thou sun, That round the pole.....

A - bove the reach of mor - - - tal eye; Praise him, thou sun That round the


With rest-less course art seen to roll, Ye moon and stars his praise re - peat: Praise
pole, With rest-less course art seen to roll, Ye moon and stars his praise re - peat: Praise
him, ye heav'ns, his glo - rious seat, Praise him, ye heav'ns, his glo - rious seat.
him, ye heav'ns, his glo - rious seat, Praise him, ye heav'ns, his glo - rious seat.

O FATHER, DEAL GENTLY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

O Fa-ther, deal gent - ly, Deal gently, O Fa-ther, In thy good pleasure deal gent-ly to Zi - on. Deal gent-ly to Zi - on, deal

O Fa-ther, deal gent - ly, Deal gently, O Fa-ther, In thy good pleasure deal gent-ly to Zi - on. Deal gent-ly to Zi - on, deal

Faster.

gent-ly to Zi - on. Fa - ther, deal gent-ly in thy good pleasure, in thy good pleasure deal gent - ly. Build thou now the

gent-ly to Zi - on. Fa - ther, deal gent-ly in thy good pleasure, in thy good pleasure deal gent - ly. Build thou now the

walls, the walls of Je - ru - sa-lem, Build thou now the walls, the walls of Je - ru - salem, Build thou now the walls, Build thou now the

walls, the walls of Je - ru - sa-lem, Build thou now the walls, the walls of Je - ru - salem, Build thou now the walls, Build thou now the

O FATHER, DEAL GENTLY. Concluded.

a tempo.

walls, Build thou now the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem. Deal gent - ly, O Fa - ther, in thy good pleasure, deal gent - ly, O

walls, Build thou now the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem. Deal gent - ly, O Fa - ther, in thy good pleasure, deal gent - ly, O

Fa - ther in thy good pleasure, Deal gent - ly, O Fa - ther in thy good pleasure, In thy good pleasure deal gent - ly.

Fa - ther in thy good pleasure, Deal gent - ly, O Fa - ther in thy good pleasure, In thy good pleasure deal gent - ly.

(5th P. M.)

WEARY CHILD. 7s.

HENRY HARDING

1. Wea - ry child, from day to day, Burdened, fainting, by the way, Sigh - ing, long-ing to be free, List, a voice, "Come un - to me.
2. Toil - ing in the march of life, Rest - less in the dai - ly strife; Lone - ly and by grief oppressed, Come to me, I'll give you rest.

3. Come with all your wants and woes, Come what-ev - er may op - pose; All my gifts are full and free If you will but come to me.
4. Wea - ry child, tis Je - sus' voice, Haste and make the bet - ter choice; Go and be the Sav - iour's guest, Go to him and be at rest.

LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Andante.

Let the words of my mouth and the med-i - ta - tion of my heart be ac - cept-a-ble, be ac - cept - a-ble, be ac - cept - a-ble in thy

Let the words of my mouth and the med-i - ta - tion of my heart be ac - cept-a-ble, be ac - cept - a-ble, be ac - cept - a-ble in thy

sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re-deem-er, Be ac - cept - a-ble in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re - deem - er.

sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re-deem-er, Be ac - cept - a-ble in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re - deem - er.

THY WILL BE DONE. (For female voices.*)

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1st Sop. or Tenor.

1. Thy will be done! I will not fear The fate pro - vi - ded by thy love; Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here, I know that all is bright a - bove.

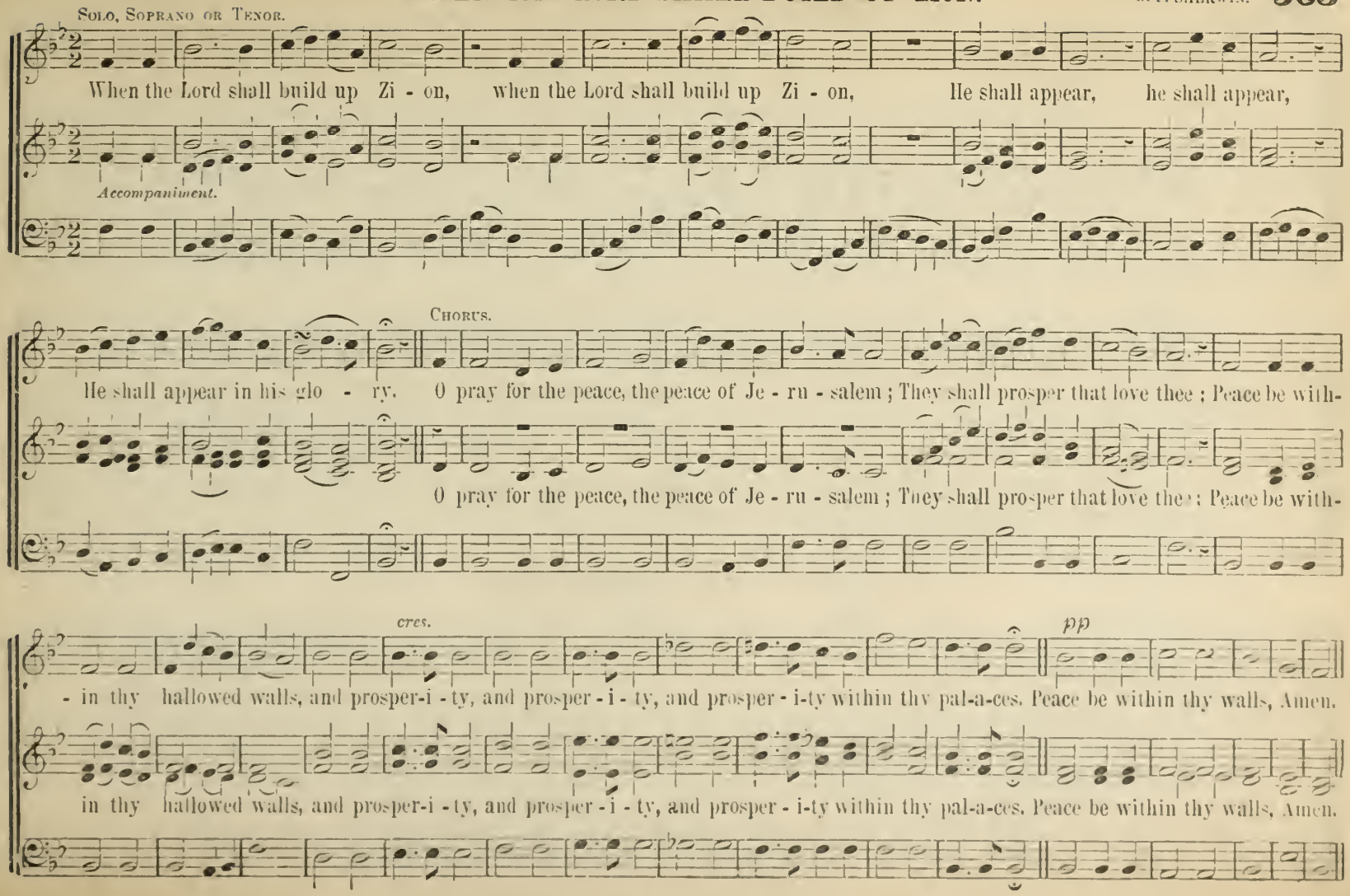
2d Sop. or Tenor.

2. The stars of heav'n are shining on, Tho' these frail eyes are dimmed with tears; The hopes of earth indeed are gone, But are not ours th'im-mor-tal years?

3. Fa - ther! forgive the heart that clings Thus trembling, to the things of time, And bid my soul, on an - gel wings As-cend in - to a pur - er clime

Alto or Bass.

* May be sung effectively by male voices, or male voices take 2d verse, and *all* sing 3rd verse.


Solo, Soprano or Tenor.
When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, when the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall appear, he shall appear,
Accompaniment.
Chorus.
He shall appear in his glo - ry. O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - salem; They shall prosper that love thee; Peace be with-
O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - salem; They shall prosper that love thee; Peace be with-
cres.
pp
- in thy hallowed walls, and prosper-i - ty, and prosper - i - ty, and prosper - i-ty within thy pal-a-ces. Peace be within thy walls, Amen.
in thy hallowed walls, and prosper-i - ty, and prosper - i - ty, and prosper - i-ty within thy pal-a-ces. Peace be within thy walls, Amen.

SENTENCE. "Come unto me." No. 2.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

p

Come un - to me, Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den; Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

Come un - to me, Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den; Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

p *p*

Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me; Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me; And ye shall find

Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me. For I am meek and low - ly of heart, And ye shall find

Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me; Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me; And ye shall find

pp *cres.* *dim.* *rit.* *pp*

rest un - to your souls, For my yoke is ea - sy and my bur-den is light. Come un - to me, Come un - to me.

rest un - to your souls, For my yoke is ea - sy and my bur-den is light. Come un - to me, Come un - to me.

SENTENCE. "I will arise."

Rev. R. LOWRY.

DUET. *With expression.*

Earnestly.

I will a - rise and go to my Father, and will say un - to him, Father, Father, I have sinn'd, I have sinn'd, I have

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, I will a - rise and go to my Father, and will say un - to him, Father, Father, I have sinn'd, I have sinn'd, I have

sinn'd against heaven, and be - fore thee, and am no more worthy, and am no more worthy, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

sinn'd against heaven, and be - fore thee, and am no more worthy, and am no more worthy, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

BEAUTIFUL VISION. C. M.

THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.

Flowing.

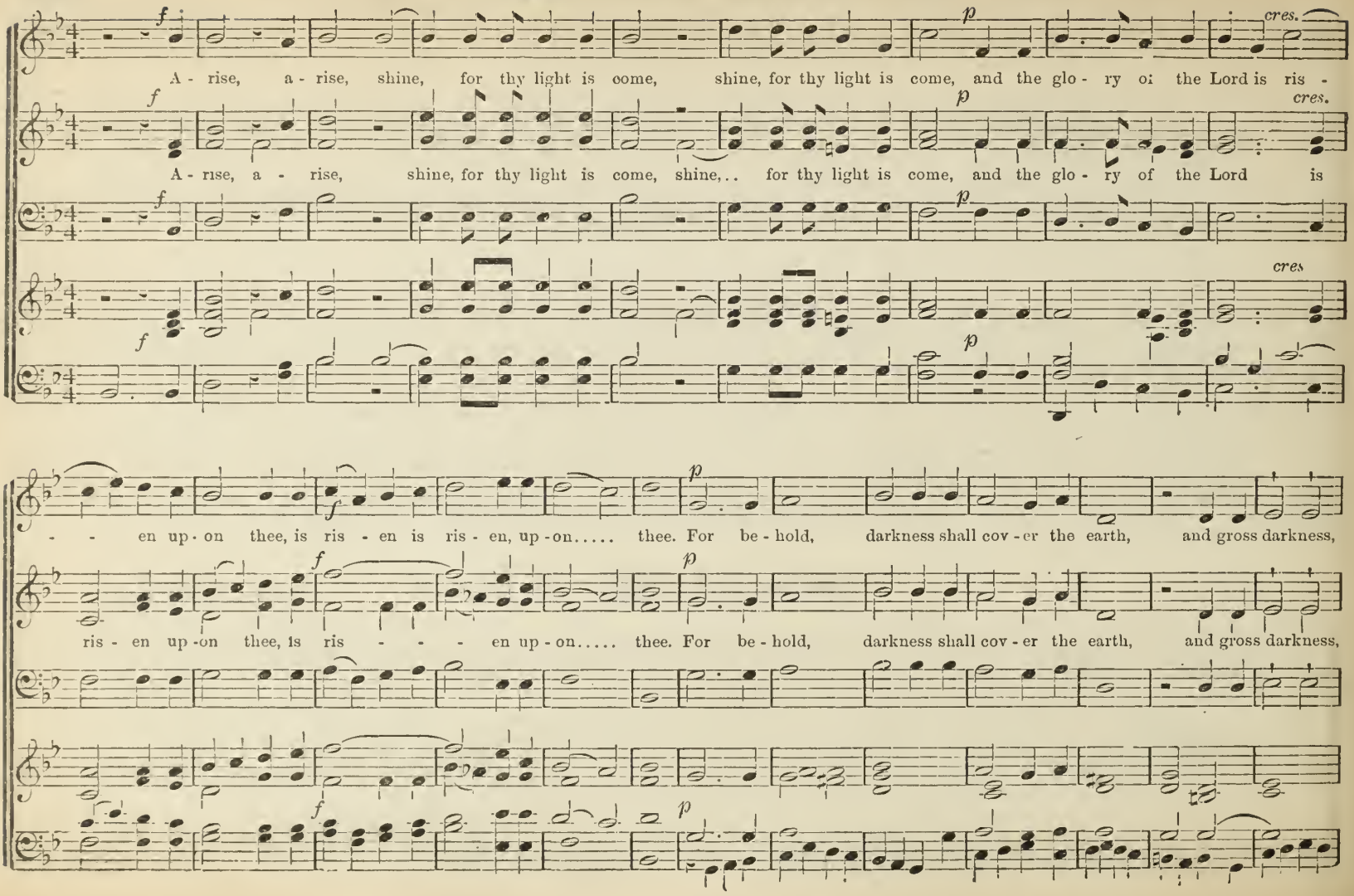
1. There is a place of sa - cred rest, Far, far be - yond the skies, Where beau-ty smiles e - ter - nal - ly, And pleasure nev - er dies.

2. Be - yond the storm be - yond the gloom, Breaks forth the light of morn, Bright beaming from my Fa - ther's house, To cheer the soul for - lorn.

3. The vis - ion of that heavenly home, Shall cheer the part - ing soul, And o'er it, mount-ing to the skies, The tide of rap - ture roll.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

Dr. GEO. J. ELVEY.



and gross darkness, gross dark - ness the peo - ple, gross dark - ness the peo - ple; But the Lord shall a-rise, the Lord shall a -rise, the

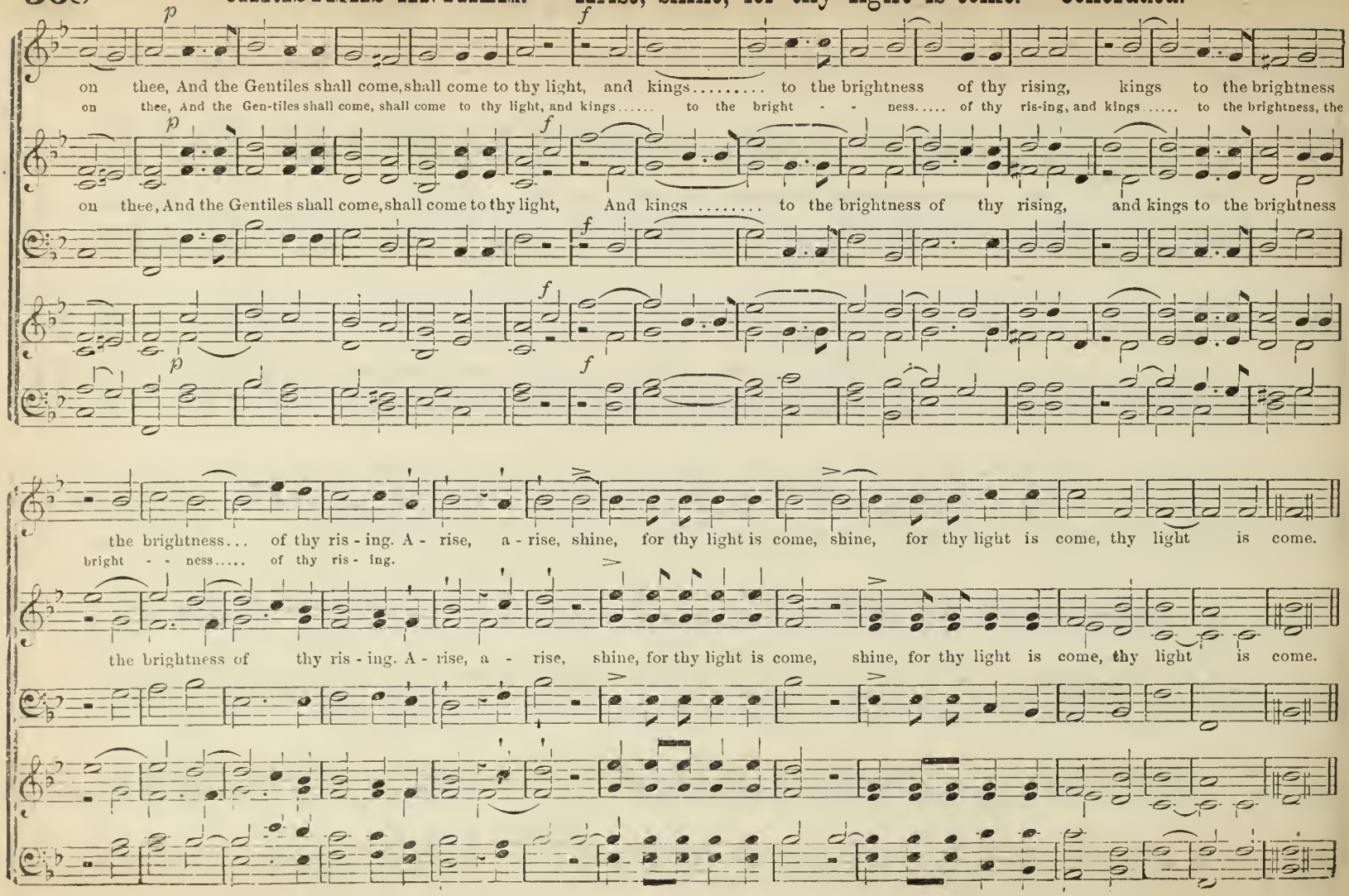
and gross darkness, gross dark - ness the peo - ple, gross dark - ness the peo - ple; But the Lord shall a-rise, the Lord shall a -rise, the

Lord shall a - rise up - on..... thee, and his glo - ry shall be seen, his glo - ry shall be seen, shall ..... be.... seen up -

his glo - - ry shall be seen. his glo - ry shall be seen up

Lord shall a - rise up - on..... thee, and his glo - ry shall be seen, his glo - ry shall be seen, his glo- ry shall..... be seen up -

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come." Concluded.



Blessed is he that con-sid - er - eth the poor, Blessed is he that con - sid - er-eth the poor, Blessed is he, Blessed is he: The

Blessed is he that con-sid - er - eth the poor, Blessed is he that con - sid - er - eth the poor, Blessed is he, Blessed is he: The

FINE. SOPRANO SOLO.

Lord will de - liv - er him in time of trou - ble. The Lord will pre - serve him and keep him a - live, and he shall be bless - ed

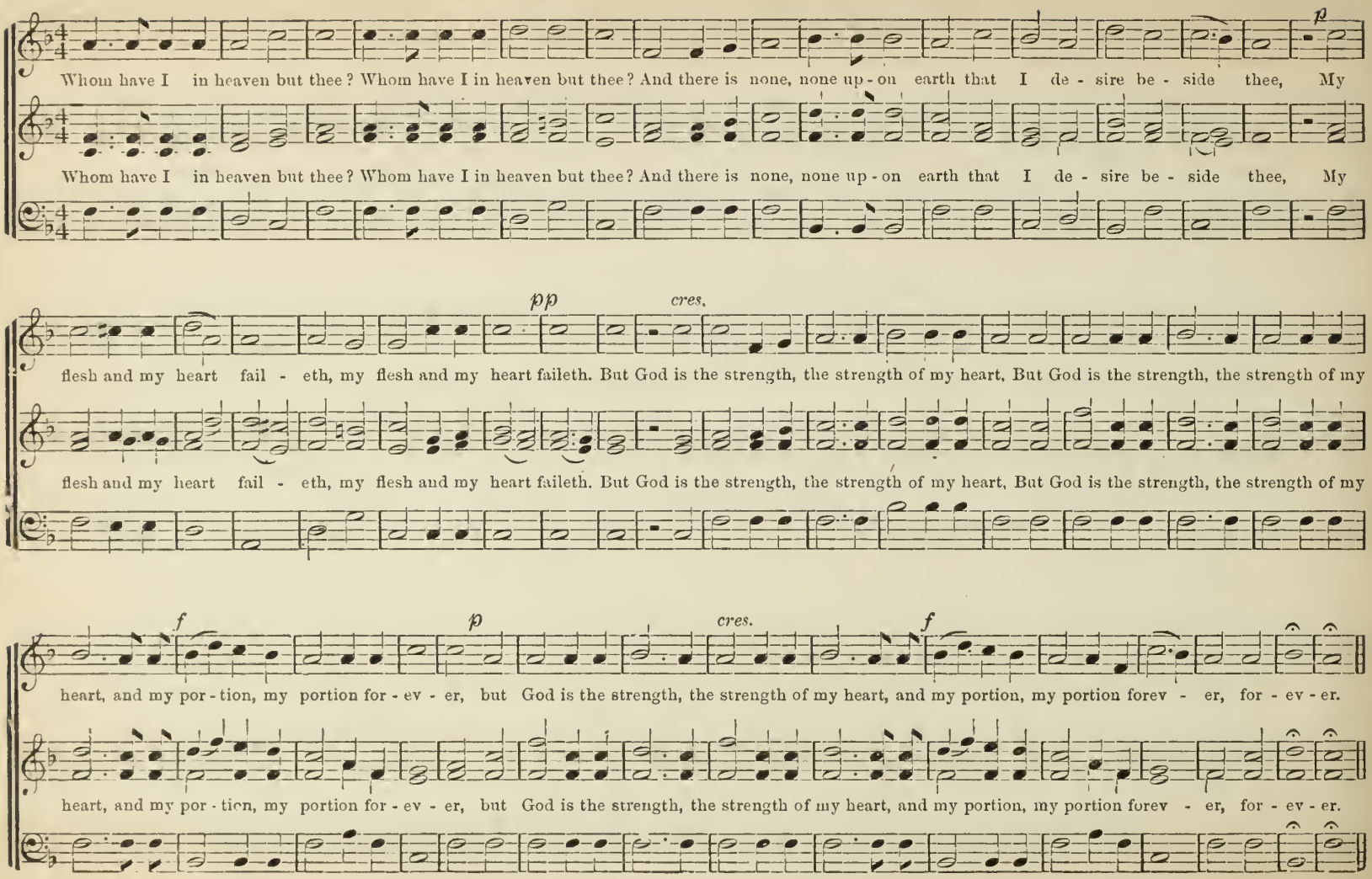
Lord will de-liv - er him in time of trou-ble.

D. C.

up - on the earth. The Lord will strengthen him up - on a bed of languish-ing, Thou wilt make all his bed, his bed in his sickness.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?

Dr. LOWELL MASON



ANTHEM. "Bow down thine ear." No. 2.

A. E. GRELL, Arr.

Moderato.

p

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, Bow down thine ear,.... and hear me: For I am poor, am poor and need-y, For I am poor

p

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, Bow down thine ear, thine ear, and hear me: For I am poor, am poor and need-y, For I am poor, am poor.....

mf

poor and needy. 2. Pre-serve my soul; for I am ho-ly, Preserve my soul for I..... am ho-ly: O thou my God, save thy servant that soul..... for I am ho-ly:

poor and needy. 2. Pre-serve my soul; for I am ho-ly, Preserve my soul.... for I..... am ho-ly: O thou my God, save thy servant that

Repeat Piano. mf

rit.

trusteth in thee. So will I praise, and glori-fy thy name, and glo-ri-fy thy name, and glo-ri-fy thy name, and glo-ri-fy thy name. name.....

trusteth in thee. So will I praise..... thee, and glo-ri-fy thy name, and glo-ri-fy thy name, and glo-ri-fy thy name, and glo-ri-fy thy name.

So will I praise thee. And glo-ri-fy thy name, and glo-ri-fy thy name.. ....

TELL IT OUT!

Words and Music by
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1872.

8:

p

1. Tell it out! tell it out! that the Lord is King! Tell it out! tell..... it out! Tell it

1. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it out!..... Tell it out!..... Tell it

1. Tell it out! Tell it out! that the Lord is King!

FINE.

out! tell it out! bid them shout and sing! Tell it out! tell it out! tell it out! Tell it

Tell it out!.....

out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing! Tell it out!..... tell it out! tell it out! Tell it

out! tell it out! bid them shout and sing! Tell it out! tell..... it out!. .....

out with a-do-ra-tion that he shall in-crease; That the might-y King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace. Tell it

out..... that he shall in-crease; That the might-y King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace. Tell it

TELL IT OUT. Concluded.

D. S. AL FINE

out with ju - bi - la - tion, tho' the waves may roar, That he sit - teth on the wa - ter-floods our King for - ev - er - more! Tell it

out with jn - bi - la - tion, tho' the waves may roar, That he sit - teth on the wa - ter-floods our King for - ev - er - more! Tell it

2 Tell it out among the nations that the Savionr reigns!
Tell it ont! tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out! tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones, that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives;
Tell it out among the sinners, that he came to save;
Tell it out among the dying, that he triumphed o'er the grave!

3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out! tell it out!
Tell it out amoug the nations that his rcign is love!
Tell it out! tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways aud the lanes at home
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam;
Likc the sound of many waters let the glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!

COME UNTO ME. No. 3.

MARIE MASON

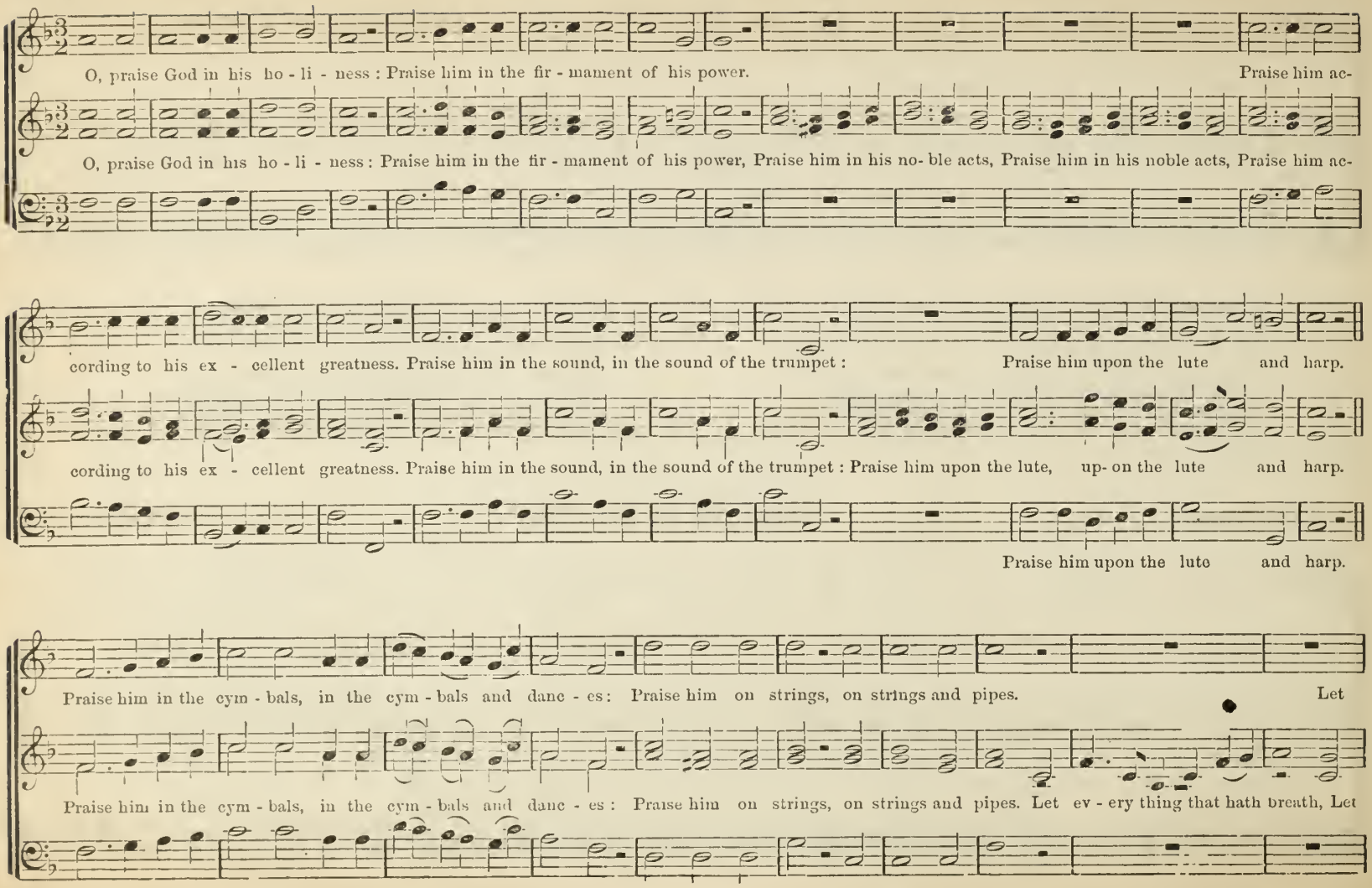
Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come nn - to me! Hear the Sav - iour gent - ly say,—Call - ing ns to come to - day; Come un to me, Come un - to me.
2. Come nn - to me! Wait not till the eve-ning come, Sha-dows fall - ing o'er your home; Come un - to me, Come un - to me.

3. Come un - to me! Give me all the joy - ous thought, With the gold - en morning brought; Come un - to me, Come nn - to me.
4. Come un - to me! Give me all your hap - py hours, Strength of limb, and youthful pow'rs; Come un - to me, Come un - to me.
5. Come un - to me! Give me all your ten - der love, Ere your feet from childhood rove; Come un - to me, Come un - to me.

O, PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON. 1828



Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

every thing that hath breath.....

every thing that hath breath, Let every thing that hath breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

SONGS OF ZION.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Yes, we de-light to sing the songs Of Zi-on's blest a-bode— O how they fill our hearts with joy, And help us on the road.

2. Sweet-ly we raise their tune-ful notes, When earth-ly pleasures dies; Joy-ful we see the star of hope In ra-diant splendor rise.

3. When shall we cross the roll-ing tide To yon-der ver-dant shore? When shall we reach the sun-ny vales, And sing them ev-er-more?

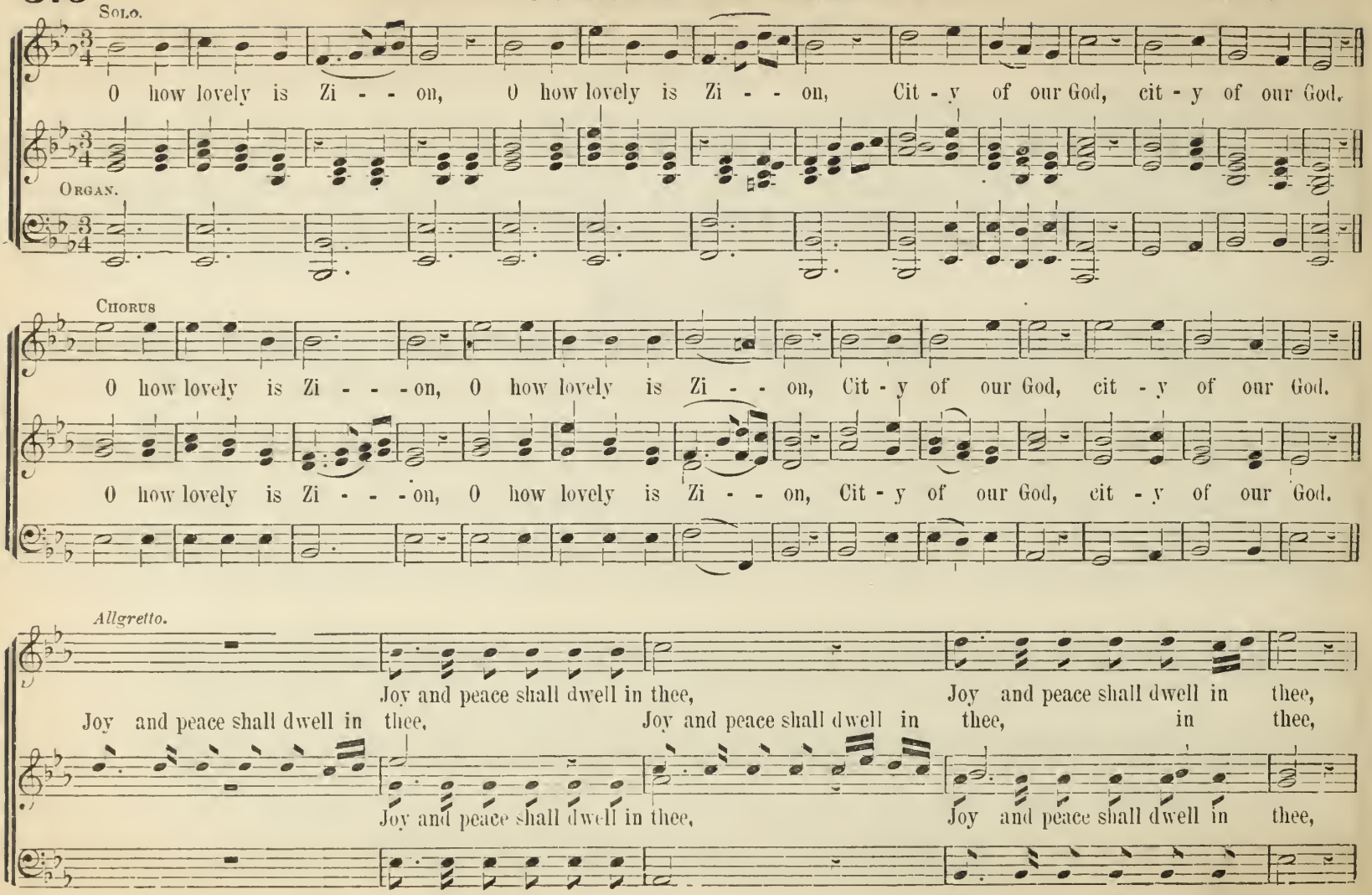
We love the mu-sic of their tones, We love the peace they bring: O Zi-on, where we long to dwell, Thy songs we glad-ly sing.

Be-yond these fleeting, changeful scenes, They bear us on their wing: O Zi-on, where we long to dwell, Thy songs we glad-ly sing.

No songs like thine, O land of rest, Such heavenly tho'ts can bring: O Zi-on, where we long to dwell, Thy songs we glad-ly sing.

O HOW LOVELY IS ZION.

J. H. NEWMAN.



rit.

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee; Shall dwell in thee, Shall dwell in thee.

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee; Shall dwell in thee, Shall dwell in thee.

SENTENCE. "The sacrifices of a broken spirit."

W. H. DOANE.

Plaintively.

The sac - ri - fi - ces of God, The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir-it, A bro - ken and a con - trite

The sac - ri - fi - ces of God, The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir-it, A bro - ken and a con - trite

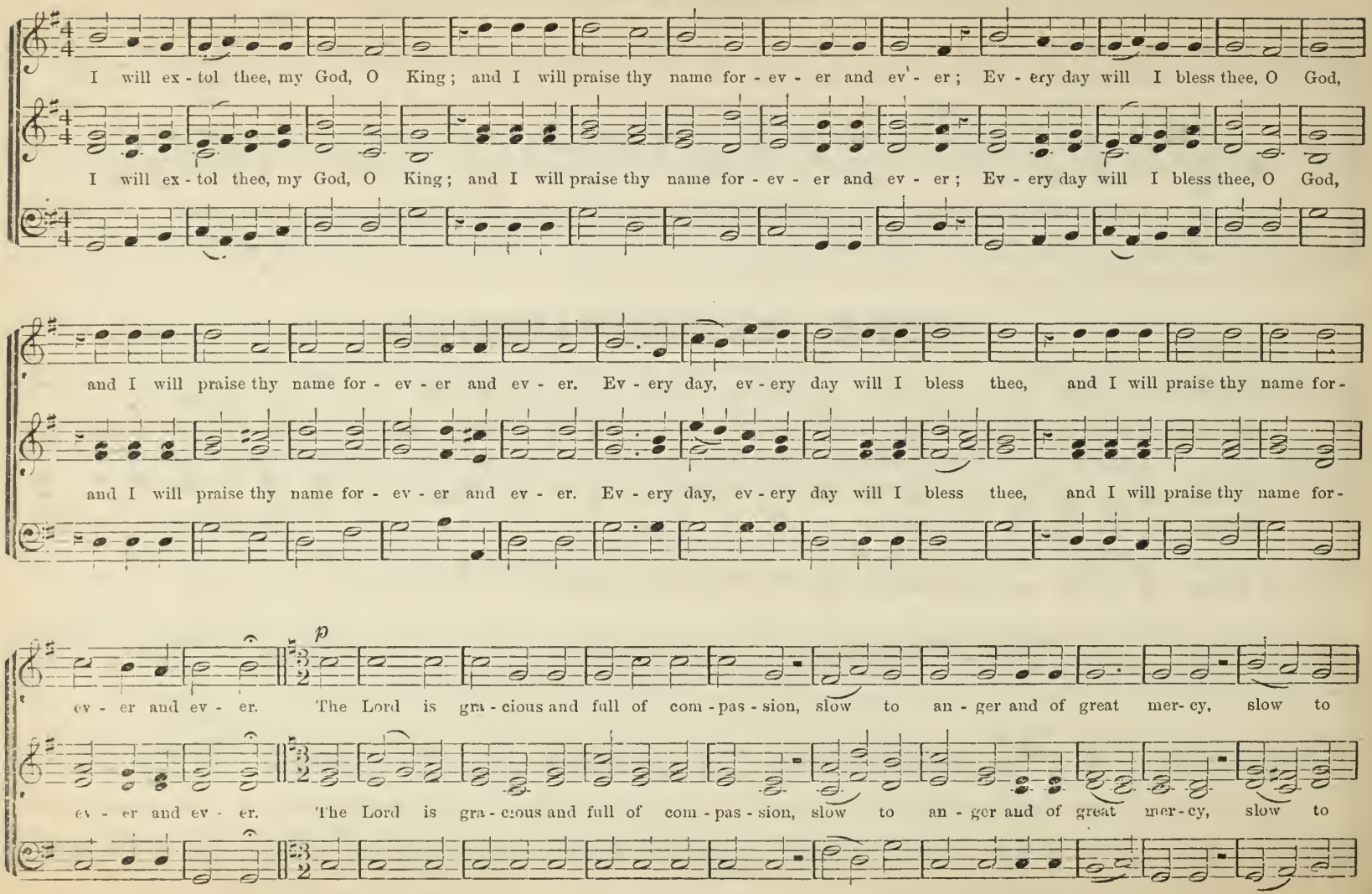
rit.

heart. O God, O God, thou wilt not des-pise, Thou wilt not, thou wilt not despise. O God, thou wilt not des-pise, thou wilt not despise.

heart. O God, O God, thou wilt not des-pise, Thou wilt not, thou wilt not despise. O God, thou wilt not des-pise, thou wilt not despise.

I WILL EXTOL THEE.

Dr. LOWELL MASON



I WILL EXTOL THEE. Concluded.

an - ger and of great mer - cy, The Lord is good, is good to all, and his ten - der mer - cies are o - ver all his works.

an - ger and of great mer - cy, The Lord is good, is good to all, and his ten - der mer - cies are o - ver all his works.

slower.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, All thy works shall praise thee, shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee, Thy saints shall bless thee.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, All thy works shall praise thee, shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee, Thy saints shall bless thee.

SWEET ARE WATERS FRESHLY FLOWING.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

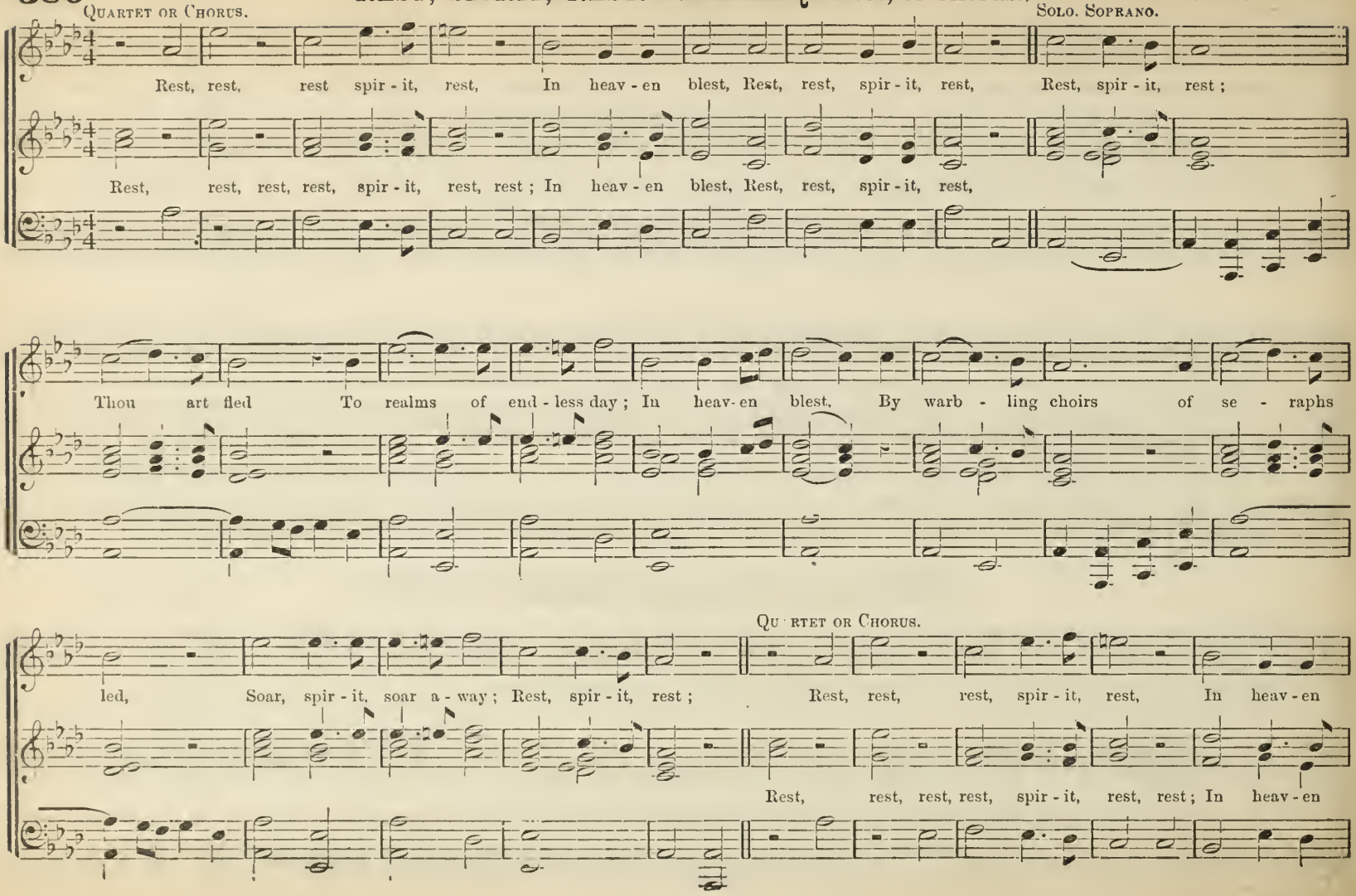
Allegretto.

1. { Sweet are wa-ters freshly flowing In a wea-ry land; } { Sweeter is the word of grace, } { When to fainting trav'lers showing All they crave at hand: } { When the anguish'd heart can trace, } There its solace and embrace; All its griefs de - mand.

2. { How the bar-ren des-ert brightens, And with fruitage teems; } { Tranquil now the soul's repose; } { When the eye thy grace enlightens, Sees the liv-ing streams: } { High and true the hope it knows; } Fair its vis-ions as the rose In the morning beams.

REST, SPIRIT, REST. (Solo and Quartet, or Chorus.)

ROOKE.



REST, SPIRIT, REST. Concluded.

Solo. Soprano.

blest; Rest, rest, spir - it, rest! Soar, spir - it, soar,..... spir - it, soar, In heav-en, blest..... spir - it,

Soprano, Alto, or 2d. Soprano.

blest; Rest, rest, spir - it rest, rest! Soar, spir - it, soar! soar, spir - it, soar, In heav- en, blest,

Tenor, Basso.

rest, rest, rest, spir - it, rest, In heav - en blest, rest, rest, spir - it, rest.

soar, spi - rit, soar, spir - it, soar; Rest, spir - it, rest, rest, rest, blest spir - it, rest.

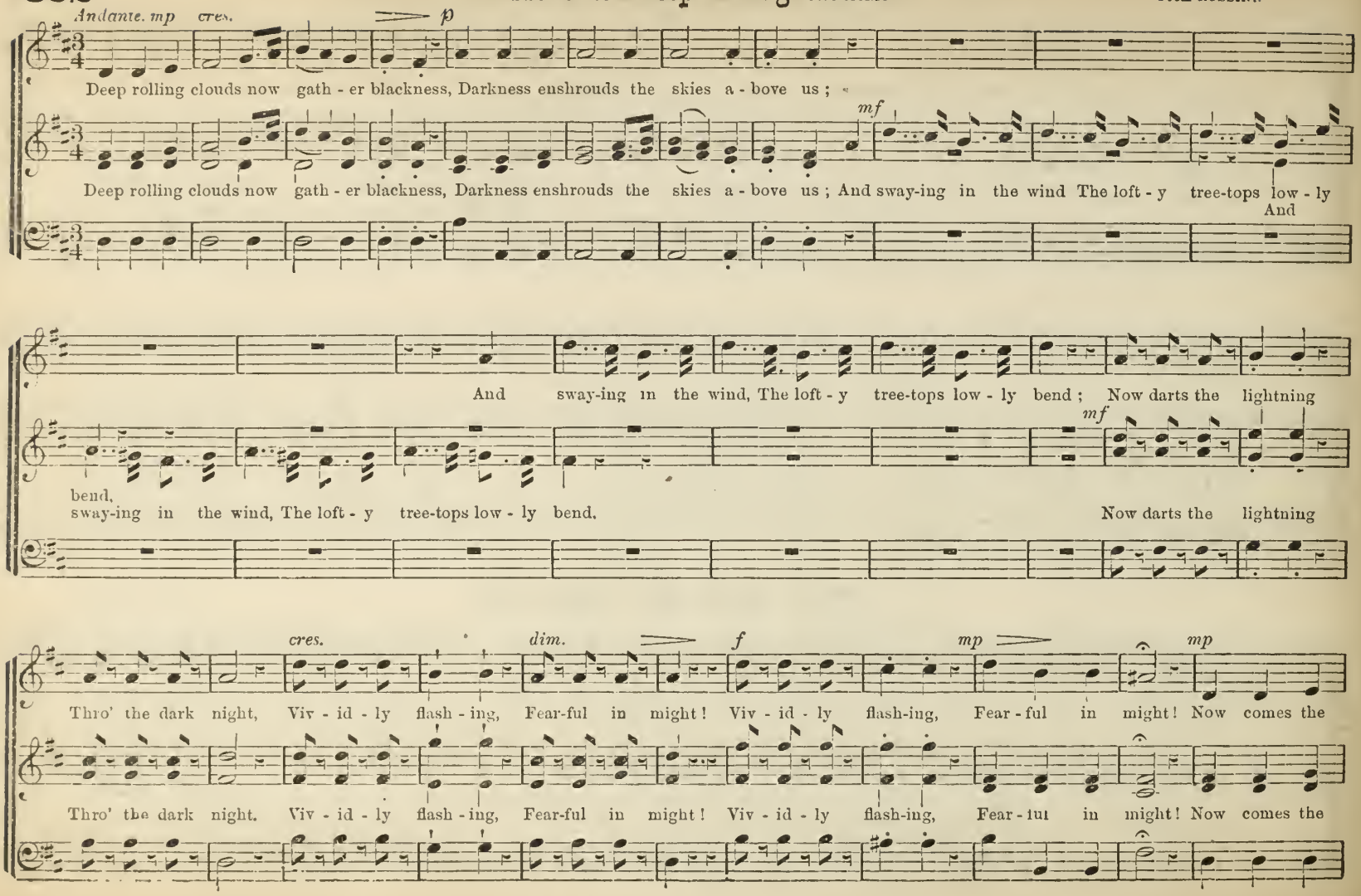
WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME?

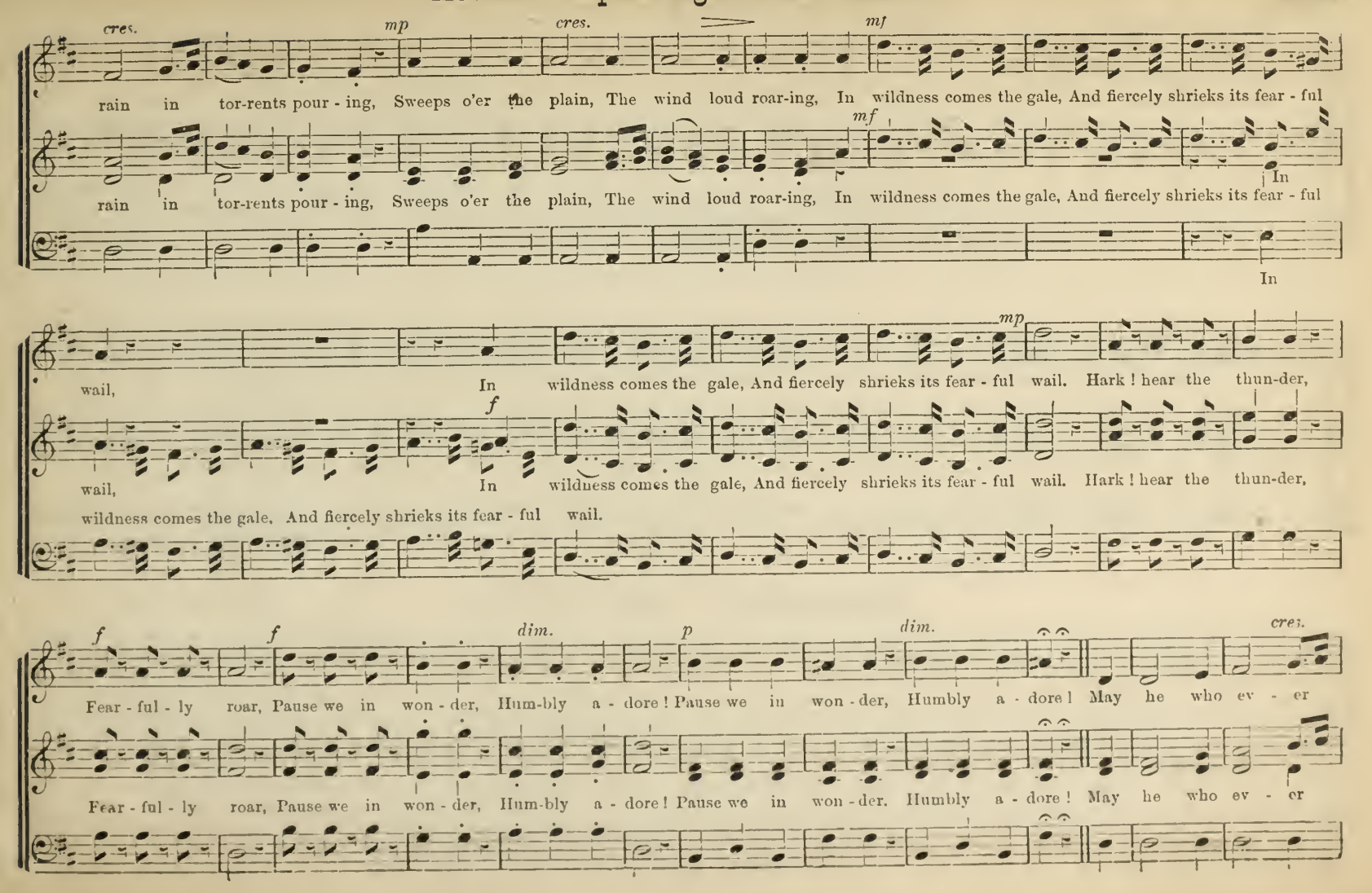
J. H. TENNEY.

1. Wilt thou not vis - it me? The plant be- side me feels thy gentle dew; Each blade of grass I see, From thy deep earth its quick'ning moisture drew.
2. Wilt thou not vis - it me? Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone; And ev - ery hill and tree Lend but one voice, the voice of thee a - lone.
3. Come! for I need thy love, More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain; Come, like thy Ho - ly Dove, And let me in thy sight rejoice a - gain.
4. Yes! thou wilt vis - it me; Nor plant, nor tree, thine eye delights so well As when from sin set free, Man's spir-it comes with thine in peace to dwell

MOTET. Deep rolling clouds.

From ROSSINI.




cres.
mp
cres.
mf
rain in tor-rents pour - ing, Sweeps o'er the plain, The wind loud roar-ing, In wildness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fear - ful
mf
rain in tor-rents pour - ing, Sweeps o'er the plain, The wind loud roar-ing, In wildness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fear - ful
In
In
wail,
In wildness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fear - ful wail. Hark! hear the thun-der,
mp
f
wail,
In wildness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fear - ful wail. Hark! hear the thun-der,
wildness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fear - ful wail.
f
f
dim.
p
dim.
cres.
Fear - ful - ly roar, Pause we in won - der, Hum-bly a - dore! Pause we in won - der, Humbly a - dore! May he who ev - er
Fear - ful - ly roar, Pause we in won - der, Hum-bly a - dore! Pause we in won - der. Humbly a - dore! May he who ev - er

MOTET. Dark rolling clouds. Concluded.

p *mf* *f* *f*

reigns on high, In safe - ty keep when danger's nigh, He will de - fend, He is our friend, He will de - fend, He is our friend; We

reigns on high, In safe - ty keep when danger's nigh, He will de fend, He is our friend, He will de - fend, He is our friend; We

ff

trust in him in all his ways, And loud-ly raise the song of praise, And loudly raise the song of praise, The song of praise, The song of praise.

trust in him in all his ways, And loud-ly raise the song of praise, And loudly raise the song of praise, The song of praise, The song of praise.

MONTGOMERY. L. M., (or 31st P. M.)

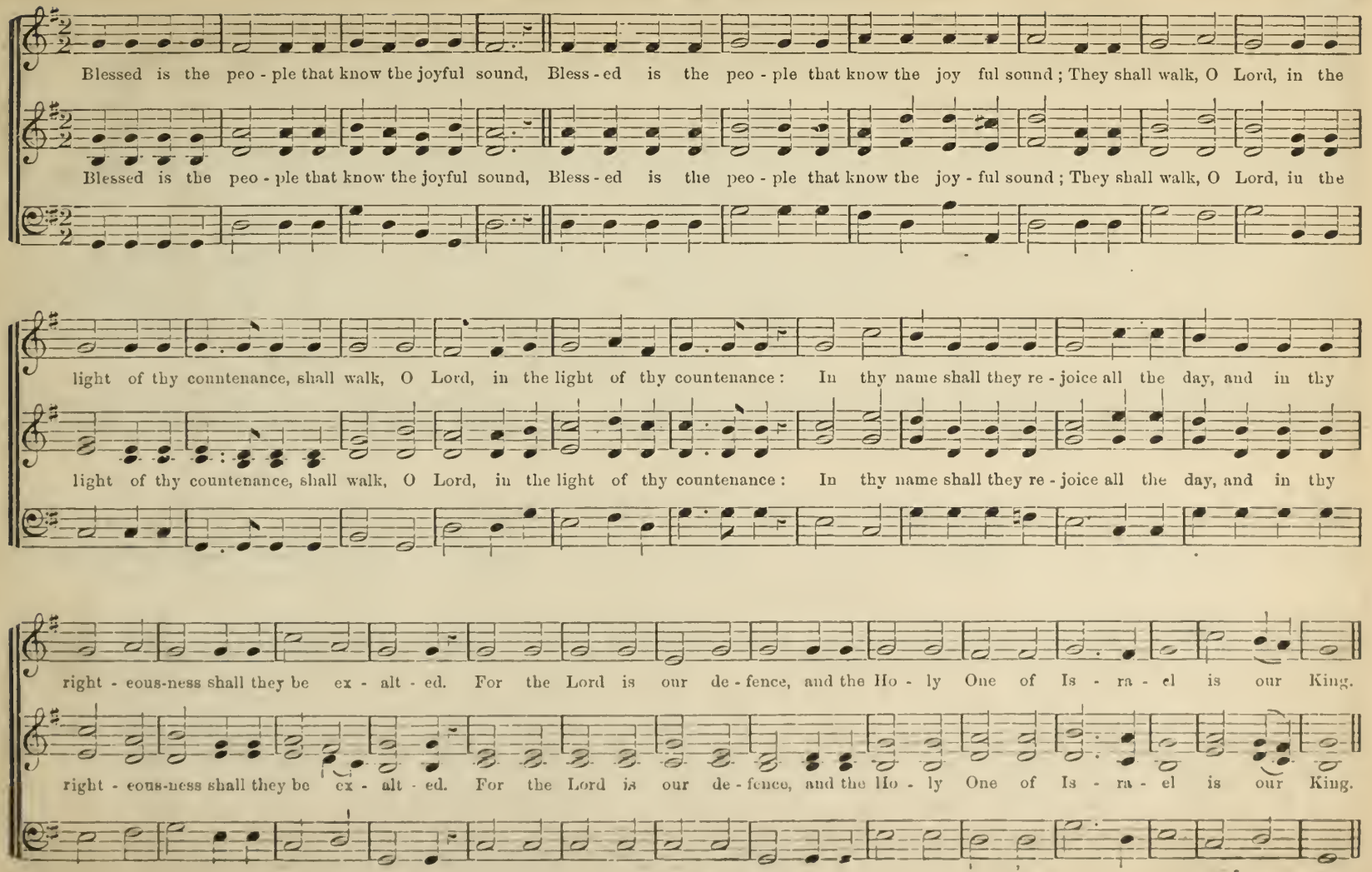
THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.

Slow and gentle.

1. There is a calm for those that weep, A rest for wea - ry pilgrims found; They soft-ly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

2. The storm that sweeps the winter sky, No more disturbs their sweet repose, Than summer evening's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.

BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE.



ISRAEL'S SONS WITH ONE ACCORD. (Solo and Obligato Chorus.)

ROSSINI.

Spirited. TREBLE. SOLO.

Raise a song, a song of joy, Save her from each hos - tile band;

TENOR. CHORUS.

Raise a song, a song of joy, Save her from each hos - tile band;

TREBLE and ALTO. CHORUS.

Israel s sons with one ac - cord, Raise a song, a song of joy, God will guard Je - ru - sa - lem, Save her from each hos - tile band;

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

God will guard, will guard.... Je - ru - sa - lem! He hath saved her in the gloom - y

Praise the Lord with one ac - cord, For he hath saved Je - ru - sa - lem, And

Praise the Lord with one ac - cord, For he hath saved Je - ru - sa lem, And

CHORUS. TENOR.

night, the night..... of troub - le. A - rise, a - rise, the Lord is King,

ALTO.

broke the chains of i - - ron night. A - rise, a - rise, the Lord is King,

TREBLE.

broke the chains of i - - ron night, A - rise, A - rise, A - rise, A - rise,

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

A - rise, A - rise, A - rise, A - rise.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

And he is Zi - on's shield, And he is Zi - on's shield, His hand pro - tec - tion gives, His hand pro - tec - tion gives, And

And he is Zi - on's shield, And he is Zi - on's shield, His hand pro - tec - tion gives, His hand pro - tec - tion gives, And

ISRAEL'S SONS WITH ONE ACCORD. Continued.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

from the dark-est night, And from the dark-est night, His word brings forth the light, His word brings forth the light.

from the dark-est night, And from the dark-est night, His word brings forth the light, His word brings forth the light.

TREBLE SOLO. TENOR. CHORUS.

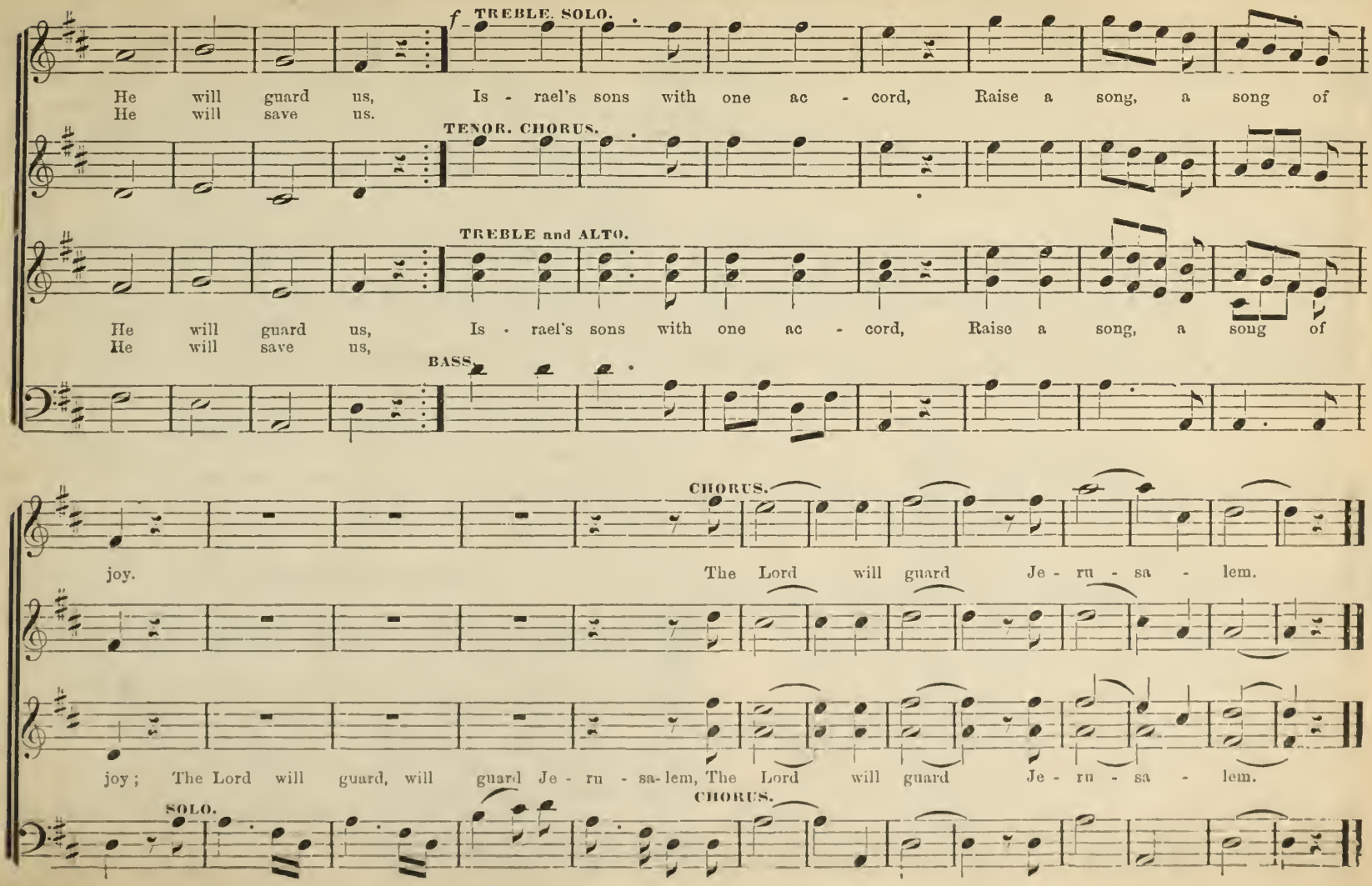
Is-rael's sons with one ac-cord, Raise a song, a song of joy. God will guard Je-ru-sa-lem,
God will guard Je-ru-sa-lem, Save her from each hos-tile band; Save her from each hos-tile band;

TENOR. CHORUS. ALTO.

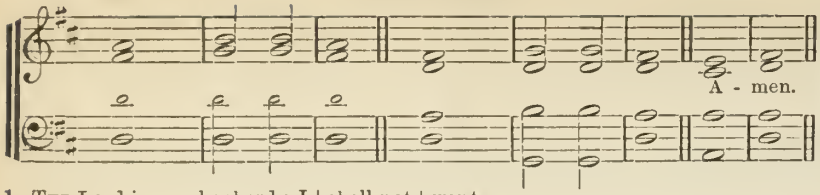
TREBLE and ALTO. TREBLE.

Is-rael's sons with one ac-cord, Raise a song, a song of joy. God will guard Je-ru-sa-lem.
God will guard Je-ru-sa-lem, Save her from each hos-tile band; Save her from each hos-tile band;

BASS.

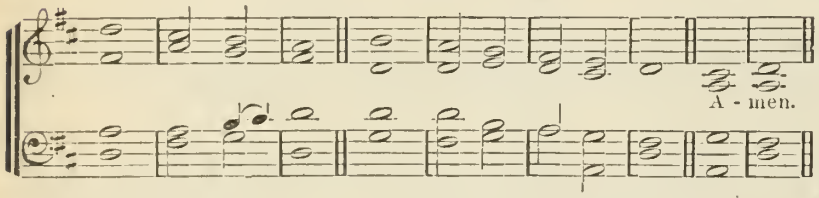

f TREBLE. SOLO.
He will guard us, Is - rael's sons with one ac - cord, Raise a song, a song of
He will save us.
TENOR. CHORUS.
TREBLE and ALTO.
He will guard us, Is - rael's sons with one ac - cord, Raise a song, a song of
He will save us,
BASS.
CHORUS.
joy. The Lord will guard Je - ru - sa - lem.
joy; The Lord will guard, will guard Je - ru - sa-lem, The Lord will guard Je - ru - sa - lem.
SOLO.
CHORUS.

PSALM 23.



1. THE Lord is my shepherd ; I | shall not | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still | wa- | ters.
3. He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His | name's— | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies ; Thou anointest my head with oil ; my | cup runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord, for- | ever- | more. || A- | men.

THE HEAVENLY HOME. THEO. F. SEWARD.



1. O CITY, golden-bright !
Transparent | as the | day ! |
How softly shines thy distant light,
For | pilgrims | far a- | away !

2. There dwell the ransomed hosts,
So safe, so | satis- | fied !
And thither shall the Holy Ghost
Lead | home his | chosen | bride.

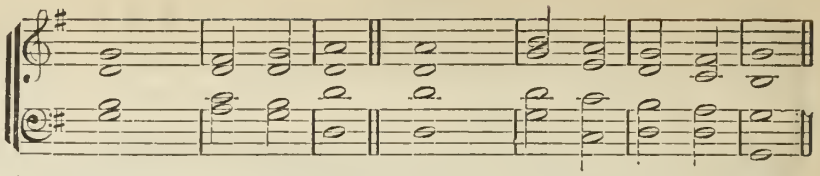
3. No more of care or fear !
No more earth's | wailing | cry !
For God shall wipe each bitter tear,
And | hush each | heaving | sigh.

4. Sweet home of peace and love !
By faith thy | light I | see,
Diffusing from the realms above
Ce- | lestial | radian- | cy.

5. The blood-bought sons of God,
Shall walk those | streets of | gold,
Rejoicing ever with their Lord,
In | ecsta- | sies un- | told.

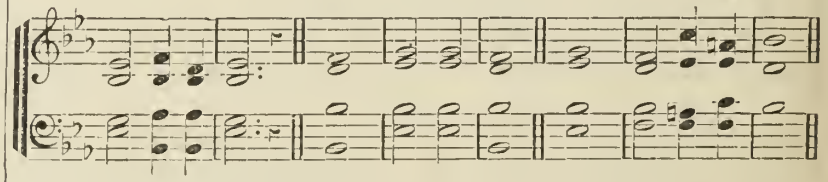
6. I too, when toil is o'er,
Those blissful | courts shall | gain,
Where praise resoundeth evermore,
And | love su- | preme shall | reign.

PSALM 24.



1. THE earth is the Lord's, and the | fullness there- | of ; || the world and | they that | dwell there- | in.
2. For He hath founded it up- | on the | seas ; || and es- | tablished it up- | on the | floods.
3. Who shall ascend unto the | hill of the | Lord ? || and who stand | in his | holy | place ?
4. He that hath clean hands and a | pure | heart ; || who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.
5. He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord ; || and righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.
6. This is the generation of them that | seek — | him ; || that | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.
7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye ever- | lasting | doors ; || and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
8. Who is this | King of | glory ? || the Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord, | mighty | in | battle.
9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye ever- | lasting | doors ; || and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
10. Who is this | King of | glory ? || the Lord of hosts, He | is the | King of | glory.

THY WILL BE DONE. DR. LOWELL MASON.



1 "THY will be | done !" || In devious way
The hurrying streams of | life may | run ; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done !"

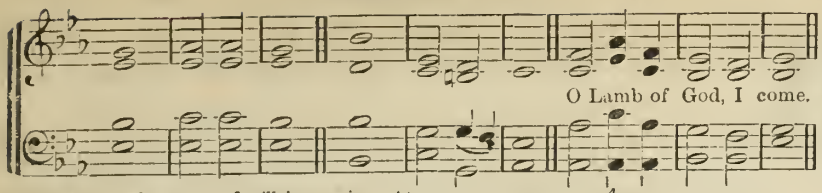
2 "Thy will be | done !" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done !"

3 "Thy will be | done !" || Tho' shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one
Is ours :—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be done !"

Close by repeating the first two measures, "Thy will be done !"

JUST AS I AM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.—John vi., 37.

1.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was | shed for | me,
And that thou bid'st me | come to | Thee!
O Lamb of God, I come!

2.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of | one dark | blot,
To Thee, whose blood can | cleanse each | spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, | many a | doubt,
"Fightings within, and | fears with-|out,"
O Lamb of God, I come!

4.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing | of the | mind,
Yea, all I need in | Thee to | find:
O Lamb of God, I come!

5.

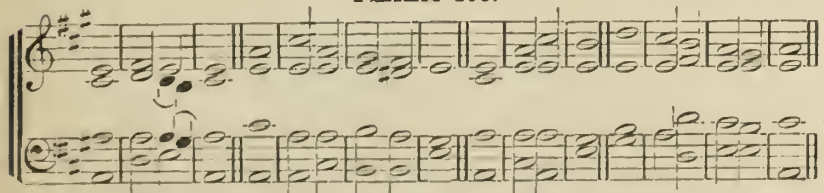
Just as I am—Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re- | lieve;
Because thy promise | I be- | lieve:
O Lamb of God, I come!

6.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every | barrier | down;
Now to be Thine, yea, | Thine a- | lone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

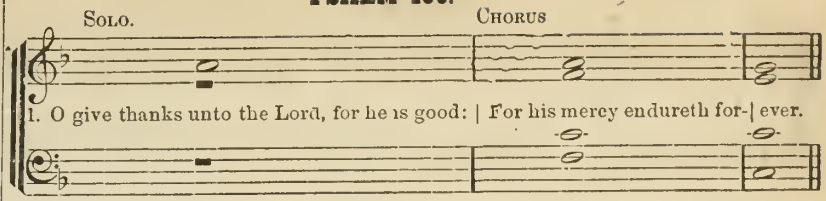
PSALM 103.

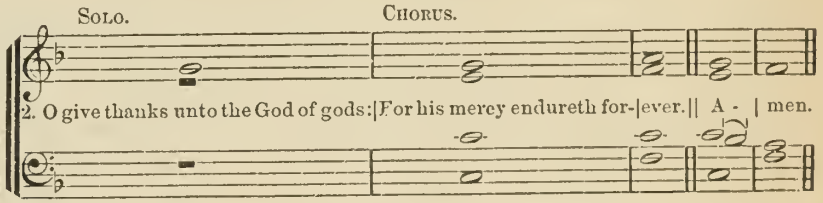
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me | bless his | holy | name.
2. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all his | benefits.
3. Who forgiveth | all thine in- | iquities, || who | healeth | all thy dis- | eases;
4. Who redeemeth thy | life from de- | struction; || who crowneth thee with loving | kindness and | tender | mercies;
5. Who satisfieth thy | mouth with | good things, || so that thy | youth is re- | newed like the | eagle's.
6. The Lord executeth | righteousness and | judgment || for | all that | are op- | pressed.

PSALM 136.





3 *Solo.* O give thanks unto the Lord of lords:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

4. *Solo.* To him who alone doeth great wonders:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

5. *Solo.* To him that by wisdom made the heavens:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

6. *Solo.* To him that stretched out the earth above the waters:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

7. *Solo.* To him that made great lights:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

8. *Solo.* The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

9. *Solo.* To him that smote Egypt in their first-born:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

10. *Solo.* And brought out Israel from among them:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

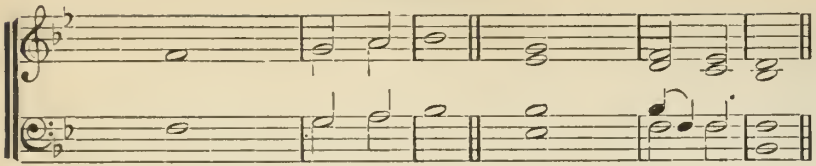
11. *Solo.* Who remembered us in our low estate:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

12. *Solo.* And hath redeemed us from our enemies:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

13. *Solo.* Who giveth food to all flesh:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.

14. *Solo.* O give thanks unto the God of heaven:
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever. Amen.

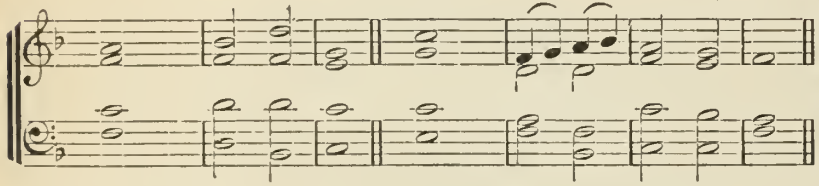
PSALM 121.



1. I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help.
2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven and | earth.
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall not | slumber nor | sleep.
5. The Lord is thy keeper ; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right | hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in. from this time forth, and even forevermore. | A- | men.

PSALM 72.

KING, 1725.



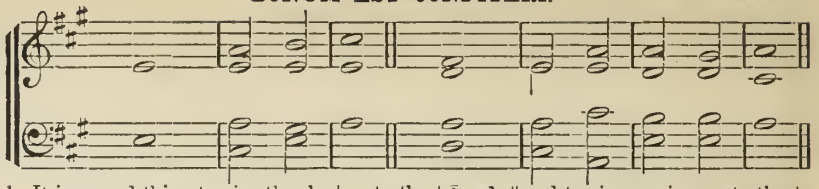
1. HE shall come down like rain upon the mown grass ; as showers that | wa-ter the | earth.
2. In his days shall the righteous flourish ; and abundance of peace as | long as the | moon en- | dureth.
3. He shall judge the people with righteousness, and the | poor with | judgment.
4. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the | river to the | ends of the | earth.
5. His name shall endure forever : His name shall be continued as | long as tho | sun :
6. And men shall be blessed in him : all na-tions shall | call him | blessed.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

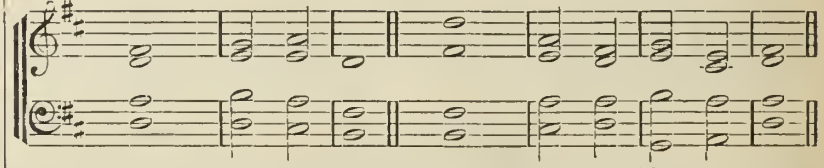
CHESTER G. ALLEN



1. It is a good thing to give thanks | unto the | Lord ; || and to sing praises unto thy | name— | O most | Highest.
2. To tell of thy loving kindness | early in the | morning ; || and of thy | truth in the | night— | season.
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings and up- | on the | lute ; || upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.
4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works ; || and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | ration | of thy | hands.
5. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end. A- | men.

PSALM 46.

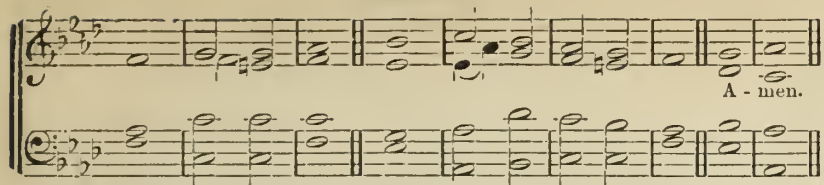
DR W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present | help in | trouble.
2. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the | midst— | of the | sea.
3. Though the waters thereof | roar and be | troubled.
4. Though the mountains | shake with the | swelling there- | of.
5. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city of | God ;
6. The holy place of the tabernacle | of the | Most— | High.
7. God is in the midst of her ; she shall | not be | moved.
8. God shall help her, and | that— | right— | early.
9. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved ; he uttered his voice, the | earth— | melted.
10. The Lord of hosts is with us ; the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.
11. Come behold the work of the Lord, what desolations he hath | made in the | earth.
12. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth ; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder ; he burneth the | chariot | in the | fire.
13. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
14. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

PSALM 51.

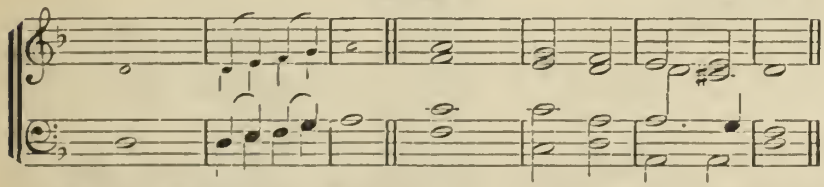
THEO. F. SEWARD.



1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- | kindness ;
2. According to the multitude of thy tender mercies | blot out | my trans- | gressions.
3. Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me | from my | sin.
4. For I acknowledge my transgressions ; and my | sin is | ever be- | fore me.
5. Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight.
6. That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be | clear when | thou — | judgest.
7. Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right | spirit with- | in me.
8. Cast me not away from thy presence ; and take not thy | Ho-ly | Spirit | from me.
9. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with | thy free | Spirit :
10. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways ; and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee. || A- | men.

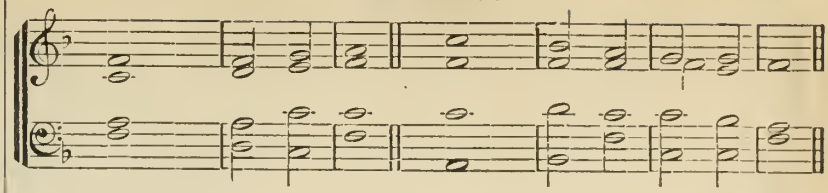
PSALM 90.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in | all gene- | rations. || Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | thou art | God.
2. Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye | children of | men. || For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and | as a | watch in the | night.
3. Thou carriest them away as with a flood, they are as a sleep ; in the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up. || In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut | down, *cut* | *down*, and | withereth.
4. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear ; | so is thy | wrath. || So teach us to number our days, that we may ap- | ply our | hearts unto | wisdom.

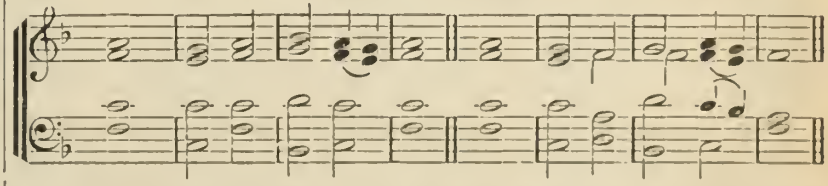
BENEDICTUS.



1. Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel ; || for he hath | visited and re- | deemed his | people ;
2. And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation for | us, || in the | house of his | servant | David ;
3. As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which has been | since the | world be- | gan ;
4. That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the | hands of | all that | hate us.
5. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

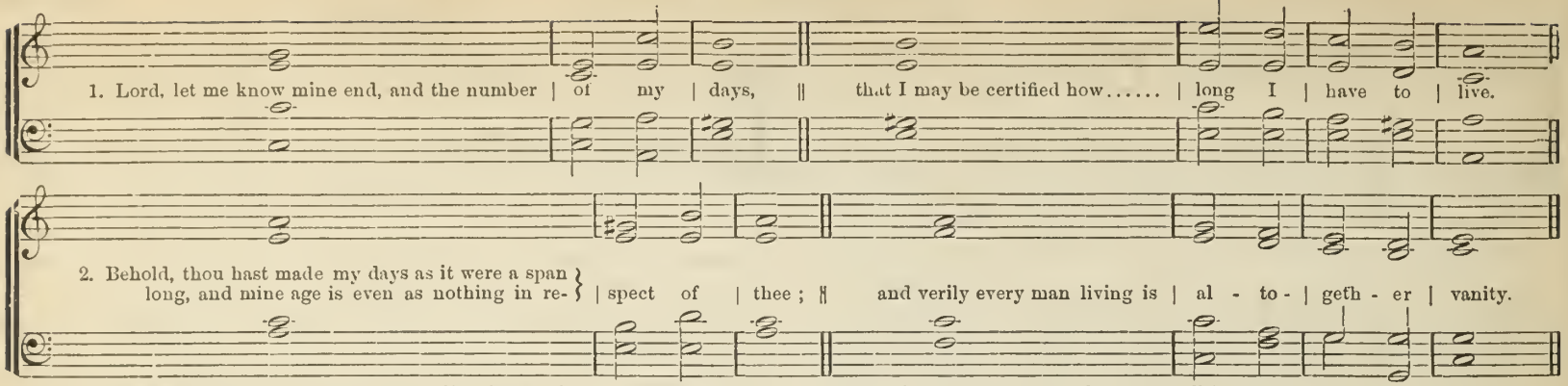
Gregorian.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name : || thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven ;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread : || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those who | tres-pass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil ; || for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- — | men.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

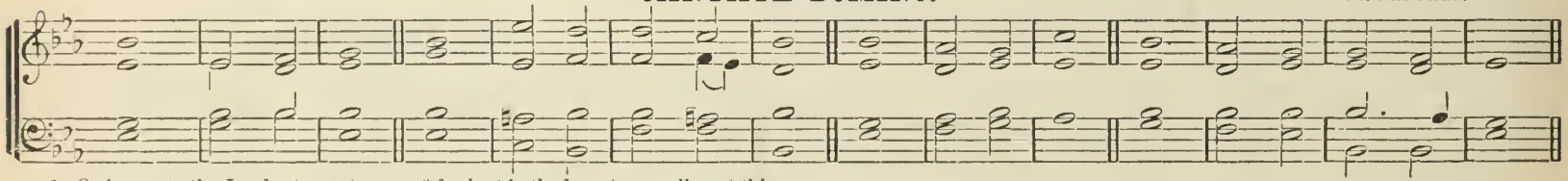
CHESTER G. ALLEN



3. For man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth him- | self in | vain ; || he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who shall | gather | them.
4. And now, Lord what | is my | hope ? || Truly my | hope is | even in | thee.
5. Hear my prayer, O Lord ; and with thine ears con- | sider my | calling ; || hold|not thy | peace at my | tears.
6. For I am a stranger with thee, and a | sojourn- | er, || as | all my | fathers | were.
7. O spare me a little, that I may re | cover my | strength || before I go hence and | be — | no more | seen.
8. Lord, thou hast | been our | refuge || from one gener-|ation | to an- | other.
9. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the | world were | made, || thou art God from everlasting, and | world with- | out | end.
10. So teach us to | number our | days, || that we may ap | ply our | hearts unto | wisdom.
11. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
12. As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world | without | end, A | men.

CANTATE DOMINO.

Dr. RANDALL.



1. O sing unto the Lord a | new | song ; || for he | hath done | marvellous | things.
2. With his own right hand, and with his | holy | arm, || hath he | gotten him- | self the | victory.
3. The Lord declared | his sal- | vation, || his righteousness hath he openly showed | in the | sight of the | heathen.
4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel, || and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God
5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands ; || sing, re- | joice, | and give | thanks.
6. Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp ; || sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks- | giving.
7. With trumpets | also, and shawms ; || O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
8. Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is, || the round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord ; || for he | cometh to | judge the | earth.
10. With righteousness shall he | judge the | world, || and the | people | with | equity.
11. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
12. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world | without | end, A | men.

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